



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





392





PERSONAL MEMOIRS

AND

RECOLLECTIONS OF EDITORIAL LIFE.

BY

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.

M DCCC LII.

**LIBRARY
OF THE
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR
UNIVERSITY.**

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by

J. T. BUCKINGHAM,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

A 3648

PRINTED BY THURSTON, TORRY, AND EMERSON.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS.

THE BOSTON COURIER.

IN the beginning of the year 1824, the increased and rapidly increasing business and population of Boston seemed to require the establishment of a new daily paper,* and to justify a hope that such a project would not prove an abortion. Encouraged by assurances of support from friends among the merchants and manufacturers, a prospectus was issued, which met with so much favor as led to the publication of the first number of the Boston Courier, on the second day of March. The paper was intended to be the especial and avowed advocate of the "American System,"—in other words, the exponent of the views and purposes of those who were struggling to obtain from Congress the enactment of a protective tariff. In

* Prior to the year 1818, numerous efforts had been made to establish a daily paper in Boston, all of which were unsuccessful, and involved the projectors in pecuniary embarrassments. In *that* year, the Boston Daily Advertiser appeared, published by Horatio Bigelow and William W. Clapp. These gentlemen sold their interest in the paper to Nathan Hale, under whose management it gained a permanent footing, and still maintains a prominent position, surrounded by a host of cotemporary *dailies*.

politics, it was proposed to be entirely independent of any attachment to either of the great parties of the time. Early associations had attached me to the Federalists, and my political sympathies, so far as there had been occasion or opportunity for their indulgence, had been exercised in favor of that party. Though the party had then ceased to exist as a distinct organization, yet regard for the men who had been its oracles and leaders, and my entire confidence in their political and moral integrity, had not been diminished or weakened by the disastrous position into which they had fallen. The prominent feature intended to be exhibited in the character of the Courier was uncompromising adherence to what I believed to be the great and overwhelming interest of the country, namely, protection to infant manufactures of cotton and woollen cloths, and to all agricultural, mechanical, and manufacturing products, against foreign competition. In short, to uphold and advocate all measures that could tend to develop the natural resources of the country, and to encourage and support the operations of American labor, ingenuity, and industry. To effect this object was the constant and almost daily task of the editor and his correspondents. In this respect, the Courier stood almost alone. Not a paper in Massachusetts, and not more than three or four in the United States, then appeared as the champions of this policy.* Many supposed that it would destroy all our foreign commerce and navigation, and it was ridiculed as a

* All the exceptions I can now recollect were the Providence Journal, the New-York Statesman, and a paper in Philadelphia, the name of which is forgotten.

system of Japanese economy, that would eventually shut us out from all social or commercial intercourse with the rest of the world. The whole scheme of protection by a tariff was treated by its opponents with sarcastic reproaches and *honored* with the name of the “terrapin system.” The course I had marked out for myself was the result of long-cherished views of justice to our own people, and was approved and encouraged by others, whose opinion and judgement were entitled to the highest consideration. First among these was the Hon. Daniel Webster, then a representative in Congress from the city of Boston. It was partly through his influence with two or three wealthy individuals, that a portion of the funds required to carry on the publication, in the early stages of its existence, was obtained. Of the merchants and manufacturers, who favored the enterprize in its infant struggles, were Isaac C. Pray, Samuel Billings, Charles Thacher, George Hallett, Joseph Baker, Joshua Clap, and Jonas B. Brown, whose kindness and support, in many circumstances of doubt and depression, were of vital importance to the cause. ALL these gentlemen are dead ; but memory lingers with melancholy pleasure upon their unceasing protection and sustaining countenance.

Of the early life of Mr. PRAY I know but little. He was a native of Maine, and, as early as the year 1800, was living in Berwick, where he was a dealer in lumber, and kept a small store of groceries and West India goods. He has often said that he had been employed in sawing lumber, in saw-pits, at fifty cents a night. About the year 1805, he formed a partner-

ship with Robert Waterston, an emigrant from Scotland ; and this partnership continued more than forty years. In 1812, they removed to Boston, and were largely concerned in the importation of foreign goods. At the close of the war, in 1815, Mr. Pray entered with great spirit into the manufacture of cotton ; and, a few years later, he lost an immense sum in the destruction of a cotton factory at Saco. But not disheartened by the disasters of war or the destruction of property by fire and flood, he pursued, almost to the end of his life, his favorite object, which was to establish the "American System" on a basis that should bid defiance to all foreign competition. His advantages of education had been very limited, but his natural abilities were of a very superior order. He had studied the nature and the results of the Protective Policy, and could demolish, in a brief conversation, the strongest argument of any opponent of his doctrines. Yet his manner was by no means dictatorial, overbearing, or offensive ; but, on the contrary, was remarkably mild and courteous. He did not often write, but he furnished facts and calculations that formed the basis of many articles that appeared in the Courier in defence of the system of protection. Although he had read much on the science of political economy, he built his theory on facts that came within his own observation, and inferences which he drew therefrom, rather than on the arguments of others. He was a man of a temper not easily excitable, but one that would not suffer imposition or dishonesty to go unrebuked. As a man of business, he was correct and upright ; as a friend, he was liberal and kind-

hearted ; as a citizen, he was always ready to aid in any project that required the support of the patriotic and public-spirited. He died in January, 1847.

Messrs. BILLINGS, HALLETT, BAKER, and THACHER, were merchants in good repute, and by their lives and conduct maintained the dignity and honor of the mercantile character. Mr. Billings was a member of the first board of aldermen after Boston was incorporated as a city. Mr. Hallett was a native of Barnstable, and came to Boston, when quite a lad, as an apprentice with Allen & Tucker, wholesale grocers. He accumulated a handsome property, and had a numerous family of children, to whom he left the legacy of an unsullied name. Mr. Baker originated in the county of Essex, to which he returned after many years of successful trade in Boston. Mr. Thacher was a son of the Rev. Peter Thacher, minister of the church in Brattle-street. A warm-hearted friend and agreeable companion, he was, perhaps, too liberal for his own benefit. Neither of the four gentlemen mentioned in this paragraph, except Mr. Billings, was, at the commencement of the publication of the Courier, interested in manufactures ; but they were men who were willing that the system should be fairly tried, and were ready to aid with their purses the progress of the experiment. It is believed that all of them became in some degree, afterward, involved in the business of manufacturing.

JOSHUA CLAP was a native of Westfield, in the county of Hampden. He was unknown to me till he came to subscribe for the Courier, and to offer his assistance in promoting the publication. He was then about

erecting a large woollen factory in Leicester, which he soon after completed. A village soon grew up around the factory, which, in memory of its founder, has been called Clapville. The speculation turned out to be an unfortunate one. Mr. Clay's famous "compromise" of 1832, admitted the importation of woollen cloths, which were introduced from the glutted warehouses of Great-Britain, and sold at a price with which no American manufacturer could think of competition. After suffering the loss of property to a large amount by this ruinous "compromise," a finishing blow was given to Mr. Clap's prosperity by the burning of his factory. He died in 1841.

JONAS B. BROWN came to Boston at the age of sixteen, from some town in the interior of New-Hampshire, and was domesticated in the family and counting-room of William Tileston. At the expiration of his minority, he became a partner in business with Mr. Tileston, and from that moment he was a thorough-going advocate for the protection of domestic industry in all its branches. He was not the *advocate* of protection merely ; he was pre-eminently the *working-man* of the whole concern. His understanding was clear and comprehensive. He wrote much, and wrote well, and he spared neither labor nor expense to effect his object. Journey after journey he made to Washington, and spent days and nights,—nay, weeks and months,—in attendance on Congress, to explain his views, and to urge upon the members the benefits that would result to the whole nation by the adoption of measures that would encourage and sustain industrial efforts to increase the products of manufacturing,

agricultural, and mechanical labor. It is not giving too much credit to his untiring perseverance and intelligent representations, to say, that he was the chief agent in procuring the enactment of the tariff of 1828. Mr. Brown began his career with no property, and with no means but such as nature and a country school had furnished him with; but he was the vital spark which kept alive the whole body that was dying for lack of protection. He erected a large woollen factory at Millbury, in the county of Worcester, and produced therefrom fabrics of a superior kind, that were pronounced fit to enter into competition with most of the British and German cloths. But the "compromise" was fatal to his prospects. Excessive importations produced the insolvency and bankruptcy of nearly all the manufacturers of New-England, and Mr. Brown was not exempted from the common lot. He fought manfully to sustain the doctrines of protection, to preserve his own property from the sacrifice that was impending, and to assist his fellow-sufferers. But without success. Worn out with incessant labor, physical and mental, he died before he had attained the age of forty years. A subscription, after his death, among those who had been his friends and co-laborers, placed his widow and her two children in a comfortable situation,—a very proper tribute to the memory of him whose talents had been exerted for their benefit,—a man, whose heart was liberal almost to a fault, whose soul was the home of uprightness and honor.

Such were the men to whom I was chiefly indebted for encouragement in an undertaking of very doubtful success. Others there were whose good wishes were

not withheld ; but the time to write their eulogy has not yet arrived.

The year 1824 will be distinguished in our national history as a period of great political excitement. In the early part of the year, a caucus of members of Congress nominated William H. Crawford as the democratic candidate for the office of President. The Legislature of Pennsylvania nominated John C. Calhoun. Mr. Calhoun afterwards withdrew from the contest in favor of General Jackson, who had been nominated in Tennessee, and in some of the Southern States. Henry Clay was the candidate of Kentucky, and received the nomination of public conventions in other sections of the country. A powerful effort in favor of John Quincy Adams operated in many parts, and he was supported, generally, without regard to old party associations. Many of the Federalists opposed the election of Mr. Adams. They had not forgotten, and would not forgive, his desertion from the party and his support of Mr. Jefferson's embargo in 1807. Sympathizing with this class, and believing in the uprightness of their policy, it was natural that the Courier should unite in opposition to Mr. Adams. So far as it became actively involved in the electioneering controversy, it assumed a position of hostility to his election,—occasionally with a degree of acrimony, that was deeply regretted in after years. It took no determined stand *against* either of the other candidates ; but a preference was avowed for Mr. Clay, as the advocate and champion of protection to home industry. Just before the choice of electors in November, a con-

vention of the friends of that gentleman was held in Boston, attended by nearly all the principal manufacturers of New-England. My allotment in the proceedings was the presentation of a set of resolutions, (which were adopted,) declaring that the elevation of Mr. Clay to the Presidency was desirable, and setting forth in brief detail the advantages that the whole country would derive from such an event. But the voice of Massachusetts was in favor of Mr. Adams, and his election was vehemently advocated in most of the newspapers. The opposition to Mr. Adams, manifested in the Courier, provoked the displeasure of his friends, among which the conductors of the Salem Register and the Boston Patriot were the most prominent. The wrath of the Patriot was poured upon the Courier without stint and without mercy,—frequently in personal invectives, which were returned with ample interest. Many of these outpourings from the Patriot were written by Dr. Waterhouse, of Cambridge; and those in the Register by Joseph E. Sprague, of Salem. With both of these writers my intercourse, until then,—as well as that with the respective editors, John B. Davis and Warwick W. Palfrey,—had been of a courteous and friendly nature. It is not my purpose to exhibit any specimens of these criminations and recriminations. Let them remain undisturbed in the columns where they had their birth. The unpleasant feelings which they produced, subsided after the election was over, and friendly intercourse was renewed. All these opponents have gone,—and I shall soon follow them,—to the land where love and hatred are alike forgotten.

In the Courier of October 14, 1824, the name of EDWARD EVERETT was first brought before the public as a candidate for representative in Congress. John Keyes, a distinguished lawyer, had been nominated for that place by a democratic caucus in the county of Middlesex, but the nomination was received with some unexpected coolness. Some of the electors,—the younger portion, especially, declared their preference for some one, who had not been identified with that party, nor pledged to sustain its favorite policy. A communication, proposing another caucus to consider the expediency of a new nomination, was sent to me for publication in the Courier. The thought immediately occurred to me that Mr. Everett, (then the Greek Professor in Harvard college, (would be a suitable person to represent the county, and I recommended his nomination on the ground that “his election would tend very much to the elevation of the character of the Massachusetts delegation in the National Legislature, and give a proud and honorable distinction to his immediate constituents. . . . He stands before his fellow-citizens [it was added] as a candidate unpledged, unshackled, of uncommon natural power, improved by education, travel, and study; his moral and political character unimpeachable, his mind too enlightened and capacious to be wrought upon to any purposes of political iniquity by intrigue and corruption, and too elevated and magnanimous to participate in the counsels of low ambition, or to aim at personal exaltation at the expense of public good.” If the nomination of Mr. Everett had occurred to any one previous to this suggestion in the Courier, it was

unknown to me. The proposed convention met at Lexington, the next week ; he was unanimously *nominated* ; and was *elected* by a large majority of the voters of Middlesex.

In the spring of 1827, Boston politics were in a sad state of incoherence, and as the time for choosing senators and representatives approached, there was, as an eminent statesman once said, “a plausible appearance of a probability,” that the city might be unrepresented for that political year. The curious arrangement of parties I attempted to describe in the following article :—

Our commonwealth and city politics are in a state of most admirable confusion. Every tenth man is the leader of a party ; — the blind leading the blind. Republicans and Federalists, Jacksonmen, Adamsmen, Lincolnmen, administration-men, freebridgemen, antifreebridgemen, anttariffmen, and woollen crusaders, are all thrown together into the political pot. The fire burns and the cauldron bubbles ; and many are the weird sisters that are practising their incantations over the ingredients. Whether any thing will rise from this solemn sorcery, except *scum*, we profess not to foresee. Perhaps the managers expect that this process will result in the production of some new substance, in which the various qualities of all the ingredients shall be inseparably and mysteriously compounded, beyond all possibility of decomposition.

We are somewhat impatient to see these affairs settled. Not that we look for any personal advantage from the consummation, whatever the event may be. But there is a satisfaction in knowing *when* one may put to sea,—*who* are likely to be his associates,—whether he is to sail with the fleet under convoy of the admiral, or whether he must push off his frail bark alone, and,—steer whatever course he may,

—still be in danger of shattering his vessel against that of some friend whom he would not willingly jostle. It is impossible to be for ever in port ; and, in this uncertain state of the political elements, we dare not venture out with our little gun-boat, lest we come in contact with some of the seventy-fours, now fitting for an expedition.

To be less figurative :— We understand that the master-spirits were at work last week, and that an arrangement was to be made, by which all political differences were to be reconciled,— all were to be brought into one great family,— the names Republican and Federalist to be expunged from the vocabulary,— all our garments to be purified of the odors of the embargo, the terrapin system, and the Hartford Convention. It is our fault, perhaps, that we are too impatient, and unwilling that delay should keep pace between a good purpose and its effect.

The old republican party is divided, and all are acquainted with the inspired maxim, *A kingdom divided against itself cometh to nought.* The old federal party is declared to be defunct, and its odor remaineth only as an offence to a few individuals, who have survived its dissolution. If it be indeed so, we derive some consolation from the hope that, phoenix-like, a new party may arise from its ashes, possessing the wisdom, the magnanimity, the prudence, the disinterestedness, the patriotism, which rendered the original an object of admiration and respect while in its vigor of manhood ; but without any of that weakness, meanness, or infidelity to friends and benefactors, that disgraced its decline. The dotage of the Sage and the imbecility of the Giant may excite compassion ; the affected humility of an aristocrat in fetters, like the morality of a superannuated libertine, produces only disgust.

It was in the summer of 1827, that the railroad mania began to manifest itself in Massachusetts. Some symptoms had, indeed, been discovered a year or two sooner, but the fever had not prevailed to any great

extent. The following article, published in June, 1827, expressed not merely the notions I then entertained, but the general opinion of the people. The idea of a railroad from Boston to Albany, or even to Springfield, was met with ridicule in the Legislature, as a project too absurd to be discussed with gravity:—

Alcibiades, or some other great man of antiquity, it is said, cut off his dog's tail, that *quid nuncs* (we suppose such animals existed in ancient as well as in modern times) might not become extinct for want of excitement. Some such motive, we doubt not, moved one or two of our *natural* and *experimental philosophers* to get up the project of a railroad from Boston to Albany; — a project, which every one knows, — who knows the simplest rules in arithmetic, — to be impracticable but at an expense little less than the market value of the whole territory of Massachusetts; and which, if practicable, every person of common sense knows would be as useless as a railroad from Boston to the Moon. Indeed, a road of some kind from here to the heart of that beautiful satellite of our dusky planet would be of some practical utility, — especially, if a few of our *notional*, public-spirited men, our railway fanatics, could be persuaded to pay a visit to their proper country. There would be no fear of their ever returning to such a *dull* spot as this peninsula of Boston, where you cannot walk five rods without annoyance from some new edifice that is in progress to completion, — finding yourself intrenched in a fortress of cotton bales, more impenetrable than that which our next President, that is (not) to be, erected for the defence of New-Orleans, — or being obliged to wait half an hour before you can cross a street, for a caravan of loaded trucks to pass by.

This railroad from Boston to Albany is, after all, a very pleasant thing, — to talk about. It has converted two or three very *indifferent* men into orators and *toast-makers* of great parts and patriotism. It has so frightened the New-Yorkers that they have already suffered the grass to grow from the bed of their grand *canawl*, and their North river steam-boats will

soon be sacrificed under the hammer of the auctioneer. One of the great movers in our railway concern has hinted to us, (under a pledge of profound secrecy, however,) that the main object of the invisible managers is to alarm our neighbors of New-York with a threatened loss of trade to the West, in order (*cunning dogs!*) that they, *i. e.* the railway managers, may be able to buy the said North river steam-boats *at a bargain*. This project has also tested the liberality of our state legislature, who, with unexampled public spirit, not to call it by the more alarming name of *prodigality*, — after the ever-to-be-remembered trip to the Quincy railroad the never-to-be-forgotten interclusion of the Ousatonic between the piers of Neponset bridge,* — appropriated, from the public treasury, ten thousand dollars for the purpose of *promoting* internal improvements.

We have almost forgotten why we began this article ; but, if we recollect right, it was to introduce the following toast, given lately at a public entertainment, by an advocate for the railroad from Boston to Albany : —

*“Internal Improvements. May the time speedily arrive when the canal boats shall come from Rochester to Boston on a railroad over Hoosac Mountain.” [Nine cheers. Song, *Back-side Albany.*]*

Within a year after writing this piece of sarcasm, the editor of the Courier was one of some ten or twelve persons who petitioned the Legislature in favor of a railroad from Boston to Ogdensburg, and who, themselves, paid the expense of an engineer to go over the proposed route, and report upon the practicability of making it. On no other subject, probably, has private or public opinion undergone so thorough a

* A number of the members of the Legislature of 1826, made a “reconnoisance” to the Quincy railroad in a small steam-boat, called the Ousatonic. On their return, the boat stuck between the piers of Neponset bridge ; — an event which caused some merriment at the expense of a member of the Boston delegation, who was the chief manager on the occasion.

change in twenty years, as in regard to the utility of railroads.

The applicants for a protective tariff proposed to make a strong effort in favor of the measure at the session of Congress which was to begin in December, 1827. By their persuasion I was induced to spend the winter in Washington, in order to keep our friends at home informed of whatever might be done or contemplated for the accomplishment of their purpose.* The letters I wrote during the winter occupy a large portion of the paper. The first of the two articles that follow was intended chiefly as an exposition and justification of the views I entertained in reference to general politics; the second has reference more particularly to the policy of the advocates for the tariff:—

"Our first homage and duty are due to truth and justice; and it is our firm belief, that if they had been carefully observed by the editors friendly to the administration, the cause of Mr. Adams would be now stronger than it is, being intrinsically the best."—*National Gazette*, Dec. 11.

To this declaration we heartily subscribe. It corresponds so faithfully to the course we have endeavored to pursue, as editors, and to the path we have marked out for futurity, that we have selected it as a text for some thoughts that may be woven into a very grave dilucidatory discourse.

"Our first homage and duty are due to truth and justice." Acting under a deep sense of the responsibility imposed on us by an assent to this doctrine, we have, for some years, uniformly excluded from the columns of this paper the base and malignant attacks on the characters of the most promi-

* While I was in Washington, my eldest son, Joseph H. Buckingham, had the sole superintendence of the editorial department of the Courier.

nent men in our country, which the columns of thorough-going partizan prints have constantly presented to the public gaze. Some of these productions have never been noticed, even by remote or indirect allusion. To particularize *now* would be an abandonment of the ground on which we stand. When the disgusting anecdotes, purporting to be scraps of private history, conveyed to the public eye through channels as filthy as the fount whence they originally issued, shall have been substantiated to the satisfaction of disinterested and unprejudiced minds, it will be soon enough for us to place them on record. Truth and justice may then require the enrolment as an act of homage, but it will not be performed without a painful struggle. On the other hand, the same sense of responsibility has kept us from mingling with the innumerable herd of fawners and flatterers, who are eternally exaggerating the merits of their respective leaders,—who seem to think that all human, if not all god-like excellences, are combined in the character and attributes of the man whom it is their pleasure or their interest to honor. There is as little reason in the extravagant panegyrics offered to the administration in some of their favorite and favored journals, as there is in the wild and profligate expenditure of praise to him, who is said by his worshipers to have “filled the measure of his country’s glory.” This flattering bombast degrades rather than exalts its subject. We know of no man living who can justly claim to stand on a pinnacle so high above all others,—in reference to either moral or intellectual qualities, in reference either to past public services or the promise of future achievements,—as that on which a few of our political champions and heroes are placed by their respective partizans. In this republican country, republican at least in the form of its government and in the nature and arrangement of most of its civil, political, literary, and religious institutions,—where the road to political distinction is open to every one who has intelligence enough to perceive it, ambition enough to induce him to enter, and courage enough to enable him to walk therein,—it is not possible that any two, or two hundred men, should possess exclusively the qualities that constitute a patriot, a hero,

or a statesman. We have no belief in the existence of demi-gods in our day and generation. While the "pregnant hinges of our knee" are ever ready to bend at the shrine of genius, intellect and patriotism, our tongue would cleave to the roof of our mouth, should we essay to unite in the current hyperbolical hallelujahs that are chaunted before a political image, or in the sickening sibilations which greet the approach of his rival.

Let the besotted town

Bestow, as Fashion prompts, the laurel crown ;
But let not him, who makes a fair pretence
To that best boon of Heaven, to Common Sense,
Resign his judgement to the rout, and pay
Knee-worship to the idol of the day.

That the "cause of Mr. Adams" is intrinsically better than that of his great political competitor, we never for a moment doubted, nor do we, at the time of writing these remarks, see any just cause for a change in our opinion. As to all the peculiar qualifications, "too numerous to be particularized" in this article, which fit a man to preside over and control the operations of our government, Mr. Adams stands at an immeasurable distance before the gentleman who has been selected to succeed him by the party in opposition. It is presumed that the warmest and most devoted friends of Gen. Jackson will not deny that, in respect to education, experience in political affairs, power of reasoning, and a variety of other accomplishments, necessary, or at least desirable, in the character of a great statesman, he is much inferior to Mr. Adams. The great question now at issue between the parties, if we understand any thing of its nature, is not a question respecting individual qualifications in the President, but simply a question of prerogative, — of rank or precedence, — between the north and the south; or, perhaps, to speak with more literal accuracy, between the slaveholding and the non-slaveholding states. It is doubtless the wish of the leading politicians of the south to supply the nation with rulers from their own section of the Union. The opposition to the President, we fear, originated in a local feeling, — a pride which suffered

defeat and mortification by the election of a northern man ; for we have too high an opinion of the mental and acquired powers of the prominent individuals of the opposition to believe that they suppose the cause of Gen. Jackson " intrinsically the best." They probably admit, and thus far we certainly should agree with them, that it is of no great importance who lives in the marble mansion at Washington, provided he is a man " capable and honest," — national and liberal in his views, — willing and resolved to maintain the interests of " his country, his whole country, and nothing but his country." Neither can they imagine that Gen. Jackson is superior in any respect to many other gentlemen who might be named, south of the Potomac. But, from a single fortunate incident in his life, he has acquired a popularity that has hitherto fallen to the lot of very few individuals. He is probably the only individual in the United States, around whom the hopes and expectations of an opposition to the present administration could be concentrated with a possible chance of success.

The opposition to Mr. Adams, we have intimated, is not so much of a personal character as it is sectional. An erroneous impression prevails in the southern states, that New-England is growing rich and powerful, at the expense of her southern neighbors, — that Yankees are monopolizing the trade and wealth of the nation, — and from this mistaken view of our feelings and policy has grown a most inveterate and bitter prejudice against the people of the north, as unworthy as it is unfounded, — a prejudice which can be easily eradicated by more frequent and general intercourse. There is nothing that we can perceive in the policy or practice of New-England that might not be adopted in the southern states with the fairest prospects of a successful issue. New-England annually sends forth her industrious and enterprising traders to Charleston, Savannah, New-Orleans, and the smaller southern seaports, to buy and to sell, and to remit the proceeds of mercantile traffic to their partners or their principals at home ; and what prevents South-Carolina from pursuing a similar course, and sending an equal number of her young men to New-York,

Providence, Boston, Portland and Salem? The people of the northern states have taken advantage of their physical resources; they have employed the water-power of the country to move the machinery of manufactures, and they are exploring the interior of their mountains for mineral treasures to supply the wants which have hitherto been served by importations. Those of the south may not have the water-power which propels our manufacturing machinery, but the power of steam is confined to no section, and they have the advantage of being able to produce the raw material on their lands, and they have the still greater advantage of slave-labor, which is abundantly adequate to the performance of much of the mechanical operations in manufactories. The reproachful sneers that have found their way into the newspapers, in which New-England merchants and manufacturers are nicknamed *Peers of the Power Loom* and *Lords of the Spinning Jenny*, are entirely unworthy of that dignity of character and elevation of mind which have been striking characteristics of the people of South-Carolina. There are no means or resources of wealth and power enjoyed by the people of New-England that are not equally under the control of those at the south. If, possessing these means and resources, they do not choose to avail themselves of them, surely it should be no reproach to the inhabitants of another section of the Union that they have adopted a different course. We have thought much and deeply on this subject, and have been active in obtaining from the best sources of information such facts as have led us to believe that the policy now pursued in the northern states,—the promotion of internal improvements, the exploring and development of our natural resources, and the protection of domestic manufactures, is the only true policy of this nation,—the only policy which can keep alive its commerce with other nations,—the only policy that can diffuse wealth, activity, prosperity, and consequent enjoyment and happiness throughout every portion of the country,—the only policy that can give us, in peace and in war, that sort of independence which seems to be universally desirable. It gives us pleasure to perceive that there are indications of the growing popu-

larity of this policy in the southern states. A late Charleston paper contains a memorial to the legislature of South-Carolina in favor of the survey of a route for a canal from Charleston to the interior of the state; and a petition has been presented to the legislature of Georgia, for the incorporation of a manufacturing company. We trust that these experiments will be successful, and have a tendency to destroy at least some portion of the prejudice now existing against the American System.

With these views, and solemnly devoted to the promotion of such measures as they indicate to be the best and indeed the only measures to secure private happiness and public prosperity, we have abundant reason to be satisfied with the position we have taken as servants of the public in the capacity of editors. It gives us no alarm to see the strongest partisan journals on either side disclaiming our fellowship. When we are quoted by one as an "*administration*" and by another as an "*opposition*" print, we feel that these same journals pay rather an involuntary homage to our independence and impartiality, earned by the performance of our duty to truth and justice.

The place we have chosen to occupy between, or rather above, the lines which mark the ground of most of our contemporaries, is not, however, a field where the most profitable harvest, in a pecuniary sense, is to be gathered. Being counted neither with the administration nor the opposition, we are considered as a sort of Ishmaelite, with our hand against every man,—for almost every man is identified with one or the other of these great parties,—and, as a matter of course, with every man's hand against us. We solicit no favors from men in office, and we get none. We ask no office, nor expect any. Consequently, whichever party in the present contest shall be triumphant, we neither make nor lose, individually, by the result; and as to the general interest, no party can long sustain itself in power that does not pursue the policy we have endeavored to illustrate as the best. Such is or will be the voice of the American people; and the voice of the people is, as it should be, omnipotent, exalting and abasing whonsoever it will.

We have learned to despise the sneers of those who have been foiled in their attempts to win us for Jackson, and to disregard the averted look of those who suspect that we are not full-blooded, heart-and-hand men for Adams. *Sneering* and *cutting* are not the most persuasive arguments to gain adherents to any cause. To all those who use them towards us in the present state of our politics, we are willing to stand in the position and in the character of the Jackdaw on the steeple ; who

Fond of that speculative height,
Thither pursues his airy flight,
 And there securely sees
The bustle and the raree-show
That occupy mankind below,
 Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
 If he should chance to fall.
No ; not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
 Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great round-about,
The world, with all its motley rout,
 Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its businesses,
 Is no concern at all of his,
 And says — what says he ? — CAW !

Thrice happy bird ! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men ;
 And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
 And such a HEAD between 'em.

Washington, Dec. 16, 1827.

In compliance with the warm and honest dictates of the heart, as well as with the customary forms of society, we tender to our subscribers, our friends and fellow-citizens, the

usual compliments of the season, and our unaffected wishes for a continuance of their health, happiness, and prosperity.

It has become the fashion of the times to use the annual return of this day as an occasion for anticipation and reflection. It may be compared to an eminence on the great pathway of life, whence one may look backward upon the ground he has traveled over, and forward to the termination of his journey, — where he may reflect on the difficulties he has met, the tribulations he has suffered, the impediments he has surmounted, and, from what he has learned in the school of experience, gather wisdom to guide and resolution to encourage him in his attempts to tread the uncertainties of the landscape before him.

With no desire to inflict upon our readers an undeserved penance, or to surfeit their spirits, on a day so joyous, with the overflowings of a sickly sentimentality, we yet solicit their indulgence for a few moments, while we advert to one or two topics, in regard to which we have taken a bolder stand than most of our cotemporaries, and assumed a position on which few, if any of them, have deemed it profitable or politic to enter. These topics form the prominent features in the character of this paper ; they are points on which we place some claims to public favor ; although we are well aware, that, with some, they are regarded with indifference, and with others, as causes of decided disapprobation.

In the first place, the Courier, if we are capable of judging of the nature and effect of what we write and what we select for publication, is entitled to the character of a neutral, independent paper, in reference to the two great belligerent political parties which now divide the nation between them, and under the banners of one or the other of which nearly every man in the nation is enlisted. Such a character few other papers have sustained, — such a character, probably, few other editors would deem it an honor to acquire. We boast no exemption from the common temperament of the age ; we have strong feelings of political partiality, and dislike ; but we have learned to subdue them. Our neutrality in the present contest, — we hesitate not to avow it, — is the effect of dislike

to certain prominent men in both parties ; and our independence (by which we mean an entire freedom from all the obligations and restraints imposed by the organizations of parties on their respective members) grows out of the circumstance that we have never sought nor received that kind of support that comes from men in power and office. We have never eaten of the bread that is distributed by the grand almoner of state bounty, nor drank of the cup that is filled from the fount flowing out of the public treasury. Consequently, to the *disinterested* disposer and the *impartial* distributor of official patronage we "owe no subscription." Having received nothing from the present administration that can place it in the attitude of a creditor, nor asking any thing of that which may succeed it which can degrade us to the humiliating position of a debtor, there is no cause for shutting our eyes to the absurdities and follies of either party ; there is no reason why we should "soothe the dull cold ear" of the dead in power, with the language of flattery, nor stir up the already too hot blood of those who seek it, with the tones of obsequiousness. In short, we are independent, because we have no *patrons*. For all that we get, we give an equivalent, which places us on a level with the richest and most powerful contributor to our limited income, and no one has a right to reproach us with an abuse of his *patronage*. PATRON ! the word, with all its derivatives and compounds, is a disgrace to the vocabulary of a democratic people. Wherever you see that inflated lordly thing called *Patron*, you may see also that abject piece of vileness, a *slave*, at his feet.

But enough of politics, and the relations in which we stand with the politician. There is another subject, in regard to which we differ from most of our cotemporaries ; and on this point it is infinitely more important to us that we should be fairly understood ; for, in the opinion which the people of this city may form of our views and motives, and with the spirit in which they meet those views and motives, we are conscious that our interest is deeply and seriously involved. Not that we apprehend the loss of all our subscribers, if we should chance to express an opinion that might not correspond in all

its bearings with the opinion of every reader ; nor that we should be alarmed if half a score should withdraw their names and intercourse, in consequence of our entertaining a sentiment differing from theirs on a subject whereon wiser and better men have differed before us ; such expressions of temper can be met, as they have been, with a feeling nearly allied to indifference, and their effects on our income can be repaired, as they have been, by the acquisition of other names to the subscription list of equal responsibility. That which displeases one, may be highly gratifying to another. That all men cannot think alike, is a truism almost too stale to be repeated ; but whilst hardly any two of the readers of a newspaper hold the same opinions in regard to what they read, the editor is placed in a rather uncomfortable situation, if he is compelled to agree with them all. It would seem to be a little unreasonable to demand that the operations of his mind should correspond exactly with the operations of a thousand other minds, cast in a thousand different moulds, and with no uniform character, except that they are uniformly diverse and variable.

The American Manufacturing System is the subject to which we would now draw the attention of the reader. Of this system we profess to be the advocates, and we are not ashamed of the avowal. We strongly wish that the motives to the course we have pursued and probably shall continue to pursue, should be clearly understood ; and it is to that end, chiefly, that we have craved indulgence to what many may think an impertinent display of egotism, and a tiresome detail of individual opinions, mistaken notions, and unwarrantable deductions.

To *disinterestedness*, in the literal sense of the word, we make no pretences. The senior editor of the Courier has lived in Boston near thirty years, — a term of time which commenced before the expiration of minority, and long enough to assimilate and identify his interest in all that concerns the prosperity of the town with the interest of his fellow-citizens. If the general good can be of moment to an individual citizen, it is of moment to him ; inasmuch, as, from the nature of the busi-

ness he pursues and in which his whole property is involved, must he rely for the support, education, and happiness of a numerous family. We, therefore, can have no motive for advocating projects that have not the universal prosperity of the city for their ultimate object. Our very existence depends on the activity and success of mercantile operations ; and to endeavor to impede the progress of these operations would be, on our part, an act of suicide for which no conceivable motive could exist. In another, and, perhaps, a more common acceptance of the term, we are, absolutely and unequivocally, *disinterested* in the question now at issue between the Manufacturer and the Merchant. We do not, never did, and probably never shall, own or hold, a share or any fraction of a share in any manufacture whatever. If it be asked, then, why are we so zealous for the protection of this system of domestic manufactures, this is our plain answer, — *The trade of Boston could not go on for a month, a week, nor a day, if the manufactories of New-England should be suspended in their operations.*

Boston is a commercial city. The general character of her population is mercantile. Her numerous and increasing inhabitants, her traders, her mechanics, her laborers, her capitalists, her manufacturers, even, are sustained, directly or more remotely, by means of her navigation and commerce. But how is her navigation to be maintained and carried on without the reciprocal aid of the mechanic and the manufacturer? Whatever has a tendency to check the foreign or the coasting trade of this city, produces, in proportion to its extent and power, a corresponding check upon the enterprize and industry, and, of course, a deduction from the income of her inhabitants, and should be discouraged by every citizen. On the other hand, whatever has a contrary tendency should be encouraged and met with favor. He who can give employment to a single individual that is not now employed, — whether that individual be the intrepid mariner, who can navigate the proudest fleet of merchantmen that ever traversed the ocean, or the humble laborer, whose capacity only enables him to earn his daily pittance by pushing a wheelbarrow, — does something to augment the prosperity of the place.

The question, then, for Bostonians to consider is, What can be done to extend our commerce? What will give the most profitable and permanent employment to capital? What will give employment to the greatest number of persons? This question we have considered,—we have sought information from various sources, from the merchant and the manufacturer, we have investigated and deliberated, with the purest motives, and with all the powers of our feeble understanding,—and we are led irresistibly to the conclusion, that the success and the permanent establishment of the manufactures of New-England will make Boston, in a very few years, all that its most public-spirited friends can wish it to be,—the seat of arts, industry and wealth,—the emporium of the coasting trade,—the grand *depot* of goods manufactured for exportation to South-American and Mexican markets, and of all the products of those countries in return,—and the centre of more foreign trade than it has ever yet enjoyed, even in the proudest period of her commercial history.

If it be asked, On what ground do these predictions rest? let it be replied, on the experience of the last ten years. Not on exploded theories in political economy; not on the speculations of men who made their fortunes thirty years ago, at a time when fortunes were to be sought in other avenues and found in pursuits, which, at the present day, mock the most persevering industry and disappoint the search of the most sagacious and prudent; but on the plain, simple, undeniable fact, that the progress of our manufacturing system, thus far, HAS INCREASED the commercial prosperity of our city. It is a fact, often asserted and never yet refuted or denied, that the raw material used in the manufactures of New-England, employs a greater amount of tonnage,—*triple* the amount, if we are not incorrectly informed,—than ever was or could be employed in importing the necessary supplies of manufactured goods.

What was the condition of Boston ten years ago, or at the close of the last war with Great Britain? There was then an impetuous clamor, as there has been since, about the stagnation of business and the decay of navigation, trade and

commerce. Our young men, as soon as they came of age, emigrated to the western states. Their history need not be traced, for the picture would not be very attractive. The partial success of the few manufactoryes then in operation, induced other capitalists to build up others. The consequence of this is, a new impetus has been imparted to trade; the coasting trade of Boston has nearly doubled since that time; stores and houses, almost beyond number, have been erected; rents have not depreciated, but, in the aggregate, have advanced very considerably; and the population increased, in five years, from 1820 to 1825, more than thirteen thousand. The tide of emigration from Massachusetts was checked; profitable employment has been furnished for thousands who were sickening with inactivity; and men of enterprize and intelligence have permanently settled in the city and the state, who would otherwise have been raising corn in Illinois, for which they could find no market, or, perhaps, distilling it into whiskey, to furnish subjects for prisons, alms-houses and penitentiaries.

The simple facts above stated,—the increase of population in Boston, and the increase of the coasting trade,—are, in our humble opinion, worth all the speculations of Adam Smith, Godwin, Malthus, Say, Ricardo, the Evening Post, or even the authors of the Boston Report. Political economists may theorize till the day of doom, and speculators who find trade running in new channels may complain of the change and wonder at its effects, till the day after; but it is vain to attempt to check New-England enterprize or subdue New-England power. A portion of the men engaged in trade may endeavor to stop the progress of this enterprize and to give it a different direction; but they cannot succeed. Experience is the best theory, and facts are the best arguments; and they will be understood and produce an effect, when reasoning from abstruse principles will be unavailing.

We make no apology for the length of this article. The importance of the subject, and our desire that all should understand the principles on which we act, seemed to demand of us this exposition. Claiming the credit of acting from pure

motives and from the honest convictions of the understanding, we impute not to those who differ from us, and advocate a contrary doctrine, the influence of any other principles than those which are honest, pure, and patriotic. They are men of honor and intelligence, and their opinions are entitled to respect. To their intentions we cheerfully award all that we ask for our own. Time, the great teacher, will expose the mistakes of either, perhaps of both; but he cannot deprive Integrity of its boldness, nor browbeat the face of Truth.

The letters I wrote from Washington, about fifty in number, are composed chiefly of sketches of debates in the House of Representatives, interspersed with speculations on the topics of discussion. The parties were nearly equally balanced; and they were divided by a line distinctly drawn, on one side of which were the friends and on the other the opponents of the administration; or in other words, the parties might be distinguished as Adams-men and Jackson-men; and it was not easy to find an individual that was not in favor of the re-election of Mr. Adams, or the election of General Jackson. Many speeches were made that were exceedingly personal, an apology for which was found (or pretended to be found) in the prodigality, as it was called, of Mr. Adams's administration. The famous "retrenchment resolutions" of Mr. Chilton, of Kentucky, formed the nucleus, about which were rolled innumerable strata of abuse, reproach, sarcasm, and vituperation. Incidents that happened when Mr. Adams was in Russia as minister-plenipotentiary, were presented in false colors and distorted features, and his domestic economy was descanted upon with a degree of cruelty that was truly revolting. Much of the prejudice I had entertained against Mr. Adams was

removed by what I heard and saw during these discussions. It was not many years after that my views in regard to his policy, and the motives by which he was governed, underwent a total change ; and sentiments of distrust and coldness gave place to those of confidence and admiration.

I returned from Washington about the end of March, and resumed my daily task with the *implements* of editorial labor. The Courier had increased in popularity and augmented its number of subscribers, notwithstanding the exertions to *put it down* made by two or three gentlemen, who thought its advocacy of the tariff was an impudent interference with the privileges of the commercial community. It is a fact, not generally known, that one gentleman, a violent enemy of the "American System," made personal application to many merchants to induce them to stop their subscription to the Courier. To what precise number he applied I was never informed. He succeeded with five or six; all of whom, in less than three years, became interested in the manufacture of wool or cotton, and, of course, abjured the doctrines of free trade. A similar change has come over the dreams of many who once thought protection to American labor no better than robbery of the merchant and importer.

A wonderful change has been wrought in the minds of our people in twenty years respecting agricultural pursuits. In 1829 remarks such as those which follow were deemed rather wild and inappropriate :—

"A few days ago we heard a thrifty and hearty-looking farmer inquiring in a store in State-street, if

the gentleman knew of a place in a store where he could put one of his sons. At the risk of being thought impertinent, we asked the farmer if he knew of any place in the country where a boy was wanted to turn up the sod. He said he did not then; he himself had wanted a hand a while ago, but he had hired this man,— pointing to his companion, a hale, hearty man of thirty-five. This led to some further conversation, in which we learned that the farmer thought it best to send his sons into the city to learn to trade, particularly if they were not of strong constitutions, and supply their places by hiring men to work on his farm.

“ In this opinion the honest farmer is by no means singular, but we apprehend that the advocates of his doctrine lie under a sad mistake. The love of speculation and the hopes of accumulating an independent fortune, or at least a competency, without active personal labor, are the curse of New-England. To country boys of fifteen or sixteen, the difficulties of trade, and the dangerous uncertainties of shop-keeping, are inconceivable. They see nothing but ease and happiness in the employment of the well-dressed clerks of the counting-house, and forthwith they must leave the farm, where money is turned up in every furrow, and health sparkles on every blade of grass, to throw away half a dozen years of the spring-time of life behind a counter. Their minority is closed, and they must enter upon the world with little or no improvement in their moral, intellectual, or physical habits; with no capital but their integrity and good name, (if luckily they have been able to pass through

such a dangerous apprenticeship without the loss of these qualities,) wherewith to commence business, and with the knowledge of no profession but one that is full of competitors, and which offers them no prospect of independence. The city is crowded with shopkeepers, and there is no branch of what may be called *trade*, that is not overdone. If a young man obtains credit for a small stock of dry goods, or hardware, or groceries, ten chances to one he is unable to meet the *first payment*; and, if he should be so fortunate as to have turned his stock and made a small profit by the revolution, the second or third period of payment finds him unprepared, and he must either *clear out*, (as the phrase is,) and seek a living at New-York or some remoter place, or he must write ‘**AGENT**’ under his name on his sign, and struggle with his debts and his bad luck a little longer. The result of this latter arrangement need not be told. Every body knows how few of those who *fail* ever recover from the shock which broken credit produces, and how hard it is for an ‘**AGENT**’ of this description ever to recover the character of **PRINCIPAL**.

“ How happy would it be for hundreds and thousands of our young men, if they would be persuaded that a few acres of ground are a better capital than as many thousands of dollars procured by writing their names at the bottom of a negotiable note; and what years of misery might be saved, if men would believe that a dollar actually earned by honorable and healthful labor as farmers and mechanics is worth a hundred in prospect to be gained in trade and speculation.”

The election of Mr. Adams to the Presidency sealed the fate of the federal party in Massachusetts. It had, in fact, been all but dead, for it was entirely powerless, for a number of years. His inauguration on the fourth of March, 1825, was celebrated by a festival, at which members of the two old parties united indiscriminately. In a speech made at the table by Mr. George Blake, a leading Republican, this union was spoken of as an "amalgamation" that was likely to produce the happiest consequences; and a response to the speech was made by Judge Whitman, a leading Federalist, in which he spoke of the "amalgamation" as an event that he had long prayed for, and he now thanked Heaven that his prayers were answered. The active supporters of Mr. Adams now took the name,—seemingly by common and unprompted consent,—of "National Republicans;" but there were still a goodly number of the old Federalists who clung to that name, and for two or three years voted for a Federalist for governor, in preference to the incumbent, Levi Lincoln, entirely on party grounds,—Mr. Lincoln, having been nominated and originally elected by an "amalgamation." These men made the Courier the organ of their communication, and advocated in its columns at different times, the election of Harrison G. Otis, Samuel Hubbard, and Samuel Lathrop. There is no reason for any attempt to conceal the fact, that the views of these "faithful, unseduced, unterrified" adherents to a party, originally as pure and patriotic as any that was ever formed in the political universe, met with a response in my heart. Nor would I, if I could, obliterate a sentence I have ever written in

justification of the much-abused and ungenerously-calumniated Hartford Convention. Frequent avowals of regard for this body, and for the glorious old statesmen who fought for the precepts of the federal school, produced controversies, often of a personal nature, with cotemporary editors;—the results of which were, doubtless, equally satisfactory to both parties; for, to such a war, where the strongest weapons are paper bullets, there is no end, till both parties become tired of the contest. The supply of hard words and reproachful epithets in the political magazine is inexhaustible.

The remarks which follow were intended to have a particular application to an article in the Christian Register, and to a sermon, delivered before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, by the Rev. Bernard Whitman. After drawing a glowing picture of the “licentiousness of the press,” the reverend preacher made a *tremendously solemn* appeal to that veteran corps:—“Gentlemen, will you not provide some remedy against this threatening danger?”

LICENTIOUSNESS OF THE PRESS.

“This is a standing theme for all writers, editors, lawyers, and preachers. If a lawyer wishes to make an impression on the minds of a jury in favor of the strict morality and integrity of his client, whether the trial be for a libel, or a larceny, or an assault, he must have a dab at the press, and talk of the scurrility of the newspapers. If a preacher finds his audience going to sleep under the operation of his somnific

theology, or the warm-water insipidity of his ethics ; he lays hold of the press and endeavors to awaken his hearers by talking of the destruction of their civil liberty and the utter perdition to their immortal souls, which a licentious press is bringing upon them. This, perhaps, is all right enough, it being merely in the way of their profession to admonish, censure, and abuse whoever and whatever is a stumbling-block in their way ; and it is, moreover, exceedingly fortunate for these gentlemen that the Bar and the Pulpit are so hedged about with law and divinity, that almost any thing may be fulminated therefrom with impunity. But that editors should undertake to make amends for the barrenness of other topics by writing homilies upon the licentiousness of the press, and admonishing their professional cotemporaries in the style of the dogmatist and the pharisee, is not, in our opinion, a very praiseworthy practice. Some of the editorial sermons of this sort, which we have recently seen, remind us of the proverb of the bird that bewrays its own nest.

"We do not claim for the newspaper press a character unsusceptible of improvement. As we are not disciples of the doctrine of human perfectibility, we have no expectation that the press, so long as it is guided and controlled by human beings, subject to all the passions, prejudices, and frailties of humanity, will exhibit any thing of super-human purity, or be exempt from the imperfections that mingle with all mortal pursuits, professions, and sciences. That, which we disapprove, and which we would call upon others to reprobate and avoid, is the practice of those

who would pass for saints, teachers, and apostles, to inveigh against the press as one of the most corrupt, wicked, and abominable of all institutions, and to pour out their anathemas in such general and indiscriminate language, that the special objects of their displeasure cannot be identified, except by inference, after we are informed (if the information can be obtained) to what party in politics, or what sect in religion, the aforesaid saints, ascetics, or vestals belong. If the representations of these reformers of the press can be credited, no evil that has ever fallen on our own forsaken race can be compared to a printing-press; and the arch-enemy of man triumphs in the consciousness that his own diabolical imagination can contrive no better means of bringing the whole living universe into perdition, to share his tortures and his eternity of punishment, than the circulation of newspapers.

“ As we have admitted that the newspaper press is susceptible of improvement, we have no objection to admit, also, that it does not maintain so elevated a character in the estimation of the wise and virtuous as it once did. For this declension, probably various reasons might be assigned. *One* is all that we have room for now, and we give it in a quotation from a poem, written by a journeyman printer of London, and leave the ‘galled jades’ to chew upon it, if they can, without ‘wincing’: —

— In our days, what hordes of blockheads claim
The proud distinction of the Printer’s name !
Around his Press, like hungry beasts of prey,
They swarm, whom every trade hath cast away.”

June 20, 1829.

Some of the most virulent controversies in which the Courier was engaged were those occasioned by attacks on Mr. Webster. His opposition to the war of 1812, while he was a representative in Congress from New-Hampshire, subjected him to the permanent hostility of the democratic party and all their newspapers. Among these the New-Hampshire Patriot, the United States Telegraph, and the New-York National Advocate were conspicuous for their unrelenting bitterness. From the moment that he took his seat in the House as a representative from Massachusetts, the democratic press, generally, began what seemed to be a systematic attack upon his principles and character, and scarcely a remark fell from him that was not caught up and interpreted to his prejudice, and animadverted on as a "signal of distress from expiring Federalism." The United States Telegraph became notorious for the severity of its opposition, and as my humble ability was employed in the Courier to defend him, the Courier and its editor, of course, came in for a share of vituperation. I cannot say that I always observed the Christian precept, which recommends the turning of the second cheek to the smiter of the first; and the sparring with the Telegraph was concluded by saying:—"It is not without disgust, but entirely without indignation, that we read the harmless and ungentlemanly attacks upon our representative, in the United States Telegraph. Mr. Webster would esteem the distinction not worth enjoying that could be obscured by allusions to the 'swarthy orator of the north ;' or any similar reproachful epithet. The magnificent Potomac is ordained by

nature to receive the filthy waters of a sluggish little stream called the Tiber; but who, that looks at the calm undulations of its broad bosom, thinks of the insignificant contribution?" M. M. Noah, editor of the National Advocate and afterward of the New-York Enquirer, was constantly attacking Mr. Webster, on account of his relation to the defunct federal party, and accused him of having been a member of the Hartford Convention. Possibly the accusation might have originated inadvertently; but it was persisted in long after it had been demonstrated that he had no connection with that body. But Mr. Noah evaded any acknowledgement of error. He shifted his ground and declared, if Mr. Webster was not actually a member of the Convention, he was as bad or worse, because he had never opposed it, and was in habits of friendly intercourse with those who were members or instigators of it. The controversy with the Enquirer was carried on for months, and ceased only when replication and rejoinder were admitted to be asymptotical lines, which though continually approaching and infinitely extended, could never meet.

ANTIMASONRY.

The remorseless war against Freemasonry, which began in the state of New-York about the year 1827, (now almost forgotten,) assumed a political aspect, and, in 1831, several leading politicians espoused the cause of Antimasonry. One of the most prominent of these was Richard Rush of Pennsylvania, who wrote a letter to an Antimasonic committee, in which he made a most outrageous assault upon the press.

This letter was published in the Courier, accompanied with remarks, of which the following are a part.

" Much of the importance which we attach to the letter, and, in fact, almost its whole importance, is derived from its *authorship*, and but very little from the *subject-matter* of the *letter itself*. As to Freemasonry, the author, like every other man, has a right to his views of its purposes and effects as an institution. . . . Our views of Freemasonry, as an institution, probably differ from those of many of its honest friends as well as those of its honest enemies,—for, that many of its opposers are sincere in their hostility, we have no doubt ; and that many of its friends are equal in uprightness, intelligence, and patriotism, to any men in the country, we know. In former times, the institutions of Masonry, it is generally admitted, have been serviceable to the members, and to the best interests of society. At the present time, we do not know that they produce any essential benefit that is not as easily effected by other institutions of a general nature. That they have produced any results injurious to the integrity and safety of our moral, religious, civil, or political rights, in any other manner, or in any greater degree, than many other institutions may be perverted by ambitious and cunning demagogues, we have seen no evidence, and consequently are not prepared to admit. On this subject we have had but one opinion since we knew enough of it to form an opinion. Freemasonry may be useless, but it is harmless. It may not be worth a struggle to keep it alive, but it is less dangerous than many other associations which are popular, and against which, if a

man were to raise his voice, he would be set down as an enemy to his country and all her best institutions.

"But there is one part of Mr. Rush's letter which deserves the severest reprehension. It is his unmanly and unjustifiable attack on the press,—an assault which partakes more of the ferocity of a tiger and the malignity of a demon, than of the candor of a gentleman or the wisdom of a statesman. It has neither dignity nor truth to entitle it to respect. Every reader will perceive that many of his assertions are false. We do not say Mr. Rush knew that they were false; but, unless he sees, daily, many more of the newspapers than we imagine he does, he could not know them to be true. The charges, we know, have often been made before, but the repetition of a lie, even from the pen of so respectable a man as Mr. Rush, does not impart to it the attribute of truth. His charges against the press, of corruption and fear, of a disposition to concealment, in reference to the progress and result of the trials in New-York, are utterly groundless; and his enlisting as a volunteer to endorse the slander, indiscriminately hurled at the conductors of the press, should meet the prompt and decided reprobation of an insulted and indignant community."

The Courier proceeded to inquire into the motive which could influence Mr. Rush to write such a letter, when a very simple reply to his correspondents, of a few lines, (his letter filled more than four columns in small type,) would have been sufficient to give them all the information they desired,—at least, all they asked for:—

"He might have told them all he knew of Freemasonry, and all that he feared of its effects, without arming himself with ratsbane, pistol, rope, and dagger, to commence a war of extermination upon a whole class of men, (the editors,) who, as a professional body, are as free, as liberal, as independent, as those of any other profession, and, we hope we may add, without incurring the guilt of uttering a libel, no more obnoxious to charges of profligacy and corruption, than some gentlemen, who appear to be aiming at political promotion, at the expense of their friends. We have no wish to do an act of injustice to Mr. Rush. If he should receive no more than his fair deserts, our indignation might be appeased, and, perhaps, converted into compassion. He has been prompted to this act by political ambition. He expects, and not without reason, to be set up as a candidate for the Presidency, in opposition to his friend, Henry Clay; or, failing in that, to be *used* as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, with some other aspiring demagogue. . . . This, we undertake to say,—and we are well advised of the extent of what we are saying,—is the true secret of Mr. Rush's sudden conversion to Antimasonry;—or rather, if we admit his own declarations,—his reluctant exposition of facts and opinions, long known and cherished, but which all the obligations of honor, religion, and patriotism were too weak to draw from him till now. What a glorious illustration of the permanency and sincerity of political friendships."

A few days after the publication of these remarks,

an old and friendly acquaintance of the editor, who lived in Lynn, called and paid up his subscription to the paper, and ordered it to be discontinued. The gentleman *voluntarily* * assigned, as his reason for stopping the paper, the remarks on Mr. Rush's letter, and added, "All your subscribers in Lynn have come to a determination to follow my example." This occurrence, and the admonition that was coupled with it, were treated rather contemptuously, and I heard no more from my Lynn friend. His example was not followed by his fellow-townsman. The list of subscribers remained entire for several years.

THE NATIONAL FAST.

In the summer of 1832 the Cholera made its appearance in several places in our country, and the expectation of its spreading caused general alarm. Some of the religious sects petitioned the President that he would appoint a day for general humiliation and prayer. On the first of July, Mr. Clay offered in the Senate a resolution, that a joint committee of the two houses of Congress should "wait on the President, and request that he recommend a day to be designated by him, of public humiliation, prayer, and fasting, to be observed by the people of the United States with religious solemnity, and with fervent supplications to Almighty God, that he will be graciously pleased to continue his blessings upon our country, and that he will avert from it the Asiatic scourge which has reached our borders; or if, in the dispensa-

* It was a rule with me,—from which I never departed,—never to ask a subscriber for the reason of his stopping the paper.

tions of his Providence, we are not to be exempted from the calamity, that, through his bountiful mercy, its severity may be mitigated and its duration shortened." After some debate this resolution was adopted. The debate was published in the Courier, with the following remarks annexed :—

We have given above the whole debate on this resolution as reported in the Intelligencer, and we are constrained to confess that the reasons offered by the gentlemen who advocated its passage do not strike us as very forcible, but, on the other hand, as injudicious and unsound, and involving doctrines entirely at variance with philosophy and all that is known of the physical laws of the universe. The whole argument,—so far as there is any argument displayed in the debate,—seems to be founded on the belief that prayer and fasting can suspend the operations of the laws of nature; or, in other words, that the Supreme Ruler of the universe may be induced, by supplication, to *change* the IMMUTABLE laws, which he has ordained for the government of the physical elements, and by which the harmony of the universe is preserved. Now, we presume that neither Mr. Clay nor Mr. Frelinghuysen would admit that the prayers of the people, whatever efficacy they might have in a *moral* point of view, could be of any avail in averting the progress or changing the operation of a physical law. To suppose such an event, would be to suppose an absurdity which no philosopher,—no religious or moral philosopher,—could for a moment entertain.

The Cholera is, literally, a pestilence that walketh in darkness. Its progress, Mr. Clay says, is marked by apparent caprice. Yet neither Mr. Clay nor any other man of common sense will pretend, in sober argument, that its progress is not guided and regulated by physical causes;—by laws, which are as immutable as any other decrees of the Deity. Those laws have not yet been discovered; but that they *exist* can be no more a matter of doubt than the laws of gravitation or of

motion. The means of security against their operation must be altogether of a *physical* character, and their effects can no more be averted by *moral* means, than the laws of gravitation can be suspended by argument or supplication. If a cannon-ball were raised fifty feet high in the air, and all obstacles to motion be removed, it is not to be supposed that the prayers of all the saints in the universe would prevent its falling, or breaking the head of Saint Peter, if the head of that apostle should happen to be in a direct line between the earth and the point from whence it should be dropped.

With all proper deference to the understanding and talent of Mr. Frelinghuysen, we think there is no analogy between the approach of the Cholera and the War of 1814. The Cholera is physical in its nature, progress, and operations; War is a moral pestilence, and its evils are to be averted solely by moral preventives. We have not time nor space at this moment to enter upon an elaborate argument in theology or metaphysics; but we presume that Mr. Frelinghuysen will acknowledge that the efficacy of prayer consists in its operation on those who pray, and not in a suspension of the laws, or a change in the purposes of the Deity. The progress of the moral pestilence is subject to laws and influences very different from those which regulate the elements of nature. Mr. Frelinghuysen has drawn a very vivid and eloquent picture of the "agent and minister of God, over which human power has no influence;" but we come to a conclusion directly opposite to his in regard to what ought to be done in consequence of its approach, and in regard to the propriety of meeting it with humiliation and prayer. The argument, we repeat, as far as we understand it, is based on the supposition that the laws of the universe will be suspended and the order of nature reversed by our asking. Instead of calling such a proceeding an act of humiliation, it appears to us it should more properly be named an exhibition of pride, arrogance, impiety, and presumption.

All this dread order break — for whom? for thee,
Vile worm? O madness, pride, impiety!

What the President may do in consequence of the passage of the resolution, remains to be seen. It can hardly be expected, however, that he will comply with its requisition, after having declined to comply with a similar request from the clergy of New-York ; though if he should send a message to the Senate in relation to the subject, we hope it will be more consistent in its argument than his reply to the reverend clergy. Both the President and Governor Throop acknowledge their full belief in the efficacy of prayer to avert the evils of the Cholera ; at least, that is the obvious meaning of their language ; yet both decline to recommend a day of humiliation and prayer. If they actually believe what they say they do, does not a most fearful responsibility rest upon them for refusing to recommend, — nay, even to *order*, — a general use of these efficacious means ? In how much absurdity do men get involved by their attempts to justify their conduct by the application of unnatural and unphilosophical principles !

There is an objection to the institution of a day of general humiliation and fasting, which does not seem to have entered into the views of any of those who propose the measure. Whatever may be the motives of those who urge it, and however good their intentions, such a day would be, as it has been heretofore, perverted to uses altogether at variance with, and would produce consequences directly the reverse of, those intended. A general suspension of business, especially in cities and large towns, is accompanied by scenes of amusement and dissipation. If any doubt that such would be the effect of a fast-day, let them look back to the fast-days ordered by the governors of New-England, for the last twenty years, and see if the practice has not become an evil that calls for a remedy. A *fast-day* has become a farce, and is so considered by a large portion of the people. It has been, for many years, an apology for irregularities, immoralities, and vices, which would not, otherwise, have occurred. Where they have been the means of redeeming a single soul from the power of sin, they have put in jeopardy ten others. We wish to interfere with no man's religious faith, nor to offend the pious feelings of the humblest individual. If any man is

piously and reverentially disposed,—and all ought to be,—let him fulfill his personal obligations to his Maker in his own family and in his own chamber. The ear of Providence is assailable from the retirement and solitude of the closet, as well as from the crowded synagogue and the corners of the streets ; and the hallowed altar may at all times resound with the voice of prayer or praise, without the recommendation of magistrates or rulers. The only way in which moral or religious exercises can have any effect in preventing physical pestilence must be in their influence upon the understanding,—persuading men to the practice of temperance and cleanliness, and to avoid all scenes of excitement and dissipation. Let those who dread the approach of the Cholera refrain from excess in eating and drinking ; from unnecessary exposure in thronged assemblies, or in unwholesome air ; and from all excitements which may irritate or disorder the physical organization. Be temperate, be clean, be calm, be patient, be firm and resigned, and leave the event to Heaven :—

Hush guilty murmurs, banish dark mistrust ;
Think there's a Power above, nor doubt that Power is just.

This article, as was not unexpected, was read with decided marks of disapprobation, by many, whose opinions and prejudices were entitled to respect, and produced some friendly remonstrances. It produced the following letter from the Rev. Lyman Beecher, and led to several personal interviews between me and that gentleman,—which, like all other discussions upon theological (metaphysical ?) questions, left each more firmly fixed in the correctness of his own opinions :—

To the Editor of the Courier :

My views are to some extent in accordance with yours, as to the inexpediency of looking to the National Government, in times of public calamity, to call us to the religious duties of

fasting and prayer,—not because I suppose it to be a violation of the constitution or attended with any danger to our liberties, but because the principles of political ambition and local interest have such influence in the formation of the government, as may often bring into power men whose opinions and example might be little calculated to give weight to these exhortations to reformation, fasting, and prayer, and whose attempts in this way might reiterate the exclamation, Is Saul also among the prophets?

The scenes enacted lately within and about the Capitol, while they furnish abundant motive to the nation to array itself in sackcloth and sit in the dust, are but poorly calculated to give efficacy to governmental recommendation, as is also the manner in which petitions to the government to abstain from the violation of the Sabbath by law have been treated. While I regard the canting about church and state as the outpouring of a malignant hypocrisy, I agree entirely that matters pertaining to the pure and peaceable and spiritual religion of Jesus Christ, should be far removed from the conflicts and polluting influences of earthly governments,—and should be conducted by the various denominations, in times of public calamity, unitedly if it may be,—separately if it must. Nor can I perceive why such associations for fasting should be deprecated as tending to create alarm, when the danger stands out to observation in all the bulletins of desolation from Europe, from Canada, and, at length, from New-York; with the appropriation of thousands to meet the exigency in our city,—the prescriptions of physicians and the directions of the board of health published,—and the welcome domiciliary visits of the health police,—all calculated to give notoriety to the reality, imminence and magnitude of the danger,—and leaving to the people, not the excitement and alarms of public convocations for fasting and prayer, but the soothing, sustaining hope that, according to promises and example upon inspired record, God will turn from those purposes of desolation which our incorrigibleness alone made necessary.

But the topic which I regard with the most regret, is the

philosophical reason alleged against public fasting and prayer, viz: That the laws of nature are immutable, and that, therefore, prayer and fasting will no more avail to avert the cholera than to suspend the attraction of gravity.

Now, this philosophy is just as conclusive against private as public prayer, and entirely conclusive against both, so far as the good or evil which betides us depends on the operation of immutable laws.

Of course, it is a Turkish and not a Christian philosophy, and a Turkish way of abolishing fear, and maintaining tranquility in danger, by persuading men that their fate is so immutably fixed, that there is no hope of change even from God,—that he has constructed the ponderous machine, adjusted its wheels, hung on the weights, swung the pendulum, and turned his back upon it, and his ear from the cries of the hapless millions who may happen to fall in the course of its bloody track. To my mind this is a terrible philosophy,—and this a horrible world to live in,—where prayer and hope in God's mercy, the last resource of the impotent and the guilty, is cut off by the shears of an inexorable fate. It is a philosophy, also, which virtually subverts the moral government of God over nations, and the interposition of a particular providence for its administration.

Now the reality of the divine moral government over nations is inscribed on every historic page in the Bible, and its necessity to restrain men has been fearfully attested by the animalism, and anarchy, and ferocity, which rolled the wave of desolation over the nation which denied his being, and blotted out his Sabbath, and burnt his laws, and proclaimed the eternal oblivion of the grave. That, heretofore, God has employed physical causes as motives in the administration of his government, is as certain as the historical records of holy writ. Cold and heat, day and night, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, peace and war, sickness and health, have been employed by Heaven as motives, and do operate to diversify, indefinitely and continually, the moral influence under which all the millions of mankind act and form their characters.

Now, is all this endless variety of moral influence, with which physical laws are clothed, wholly unmodified by the wise and merciful interposition of a particular providence? Is all this extent and variety of motive which brings home to the bosom of every free agent on earth three fourths of those influences which decide his action and character, all hung on one great wheel, whose constant turning brings them round so as rightly to divide, and wisely to apply to each subject, his portion of moral influence in due season? This may be possible to God, but to men it does not appear a very probable theory of the manner in which God actually administers his special government, and can scarcely fail to disarm the providence of God of its entire power as a moral administration. But suppose the ever wakeful supervision of Heaven, instead of this great wheel, watching with tireless benevolence over the concerns of every individual and nation,—in whom all live and have their being,—on whom all wait to receive their meat in due season,—from whose warm heart and open hand, by the ministry of his agents, cometh down every good and perfect gift,—who made the laws of nature to produce their results by the modifying influence of his power and wisdom in moral government, and not to make a splendid display of mere mechanical ingenuity, but, like his law in the hand of a Mediator, to be employed for purposes of judgement and mercy in the government and redemption of the world. Then why should not the application of these laws vary as the character and conduct of the subjects under their administration vary? The whole apparent difficulty is created by supposing that God made the laws of nature for a splendid, high, and dreadful immutability,—utterly inconsistent with the variations and uses demanded by a moral government. But if a moral government was the original design,—and the foundations of the earth were laid, and the heavens spread abroad, and the atmosphere poured out, and all material agents formed, as subordinate to this great design,—why, then, the various and modified uses of these laws, by Heaven, for punishment or protection, graduated by the conduct and character of subjects, no more implies a change of these laws, than the

farmer's various applications of the implements of husbandry imply a change in his tools.

To change the laws of nature, their attributes must be changed, or applied to uses for which they were not made. To employ fire for purposes of frost, poison for nutrition, water for respiration, and the solid earth for navigation, and the ocean for purposes of agriculture, would be to change the laws of nature ; but to use these elements as the wisdom of God may indicate, in the manner most efficacious for the moral government of nations, implies no change of plan or law, without first begging the question that they were made only for the purposes of a stately immutability, and that God preferred to administer his moral government by a comprehensive mechanism to the modifying influences of his continual supervision.

I now beg leave to say, that this supposed immutability of nature's laws, so as never to be suspended or accommodated to purposes of moral government, is, in my apprehension, a mere assumption, wholly unsupported by evidence. If it can be shown that their immutability will bring out the best result, then, doubtless, they are immutable. But is it quite logical to take this for granted ? And where is the evidence of the fact ? How does it appear that the most perfect system may not be one, and is not one, in which the uniformity of the great laws of nature shall be sufficient for all the general purposes of science and experience,—and yet be liable to such suspension or variation as shall afford evidence of a divine interposition, and a means of authenticating the communications of the divine will, and demonstrating the continuance of God at the helm, both of his natural and moral governments ? Are not miracles the great seal of Heaven which none can counterfeit, to authenticate divine communications,—and, if need be, to display the presence and agency of God among his unbelieving and mutinous subjects,—just as important in their place and for their particular purpose as the benign stability of nature's laws in other cases ? If there were not a general uniformity, miracles and signal judgements would have no signification, and if they

were strictly immutable they would have no place, while general uniformity and occasional innovation meet precisely all the great exigencies of the providential government of God for the ultimate renovation of the earth. Hume has asserted that any innovation upon the laws of nature is contrary to all experience; but he had not lived in all time and every where, and how did he ascertain what had been the past universal experience of the whole world? He could learn it only from history, while there is not in any nation a page of history, fabulous or inspired, which does not attest the existence of some supernatural interposition. If he meant only contrary to his own experience, that would no more prove universal immutability of nature's laws, than the experience of the torrid zone would disprove the existence of ice in the frigid.

I have only to add, that the philosophy of the immutability of the physical laws of the universe, as unaffected by human guilt, or penitence and prayer, and the various exigencies of the divine moral government, seems to me entirely unscriptural. I do not mean that all who have adopted it are infidels; for it is a specious philosophy, all of whose relations and bearings are not immediately perceived. But I do mean that it is, in my view, wholly and irreconcilably adverse to the entire testimony of the Bible, so that no man can be a full and consistent believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and at the same time a disciple of this philosophy.

According to the Bible, the government of God over nations is a moral government, universal and entire; and his dominion over the material world, in the administration of a particular providence, accommodated to the purposes of moral government, and diversified according to the exigencies created by the character and deed of his subjects, for punishment to the incorrigible, for purposes of forbearance and forgiveness, to those who cast off their sins, and turn to God with weeping and supplication, is announced and repeated with equal clearness and frequency on the sacred page. All the great laws of nature are the ministers of his court, — the body-guard of his throne, to check rebellion, and keep back mutinous subjects from presumptuous wickedness, as well as to encamp round

about those that fear him, and bear messages of mercy to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at his word. He sends rain or drought, mildew and murrain, and pestilence and famine. Let it not be said that all this is poetry, or allegory, or Jewish philosophy. It is poetry inspired of Heaven and philosophy taught of God, which holy men of old spake and recorded as the Holy Ghost gave them utterance. It is true, that, for purposes of special effect in the preservation of his religion and worship against the encroachments of idolatry, the principle of temporal judgements and mercies, according to character and deeds, was rendered more emphatical. But the same general principle is still recognized as extending to all nations. The 18th of Jeremiah might suffice to prove this. But whoever reads the prophecies, and profane history, will find in the one predicted visitations upon nations, according to character and deeds, and in the other the record of their literal fulfilment. And whoever will sit down at the feet of Christ, may hear from his lips that God clothes the grass, feeds the ravens, arrays in beauty the lily, numbers the hairs of our heads, and notes the fall of the sparrow.

I should not have troubled you with this communication, if I had not regarded the philosophy which I oppose as subversive not only of the Bible, but of that providential government of God which gives force to admonition, and hope to reformation and humiliation and prayer. Upon the necessity and power of a retributive providence to purposes of national morality, I need not amplify. They appall the hardened sceptic ; they cool the delirious fever of worldliness, and tame the madness of passion, and put out for a time the fire of ambition ; they rouse the thoughtless to consideration, and send their terrific notes of loud admonition into high places of voluptuous guilt, as well as the low places of vulgar vice, while in thick showers, and with deadly aim, his arrows fall upon the retreats of crime ; and they carry out, into all ranks and orders of society, a deep and all-pervading sense of absolute dependence upon God. When mists, which no man can dissipate, gather about the sun, or his rays fall cold and powerless on the earth, — when the wind, with steady breath, for months, blows contaminated

atmosphere across the Atlantic,—when the destroying angel has passed the highway of nations and the barriers of the north, and has received his commission and commenced his work in the great city of our land,—who does not feel that it is time to proclaim a fast,—to convoke the nation,—to acknowledge the hand of God,—to put away all evil-doing,—and supplicate mercy of the God who spared Nineveh, and would have spared even Sodom, if there had been only ten righteous persons to pray for it?—especially when the visitation finds us so eminently fitted for destruction,—our Sabbath falling before cupidity,—the government of God before infidelity,—and national morality before temptation,—while from abroad, and at home, masses of ignorance, and filth, and crime are rising up in our cities, to mock Heaven, and serve as the conductors of his burning indignation.

Cleatus.

EDWIN BUCKINGHAM.

For two years from the 20th of June, 1831, the Courier was published in the name of Joseph T. & Edwin Buckingham, as joint editors. Such an association had in fact existed for nearly three years; but the son being a minor, the public recognition of it was delayed till he should arrive at the age of twenty-one. He wrote much for the paper, and, by his labors, added much to its popularity and circulation. It may look like the indulgence of paternal pride to exhibit specimens of his writing, or to speak of their literary merit; but when the works of other co-operators are introduced, neither justice nor propriety seems to demand that he should be excluded from the rank of assistants. From the mass of his juvenile productions, the following articles are selected: —

COMFORTS OF THE SEASON.

The night, to the great mass of mankind, is the season of relaxation, recreation and enjoyment. How delightful, after the business of the day, to ride a few miles in the country, and breathe the atmosphere pregnant with health and freshness, and fragrant with the "sweet and wholesome odor of the new mown hay ;" — to promenade the mall and common, or to linger on the free bridge to catch the invigorating salt sea gale ; — or even to recline on one's own parlor sofa, and dream of rest or indulge imagination with an antepast of the joys of independence ! How happy he, who

When Evening kind, with blushes cools the air,
The steer resigns his yoke, the hind his care,
The clouds aloft with golden edgings glow,
And falling dews refresh the flowers below,—

can lay aside his labor, smooth his care-wrinkled brow, restore the waste of physical and intellectual power, and prepare to meet the duties and the employments of another day, with renewed relish and invigorated faculties. *Ah ! happy indeed !* whispers a responsive sigh, rising from the prostrated soul of a diurnal editor. *O, how happy !* echoes from every compositor in the printing-office, while pressmen, boys, and carriers join the universal chorus.

Our comforts, — we speak individually, but we trust that we touch a chord, which vibrates in sympathy in other bosoms, — our comforts, thanks to the Postmaster-General, and those who have made such sad innovations upon the mail arrangements, are of quite a different character. Our comforts during the dog-days, with the mercury ranging from 80° to 100°, have consisted, from three to five, P. M. in endeavors to postpone an entire dissolution of our materiality, or to preserve the jelly to which flesh, blood, and bones have been reduced, from total evaporation. At five we begin to look anxiously for the mails ; and this delightful state of expectation, suspense, and disappointment, continues till six, seven, and sometimes till eight o'clock. From this time forward to an indefinite period, we sweat by lamp-light, with pen, scissors, and paste ; sometimes

relieved by a kind neighbor, who comes to inquire if there is any news, and good-naturedly to prolong our pleasant employment to as late an hour in the night as possible. As to the *operatives* in the printing-office, they (happy fellows!) immersed in a compound of light, and smoke, and heat, issuing from forty or fifty lamps, — windows shut, to keep the wind (if there should happen to be a breeze in motion) from extinguishing the blaze, — *amuse* themselves with putting in type what we may have manufactured by the help of the triple machinery above mentioned. In addition to this, which is a *positive* recreation to them, they have a comparative pleasure in translating the mysterious hieroglyphics of an advertisement, or deciphering the pot-hook characters of a communication, brought in at nine o'clock, the author of which is very anxious that it should appear next day to further some project in which he may have an interest, but which is of no concern to us or the public in general. But the *superlative* comfort is enjoyed the next morning, when some whole-souled customer has discovered an error in his advertisement, and comes to salute the whole force of the establishment, editor, compositors, pressmen, and devil, with a few gratuitous damns, for a figure changed, a letter turned upside down, or possibly for an advertisement omitted, which, on examination, happens to be inserted exactly according to his direction.

We have enjoyments, too, coming from another quarter. The mass of matter to be prepared after the arrival of the mails, and the advertisements left about the same time, have necessarily detained the press beyond the departure of the mails, and consequently the papers of the next morning lie in the post office twenty-four hours, and this produces complaints from subscribers, who think they are neglected. Some of them get vexed by a repetition of what they are pleased to consider as carelessness on our part, and send us letters threatening a withdrawal of their patronage, and perhaps insinuating, in a very gentle and respectful manner, that if we know our duty, we have no desire to perform it.

The consummation of our comforts, not the hundredth part of which have we yet told, is when the collector returns at

twelve o'clock, M. with a meagre and beggarly account of moneys collected,—a profusion of excuses from our best subscribers, whose bills we thought would be paid at sight,—and a handful of bills, good for nothing but to be laid up as memorials of the scrupulousness with which some people observe the maxim, “The laborer is worthy of his hire.” If it should happen that we have not a note to pay for rent, ink, types, or paper, before the banks close, we lose, for that day, the rare comfort of running, under a scorching sun, to all our friends, to borrow the wherewithall to pay said note, and the still rarer satisfaction of finding that most of our friends are in the same predicament.

Such, gentle reader, are some of the editorial comforts of the season. The colors are faint and the sketch imperfect; and if you would know the whole, you must become an editor yourself. If you are an advocate for the American System, you will “speak comfort to our weary hearts” by subscribing for the Courier and persuading your neighbor to go and do likewise; and by believing that when we give you a paper not quite so interesting as you expect, the fault is not in our intention, but in circumstances beyond our control. If you are an Anti-American-System-man, you will, of course, place our list of comforts to the credit of the “accursed tariff,” and bid us “go to the —,” where we are sure that, *but for that*, both you and ourselves would have gone by this time.

September 5, 1828.

MARCH OF MIND.

As every man is well satisfied with himself, his own age, — *era* we mean,— may seem also the best; for it has the necessary connection with that respectable being, *himself*. The circles of selfishness are concentric, but they are less distinct as they are more distant from the great centre. If you cast a stone into the placid waters, you may see the figure illustrated. The circles nearest the stone will be high and swelling,— while their force and fury will decrease as they recede. So it is with the great principle that attaches a man so strongly to every thing that appertains to himself. His own dog,

though but a poor one, is, in the proprietor's estimation, a more respectable brute than the greyhound of his neighbor. His geese are more beautiful than another's swans; and as to his children, there can be no comparison between them and the offspring of less favored parents. Even thus may it be with his own era. He lives in an age when old prejudices are forgotten, and all things have become new and good.

We look back on the dark ages with horror, for there were then few newspapers or novels, and no blue-stockings at all. Women were then the themes and not the minstrels. We reprobate the times when each man took the administration of justice into his own hand, and cared little for jury or judge. We think, perhaps, that these were but dull times, when there were no political parties in a state to hold the balance of power, and to abuse each other, as became true patriots. There were no banks then, and, of course, no pleasant notes became due at frequent intervals to give an impulse to stagnant life, and to accelerate the tardy flight of time between the making thereof and the maturity. There were in those days, heroes, and the name has descended to us, though the race is as much extinct as that of the mammoth. We have, however, *one*, whom his worshipers call hero, as the worshipers in some Hindoo temples call their hideous long-eared idol a god.

Finally, we live in an age in which it is very pleasant and profitable to live,—great discoveries are making in the physical and moral world;—of course, we are growing wiser and better, and all of us are disposed to commend the present above the past,—to follow joyfully in the March of Mind.

THE SEASON.

The worst description of weather is your muggy. . . . It is not pleasant, in such times as the present, to be, like Hamlet, “too much i' the sun,” when the blood, under the coolest circumstances, is like liquid fire, and the face like a burning coal. If such are the heats of the temperate zone, how can men live between the tropics? Were this weather to last, how temperate we should become! for the fire of the

atmosphere would be enough for a toper without the burning of alcohol. A day of such weather is a homily twenty-four hours long in favor of temperance, and it preaches effectually.

The principle, however, that falls like a paralysis on the human body, and disposes the mind to somnolent images and the eyes to a siesta, gives greater activity to all the agents of annoyance. The serpent is more swift and venomous, the dog more rabid and poisonous, and the insects have more sting and buzz. We are not only roasted, but we are devoured before we are *well done*. A mosquito is a small insect, but a great evil,—and a bed-bug is a little thing, but a giant in mischief. The insect is beyond the reach of process, unless you catch him in the act; but the bug may be always taken and dealt with according to equity and law, or rather according to justice, for equity is slow and law uncertain.

Who can follow a train of thought while his mind is oozing out from every pore in his body? It is a time when any man may "see what fat he's got," to borrow a phrase from the ballad of Bill Jones,—and, to take another form of speech from the kitchen, he will find but *little scraps* left. The very extremity of misery has put us in a merry mood; but it is barbarous to make honest men laugh in such weather.

REMEDY FOR BAD RULERS.

John Randolph predicted that the presidential purple would not fall again upon the shoulders of a gentleman. Perhaps it will not, if the last precedent is to establish the principle. Yet the people generally act right, where they act at all. The mischief is, that when much is at stake, in the way of principle, they stay at home and mind what they call their own business, without reflecting that the public interest is not only their own business but their private interest. It is every man's duty to have an opinion, to express it and to act after it. We should have better public officers, were there a fine as heavy as that for military delinquencies upon all absentees from the polls. In a district of five thousand voters, one thousand stay at home, and each individual says, What can

I do at the election ? it is but one vote, and that will not change the result. Now these very patriots, that love their own barns better than their neighbors' houses, (as Hotspur says,) hold in their hands the balance of power, (that mysterious agency,) and can put good men into office, unless they prefer the bad. Yet they leave a franchise, that they would bleed for were it invaded, to be exercised by violent partizans, and restless, dissatisfied spirits, who have every thing to gain from confusion and nothing from quiet. It is doubtful, if they "manage these things better in France," but we ought to transact them better here.

To conclude, — and with a truism, — there is little hope of our being well governed till we depute better men to do us that service.

1831.

SIGNS AND WONDERS.

Almost the only subject of conversation, and the most common one for paragraphs, for the last two days, has been the wonderful appearances in the heavens. Those who claim the right to pester society with their garrulous nothings, have been

Prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confused events,
New hatched to the woful times ;

and many others who have suffered their fears to sway their reason, begin to look pale at the novel movements of the celestial machinery. One editor tells us, that the sun in Virginia has been of a silver whiteness, shorn of his rays of dazzling brightness, so that the eye could bear to gaze upon his glory ; that spots were upon his side ; and that anon the light became of a greenish hue, until obscured by clouds. Another paper in the same state says, the sun has become of a pale blue, and that he looks more like our satellite, the moon, than like his own supernal glory. Another editor observed the change, and adds that, on the previous night, "The falls of the river roared more loudly than usual, and had a sound as if the banks of the basin had broken down, and the waters were rushing through in a thundering cataract." A New-York

editor compares the color to that of a Brazilian emerald, and says, the great orb " seemed to have left the skies, and to hang in our own atmosphere, suspended like a balloon at no very great distance from the earth." Others have observed that the moon partakes of these lack-lustre colors,—as it is but fair that she should, as she borrows her light. Others have seen the planet Venus, hung on the horns of the moon like a silver tassel, while the moon herself, through a telescope, "exhibited all the asperities of mountains of ice." Upon these marvelous appearances one editor remarks, that "It was a spectacle, such as we have never seen before;" another thinks it "a novelty of rare occurrence;" and a third is curious to know the "cause of this unusual departure from the ordinary course of nature."

We might add to the above some account of the singular appearance, on Sunday evening, of a waving dark line upon the clear sky, running from the zenith towards the south-west. And yet it was not like the mark of a pencil on the heavens, but more resembled a fissure in the magnificent ceiling, requiring little fancy to enlarge it, and expose the myriads of cherubim filling the heavens with the melody of their instruments.

One cannot but smile at the superstitious folly of the day, as he hears the unprofitable gossiping of the wonderers at these celestial phenomena. Although, perhaps, no man may know the hour of the final visitation, yet there is no particular reason for supposing that we, of this generation, shall see the opening of the seventh seal, and hear the sound of the seventh trumpet. We are not worthy of these things. Man is yet too far from the perfection to which reason and philosophy assure us he may attain, to hope for the millennial blessings.

On the other hand, little as science has taught us, (and but the door of her temple is opened,) we believe she has given man a key to greater mysteries than these atmospheric wonders. She has taught us that they are a part of the thousand phenomena of the natural world, which in ancient times excited the apprehension of the ignorant; and it is time we had learned from her instructions how presumptuous it is

to look for the interposition of higher powers in our destinies ; for nothing can be more certain, than that man must work out for himself the path to his own inheritance. We do not act like intelligent beings when gazing in stupid wonder at that which is to-day incomprehensible, and which will be to-morrow as simple as the lesson of a child. The world was created in magnificence, for the admiration of its inhabitants, but not to excite their fears ; and its beauties were bestowed for a far nobler purpose,— to incite better feelings in the heart, wiser workings in the mind, and infinitely holier aspirations. If we become accustomed to the planets in their courses, and forget the purposes of their and our creation, some change in natural appearances is necessary to remind us that

Not the smallest orb which we behold,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the one-eyed cherubims ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

August 23, 1831.

NEWSPAPERIALS.

Since the sun has changed his pea-green traveling habit for his ordinary garments, and the moon has turned a corner with the month, the newspapers have become as dry as the atmosphere is damp. They are absolutely a drug, a very nauseous compound of stolidities, originally prepared by Messrs. Calhoun, Rush, Ingham, Berrien, and company, but now retailed in small quantities in every corner of the country ; and where it not for the necessity of knowing what unfortunate people marry and die from day to day, they would not be worth opening." "When the sky falls," says the proverb, "we shall catch larks ;" were it paragraphs, what a harvest we should have had within a few days ! But all common sources seem to be exhausted. A suicide is a rare occurrence ; we have heard of none worth recording, since a hopeful youth lately shot himself after regaling upon the "Sorrows of Werter," which edifying book was found in his possession. There is

no such thing as a *coup de soleil*, — for his majesty of day does not strike as hard as in times past, or men have grown too wise to trust their bare heads in his presence. Cold water does nothing towards helping the printer, — for every graduate of the infant schools has learned to "hold the pump-handle three minutes, before drinking," according to the instruction of certain meddlesome, mischievous, paragraph-destroying newspapers. Even the foreign channels are scoured by the Peace Societies, who offer munificent rewards for discovering the best means of stopping our business in battles. In short, we are driven to great straits and despondency, and are willing to go into "retiracy," whenever any body else shall feel disposed to give us a fit-out of nine thousand dollars for so doing.

August 27, 1831.

CONSECRATION OF MOUNT AUBURN.

. An unclouded sun and an atmosphere purified by the showers of the preceding night, combined to make the day one of the most delightful we ever experienced at this season of the year. It is unnecessary for us to say that the address by Judge Story was pertinent to the occasion, for if the name of the orator were not sufficient, the perfect silence of the multitude, enabling him to be heard with distinctness at the most distant part of the beautiful amphitheatre in which the services were performed, will be sufficient testimony as to its worth and beauty. Neither is it in our power to furnish any adequate description of the effect produced by the music of the thousand voices which joined in the hymn, as it swelled in chastened melody from the bottom of the glen, and, like the spirit of devotion, found an echo in every heart and pervaded the whole scene.

The natural features of Mount Auburn are incomparable for the purpose to which it is now sacred. There is not in all the untrodden valleys of the west, a more secluded, more natural or more appropriate spot for the religious exercises of the living: we may be allowed to add our doubts whether the most opulent neighborhood of Europe furnishes a spot so singularly appropriate for a "Garden of Graves."

In the course of a few years, when the hand of taste shall have passed over the luxuriance of nature, we may challenge the rivalry of the world to produce another such residence for the spirit of beauty. Mount Auburn has been but little known to the citizens of Boston ; but it has now become holy ground, and

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,

a village of the quick and the silent, where nature throws an air of cheerfulness over the labors of death,—will soon be a place of more general resort, both for ourselves and for strangers, than any other spot in the vicinity. Where else shall we go with the musings of Sadness, or for the indulgence of Grief ; where to cool the burning brow of Ambition, or relieve the swelling heart of Disappointment ? We can find no better spot for the rambles of curiosity, health, or pleasure ; none sweeter for the whispers of affection among the living ; none lovelier for the last rest of our kindred.

September 26, 1881.

The writer of these trifles received no other advantages of education than such as were afforded by the public schools of Boston. In these he was a pupil from the age of seven years till he was nearly fourteen. In the spring of 1824, he left the English High School, and entered the office of the New-England Galaxy as an apprentice, where he soon became useful as a compositor, and was entrusted with the general arrangement of the columns. In this capacity he remained till the autumn of 1828. He then became an assistant in the editorial and business departments of the Courier. The next two winters he passed in Washington, attending on the proceedings of Congress, writing letters for the Courier and one or two other papers, and occasionally reporting for a paper in Washington. Most of the letters under

the head of "Editor's Correspondence," from September, 1828, to May, 1832, were written by him.* In August, 1830, he attended the term of the Supreme Court, held at Salem for the trial of the murderers of Capt. Joseph White,—riding home every night in an open carriage; and here, undoubtedly, he imbibed the seeds of a disease, which eventually terminated his life. In the following month of September, he began a tour to the Western and Southern states, and wrote, during his journey, a series of letters which appeared in the Courier between that date and the next February. Soon after his return, in April, 1831, he made preparation for publishing a Magazine,—a project which had long been a favorite subject of his ambition,—and engaged the assistance of several popular writers. To the publication of this Magazine and the Courier he gave unremitting attention, and pursued it with unwearied industry, till some time in the following winter. But the disease which he contracted in passing by night over the marshes between Salem and Boston, in 1830, began to manifest its power over his physical system, by symptoms that could not be misunderstood. He passed three or four months in Washington, but the tyrant Consumption would not be baffled of his victim. Medical skill was exercised only to prove its inefficiency. After all was done that friends and physicians could devise, he was advised to make a voyage to Smyrna. He left Boston on the second of

* The letters purporting to be from Washington, signed "Moth" and "Cobweb," which occasionally appeared in the Courier, I wrote in my office,—where, influenced by the inspiring clatter of a printing-press, I usually wrote with more facility than in any other place.

October, 1832, in a small brig, commanded by a friend of the family. The voyage was long and boisterous, and he reached the place of his destination, in a condition that convinced him that he had left home only to die among strangers. He left Smyrna in a brig bound for Boston, and died on board, five days before the vessel arrived. The annexed extract from the New-England Magazine for July, 1833, tells the rest of the agonizing tale, and the letters and extract which follow represent (I would fain believe) the true character of the loved and lost, as I am sure they do the sympathies of sincere and priceless friendship :—

RETROSPECTION.

Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays

“ Two years have now passed away from the calendar of Time since the first number of the New-England Magazine was presented to the public,—a candidate for their approbation,—and with them one of its editors has also passed away from the face of the earth. The intelligence of this event was received while the last sheet of the last number was passing through the press. The period and the occasion seem to demand a brief explanation.

“ The New-England Magazine was the offspring and the property of EDWIN BUCKINGHAM. In projecting the work, the idea of making money was no part of the consideration. The elder of the editors had previously had sufficient experience in the publication of literary periodicals to enable him to feel how uncertain and delusive are all calculations of that sort. The

other was just passing that point in age where the law sets up a distinction between the man and the minor,—ardent, ambitious, active, and panting for a pecuniary independence that should correspond in some measure to the fearless moral and intellectual independence, which had, from the days of childhood, been an imposing and distinctive trait in his character. He had already, for several years, been co-editor of a daily newspaper,—an employment that is usually supposed to demand labor enough, of both mental and physical powers, to relax the assiduity of an ordinarily industrious individual; but for ~~HIM~~ something more was needed,—and he sought this,—as a field for improvement in the pleasanter departments of literature, for the cultivation of a better taste, and for the development of faculties, that have no kindred with the noise and bustle of trade and the turbulence of politics. Such was the origin of this Magazine. No promises were made, to win the favor of the public, except that it should be continued for *one year*, in order that none, who contracted to receive it for that period, should be disappointed. It has not failed to make its appearance on the first day of every month for *two years*; consequently no pledge was given that has not been amply redeemed.

“ But ~~HE~~, by whom and for whom the Magazine has existed, is no more. Brief as its term has been, it has yet outlived its parent. In consequence of his declining health, for more than a year the responsibility of conducting it has rested solely on the senior editor. It has met with all the favor that was expected,—it has escaped the perils of earliest infancy, and is

able to go alone. The surviving editor feels that natural affection, as well as duty to its generous friends, will not permit him to desert it now. It will, therefore, be continued by him.

"To gratify the curiosity of some of the friends of the Magazine, it may be proper to mention, that the *political essay* under the title of 'United States,' in No. 1,—the *original papers*, entitled 'Letter on Orthography,' in No. 2,—'The First Day of April,' in No. 10,—and 'A New Chaper in Natural History,' in No. 12, together with most of the *Literary Notices* in the first eight numbers, were written by the deceased editor. In the same numbers, also, the matter arranged under *Politics and Statistics, Universities and Colleges, Deaths, and Miscellanies* was arranged and epitomized by him.

"But a brief record and a passing remark remain to be added. EDWIN BUCKINGHAM was born in Boston, June 26, 1810, and died on board the brig Mermaid, May 18, 1833. His funeral rites were performed by an American sailor, in the presence of an unlearned but kind-hearted crew of foreigners; and his remains were committed to the bosom of the Atlantic ocean, which must be his grave and his monument, till time shall be no longer. Of the character of a son it does not become a father to speak; but he would wrong a parent's feeling,—nay, he would be less than man,—if he did not acknowledge, with deep respect, the sympathy of cotemporaries, old and young.

Could Honor's voice provoke the silent dust, —
could the regrets of friends and the kind sensibilities

of less familiar acquaintance tempt the deep to surrender up its treasures,—

Though Love itself had ceased to Heaven to pray,
And Grief had wept its fill, and Hope turned sick away,—

then might the dead revive, and the living cease to lay it to his heart.

“ But why should this be ? The prison-wall of mortality is dissolved ; he has tasted the wormwood and the gall ; the bitterness of death is passed, and ‘ ages of happiness are bursting on the soul.’ Why should bereaved survivors wish to fix again upon earth that eye, which has already ‘ caught the vision of God ? ’ Who would turn back the footsteps of him, whose ‘ march of eternity is begun ? ’ ”

J. T. B.

E. B.

Spare him one little week, Almighty Power !
Yield to his Father’s house his dying hour ;
Once more, once more let them, who held him dear,
But see his face, his faltering voice but hear ;
We know, alas ! that he is marked for death,
But let his Mother watch his parting breath ;
O let him die at home !

It could not be :

At midnight, on a dark and stormy sea,
Far from his kindred and his native land,
His pangs unsoothed by tender Woman’s hand,
The patient victim in his cabin lay,
And meekly breathed his blameless life away.

Wrapped in the raiment that it long must wear,
His body to the deck they slowly bear :

How eloquent, how awful in its power,
The silent lecture of Death's sabbath hour !
One voice that silence breaks — the prayer is said,
And the last rite man pays to man is paid :
The plashing waters mark his resting-place,
And fold him round in one long, cold embrace ;
Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o'er,
Then break, to be, like him, beheld no more ;
Down, countless fathoms down, he sinks to sleep,
With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep.

Rest, Loved One, rest, — beneath the billow's swell,
Where tongue ne'er spoke, where sunlight never fell ;
Rest, — till the God who gave thee to the deep,
Rouse thee, triumphant, from the long, long sleep.
And You, whose hearts are bleeding, who deplore
That ye must see the Wanderer's face no more,
Weep, — he was worthy of the purest grief ;
Weep, — in such sorrow ye shall find relief ;
While o'er his doom the bitter tear ye shed,
Memory shall trace the virtues of the dead ;
These cannot die — for you, for him they bloom,
And scatter fragrance round his ocean-tomb.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Brinley Place, Roxbury, May 26, 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,

It was with the deepest sorrow and grief, that I learned, last evening, of the irreparable loss you and your afflicted family had sustained, in the death of your estimable and excellent son. I wish it were in my power to pour in the balm of consolation, on an occasion so heart-rending and melancholy. But who can give comfort in an hour so afflictive ? who can cheer up a fond parent's heart, when his darling child has been for ever removed from his sight ?

But still you have the satisfaction of reflecting on his virtues, his amiable disposition, — the high reputation he maintained for talent, intelligence, and all those endearing

qualities, which made him the beloved of your hearts, and the respected of his numerous friends.

I was strongly, ardently attached to him, and had looked forward with pleasure to his return, in health and prosperity, to run his promising career, in usefulness and honor; but "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards," and we repose on the belief that we shall all meet in climes beyond the skies, where there will be no more mourning or cause of sorrow. To all your family I offer and commingle the sympathies of a sincere friend to your ever to be lamented Edwin.

With assurances of esteem and the most friendly salutations,
Your obedient servant,

H. A. S. DEARBORN.

J. T. BUCKINGHAM, Esq.

Charlestown, Mass. May 27, 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,

Allow me to express to you my sincere and cordial sympathy in the sorrow you feel at the loss of your son,—a sympathy in which my wife unites with me. He had deeply interested both of us, particularly as we witnessed the state of his health at Washington. I ever considered him a young man of uncommon powers, of estimable dispositions, and highly exemplary character,—one, in short, calculated to be a comfort and pride to his parents and friends, and a model for other young men. His premature decline and death are truly painful, and furnish a very touching instance of the vanity of human hopes: It must be a great consolation to you that you gave him so many proofs of your affection, while he lived, and spared nothing that could promote his restoration. Let us hope that, though he has finished his last journey,—and with it the great journey of life, where he could not have the solace of your presence and parental assiduities,—he is gone to that happy region, from which even you cannot wish him to return.

I remain, dear Sir, with sincere friendship,

Faithfully yours,

E. EVERETT.

J. T. BUCKINGHAM, Esq.

Extract from a description of Mount Auburn, by the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, published in the United States Gazette :—

. My companion drew my attention to a monument far beyond us. We approached it. It was a monument,—but not a grave ;—he whose death was there commemorated, was not gathered beneath the marble that rose to his name. The surging wave of the Atlantic beat far above him, and ocean's winds had sung his requiem. I knew him well, and the tear that I dashed aside was less given to the memory of extensive worth, than to a reminiscence of some casual movement or observation, something which denoted him truly. Never was promise fuller, never were hopes more justly entertained, never was parental affection more fully repaid, and never parent's heart more deeply smitten. It was but as yesterday that I saw him with boyhood's freshness and manhood's judgement, beckoned up by his seniors to counsel with them. I saw then, and approved, a parent's pride, and envied the parent's feelings ; and I thought of the honors to be gathered by him in after years, when I should have departed on my course, and he should have recorded with partial friendship, what good of me he might have *wished*, if not have *found* ; and now I stood weeping, that he had passed away with all my visions of his usefulness and glory unrealized, but oh ! not undeserved,—and my heart went forth to hold its concert of grief with *him* who had treasured up his earthly hopes in that dead one's coming greatness, and had seen his garnered joys scattered and wasted by death. I never spoke to him of that sympathy, and never uttered the name of the dead in his presence. We clasped hands when we met, as if in token of joy at reunion ; but we looked around, and he whose smile was wont to gladden our meeting, was not there. We pressed each other's hand in silence, and turned to hide a tear that started at the magic touch of memory. Hallowed be the rest of the dead ; and the bright track which his virtues illumined, may it invite others to a course as correct, if not as brilliant. I loved him well,

and appreciated his powers of mind, though I might not share them,—

For greater gifts were his, a happier doom,
A brighter genius, and a purer heart,
A fate more envied, and an earlier tomb.

In consequence of the sickness and death, to which reference has just been made, the responsibility of conducting the New-England Magazine devolved upon me, and this labor I performed till November, 1834, the publication of the fortieth number. Of all the literary enterprizes I had undertaken, this was the most trying. The preparation of the matter embraced under the head of *Monthly Record*, (to which I had previously given but little attention,) occupied much time, and, not unfrequently, time that should have been devoted to rest from the unceasing labor of conducting a daily newspaper. To fill up twenty pages, monthly, with an abstract of the proceedings of Congress, and the political affairs and statistics of the United States and the individual states,—miscellaneous items of intelligence abridged and condensed,—literary and obituary notices, &c. &c. was a task which, often, imperfectly as it was executed, trespassed upon hours that belonged to repose, and was performed at the expense of comfort and health. Some aid in preparing notices of books was obtained from one or two friends, but this aid was not constant nor to be relied upon with certainty; and, consequently, it was indispensable that I should be prepared against the contingency of disappointment. To read all that was sent by anonymous writers, (to say nothing of the productions of some that were presented by the writers in person,) was not the least

irksome duty that my position demanded. It was unpleasant and profitless to me, as the result was vexatious and unsatisfactory to them. A dollar a page was offered for such original communications as might be accepted and published; and this, insignificant as the sum may seem to those whose talents and popularity are in demand at a much higher price, brought communications from almost every state in the Union. Many were rejected, and the disappointments of the writers caused many bitter complaints and angry denunciations. The decision of a critic, who rejects an article, on which the writer has set the seal of his own approbation, is always ungraciously received. Most of the writers, whose communications were published, accepted the stipulated compensation; but it was declined by a few, who, from personal friendship, were desirous that the Magazine should gain a permanent establishment, and were willing to promote its success by gratuitous contributions. My own labor was not bestowed exclusively on the *Monthly Record*. Many of the *original papers* owe their paternity to me; but it would not feed my personal vanity to place my mark upon them, and they are left to share the common lot of unacknowledged productions. Worn out with the double duty of conducting a monthly magazine and a daily newspaper, a proposal to purchase the Magazine, from Dr. Samuel G. Howe and John O. Sargent, Esq. was acceded to, and it was transferred to those gentlemen in November, 1834.

In announcing that my connection with the Magazine, as editor and proprietor, was dissolved, it was impossible to conceal a sad and sorrowful emotion; —

an intercourse of several years' growth was about to terminate,—an intercourse connected with pleasant as well as painful reminiscences on my part, and, as I hoped, unattended by the indulgence of disagreeable remembrances on the part of others. I gladly embraced a belief that the labor bestowed on the Magazine had produced something to redeem the laborer from utter forgetfulness. The pain of leave-taking would have been trebly sharpened without the confiding persuasion of a still-enduring communion through the channel of memory. What else is all-dreaded annihilation, but the termless suspension of that commerce, which exchanges thought for thought, and draws soul to soul by the recorded memorials of courteous and affectionate sympathy?

For the favor with which the Magazine was originally received by the public, and the respectful and flattering notices it received from cotemporaries of the press, it would have been churlish to withhold an acknowledgement of gratefulness and thanks. It met with as much approbation as should satisfy an ordinary desire of popularity. When every avenue to public favor is crowded with eager and aspiring rivals, he who would avoid the imputation of overweening vanity or disgusting conceit, must be content with that share of the spoils which the impartial tribunal of popular opinion is pleased to assign to his efforts. My farewell to the subscribers, “for one, for all, and ever,” closed with language like the following:—

“If, in the execution of the power belonging to an editor, contributions of merit have been rejected, or improper decisions on the literary productions of the

times have been promulgated, the procedure was the effect of erroneous judgement, and not of wayward design or malignancy of purpose. If, in attempting to expose the quackeries of authorship, to ridicule the pretensions of the coxcomb, to put down the arrogance of conceited dullness, and to correct the absurdities of a tasteless affectation, the dignity of the critic has been sacrificed to the gratification of spleen or caprice, a suitable punishment must unavoidably follow the transgression, and we shall be the last to complain of the operation of retributive justice. To look for unqualified approbation, would be idle. Consciousness of imperfection in our most successful efforts reconciles us to admonition; we would not resent even undeserved rebuke from the voice of friendship and good-nature. The frowns of malice and the sneers of envy have done us no injury; and, as they have not been sufficient to provoke a retaliation, they shall not deprive us of our privilege of quitting the stage with a serene temper and undisturbed indifference.

"The faults of this work, thus far, are attributable to the subscriber. Its merits, if there be any, must be shared with others. We would, if we were authorized, enumerate a list of contributors, whose names would add lustre to any periodical publication.* The applause

* There may be no impropriety now in revealing the names of the writers referred to. The Rev. N. L. Frothingham wrote the article in the first number, "On the Consideration due to the Mechanic Arts;" — "The Progress of Exaggeration," "Curiosity baffled," and the biographical notice of President Kirkland were written by the Hon. Edward Everett: — "Statesmen, their rareness and importance, Daniel Webster," by Judge Story; — "The late Joseph Natterstrom," by William Austin of Charlestown; — Letters "On the Fine Arts," "Literary Portraits," and many other articles, by George S. Illard; — "The Limping Philosopher," by Richard Hildreth; — "The Schoolmaster," by Professor Longfellow; — "Our Birds," by Samuel Kettell; —

it obtained on its first appearance, and the support and protection it received through the earliest period of its existence, were won by the labors of a young man, to whom, as he is removed from the reach of praise or reproach, an allusion may be pardoned. '*The sea his body, heaven his spirit holds.*'* But the object of this valedictory address would be but half accomplished, and injustice would be done to the memory of the loved and lost, were this acknowledgement omitted. While penning these lines, we feel the awful but invisible presence of the departed, mysteriously and affectionately calling for this recognition of his claim,—this last appeal to the remembrance of friends he respected and loved. In his name as well as our own,—for him, whose youthful pulse beat strong at every thought of his country's fame, whose manly heart swelled high at the anticipated prosperity of his loved New-England, whose mental faculties expanded and brightened with the hope of adding to the reputation and sharing in the glory of his native city,—his surviving partner and representative bids farewell to the readers and to the pages of the New-England Magazine."

"Hebrew Poetry," the "Morality of Macbeth," "Folly Dancing on the Bible," and other articles, by the Rev. Leonard Withington;— "Letters from Ohio," by Timothy Walker, of Cincinnati;— contributions, too numerous to be *particularized*, by Gen. H. A. S. Dearborn, Oliver W. Holmes, William J. Snelling, John A. Bolles, Rev. William Croswell, Miss H. F. Gould, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, John O. Sargent, Epes Sargent, Park Benjamin, Silas P. Holbrook; Joseph R. Chandler and Mathew Carey of Philadelphia; Dr. B. Waterhouse and Sidney Willard of Cambridge;— Rev. A. P. Peabody, then a resident graduate of Harvard College;— beside many, whose names I am not able to recall, but whose contributions may have been equally valuable and popular.

* Part of the inscription on a cenotaph at Mount Auburn, erected to the memory of Edwin Buckingham, by members of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, of which he was a member.

SILAS PINCKNEY HOLBROOK,

Who has been before mentioned as a correspondent of the New-England Galaxy, contributed liberally to the columns of the Courier. He was born at Wrentham in the county of Norfolk, June 1, 1797. He was prepared for college at Day's academy in that town, except for a few months, in which he pursued his preparatory studies under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Williams at South-Wrentham. He was graduated at Brown University in 1815, and studied law in Boston with the late Hon. William Sullivan, and in Philadelphia with Mr. Meredith. In 1822, he commenced the practice of the law in Boston, (having previously visited South-Carolina and the Western states,) but soon after removed to Medfield, in the neighborhood of his native town. His time was divided, in great part, between Medfield and Boston, although he occasionally visited his relatives in South-Carolina, and made a voyage to Europe, where he passed a few months in visiting England, France, and Italy. He left Boston about the middle of March, 1835, for Charleston, S. C. During a long and tedious passage in one of the packets, he caught a severe cold, which caused an irritation of the lungs. He recovered, however, in a great measure, and was about to return to Boston, when he was exposed to a violent shower, which renewed his complaint, and carried him off in a few days. He died on the 27th of May, 1835. Mr. Holbrook was one of the most popular correspondents that contributed to the Courier. His various articles, if collected, would fill several volumes. From his

numerous contributions, scattered through the files from the beginning of 1828 till just before his death, the following are selected :—*

“ WHAT A PIECE OF WORK IS MAN ! ”

Our hopes are a cheat, and our joys are a dream ;
We are dew on the flowers, we are flies on the stream ;
And downward we float, without caution or fear,
For the current is smooth, though the cataract is near.

And sooner with evil than good we comply,
For we love for a season, but hate till we die ;
We forgive in our foes any injury past,
But those that we injure we pardon the last.

What is Friendship ? — a wish to make use of our friends ;
Ambition ? — bad means to accomplish our ends :
What is Love ? — he will find in his bosom who delves,
'T is that ardent affection we feel for ourselves.

Our Love is all selfish ; our Honor is Pride ;
For many a wretch like a hero has died :
Our Wit is but Malice, and who tries to smother
The laugh it excites at the cost of another ?

Our Reason ; what is it ? — I am blushing for mine,
It has led me in many a devious line ;
Or, if Reason and Passion blow contrary ways,
Pray, which is the impulse the vessel obeys ?

* Mr. Holbrook was the writer of a series of letters entitled “ Letters from a Boston Merchant,” — another series, entitled “ Recollections of Japan,” — another, “ Recollections of China,” — and a fourth, “ Recollections of Turkey,” — all of which were published in the Courier. The facts, which formed the basis of these “ recollections ” were, of course, obtained from books, he having never visited the countries described, except some of those noticed in the “ Letters from a Boston Merchant.” A year or two before his death, he made a selection from these articles, which he published in a duodecimo volume, under the title of “ Sketches by a Traveler.”

Yet high are the hopes of a being so frail,
When his eye becomes dim and his cheek waxes pale,
That his spirit will rise, when the struggle is o'er,
Where Love is eternal, and Sin is no more.

LAMENTATION.

Lament, my sad friend, for the days that are over,
And dread in the future, more ills than the past,—
For, (as I was once told by a doctor in Dover,)
The toughest of grinders to ache are the last.

O had we but lived in the fabulous ages,
When men were robust, and contented and true,
When youth was instructed in virtue by sages,
And criminal judges had nothing to do! —

Or in those later times that we see in romances,
When honor pertained to the brave and the strong,
When lords for the right periled breaking of lances,
Which ladies would smile on, though broke for the
wrong! —

O for that era of Beauty and Banners,
When minstrels, like us, would win favor and fame!
When, if morals were easy, the better the manners,
Than in folks, that it might be a libel to name.

Let us buy a new beaver to wear in the gallery ;
Let us jest, for 'tis wiser to laugh than to cry ;
Get an office, and spend every cent of the salary,
And be happy to-day, for to-morrow we die.

“PURPUREOS SPARGAM FLORES.”

Wreaths for the Brave! — for their country that die!
Love shall bend over the spot where they lie!
Honor shall guard the repose of their grave,
And Liberty hallow it : — Wreaths for the Brave!

Wreaths for the Wise ! — for them Science shall weep,
And Art shall embellish the tomb where they sleep ;
They lived for the future, their fame never dies, —
'T is uttered in blessings : — Wreaths for the Wise !

Wreaths for the Just ! — while the names we revere
Of the Faithful and Just that too early are here,
Let us copy their life as we honor their dust ;
Justice demands from us Wreaths for the Just.

Wreaths for the True ! — though the garlands we spread
May soothe not the rest of the good that are dead ;
Yet the names are so dear, and the graves are so few,
It gives joy to the living : — Wreaths, wreaths for the True !

" TO-MORROW, AND TO-MORROW, AND TO-MORROW."

" I intend to be better and wiser To-morrow ;
Of the Future one day I may venture to borrow,
As the Future will furnish the fund to repay
The twenty-four hours, — besides, what is a day ? "

'T is a life ; — if you look at the course of the last,
You will see the image of all that is past ;
You will see, Mr. Scroggins, the difference, too,
Between what you have done and intended to do.

If your duty To-day you perceive and neglect,
How great a reform may To-morrow expect ?
Look back on the past, and pronounce, Scroggins, whether
A duty delayed is not *shirked* altogether.

Hell is paved, saith the Tuscan, with righteous intents ;
And if safe 'tis to prophesy future events,
We may say that such folks as I, Scroggins, and you,
Will give Beelzebub's pavers a great deal to do.

Whate'er you intend to perform or to pay,
I counsel you, Scroggins, to do it to-day ;
Nor drag out a life of dependence and sorrow, —
The slave of To-day and the dupe of To-morrow.

STRING BEANS.

Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.

Days of my youth ! I have left ye behind :
 'T is thirty long years since I quitted my teens,
 Yet Memory nothing recalls to my mind
 So pleasant as this, — the first mess of String Beans.

O Fortune! what tricks have you played upon me !
 What a desert of sorrow and pain intervenes,
 Since I rode the old charger, that little could see,
 To plough in the corn and the patch of String Beans !

O Roger! O Catherine! where are ye now ?
 There's a stone in the church-yard,— I dread what it means ;
 And where is old Dobbin, and where is the cow ?
 And where (O my soul !) is the patch of String Beans ?

I have rambled through life, with its pleasures and cares,
 And viewed both its joyous and desolate scenes ;
 Yet I look back, aghast, that so little appears
 That has given more joy than the patch of String Beans.

THE MOWER.

I'm a father of ploughmen, a son of the soil,
 And my life never tires, for my pleasure is toil ;
 There are worse stains to bear than the sweat on the brow,
 And worse things to follow, my friend, than the plough.

What is Sorrow ? I think such a matter there is,
 But to me it showed never its ill-looking phiz.
 What is Want ? To be idle, to steal, and to lie.
 And Sickness ? The doctor can tell you, — not I.

I suppose I must come to the scratch, though, at last,
 For Time has a scythe that would cut down a mast ;
 Though now on the borders of threescore-and-ten,
 Your corn rs I cut, and can do it again.

If the best of you willing to try with me feels,
Let him strip to the cotton, and look to his heels,—
Through the clover and timothy look at my swarth,
Like the wake of a frigate,—stand out of my path !

FASHION.

Man, according to an old truism, is an imitating animal ; and the transatlantic biped is very apt to form his actions upon models that exist over the water. There are fashions in all things ; in opinions as well as in dress. Generally, the peculiar customs of a country are founded on some sufficient local reason ; but too often the fashion of one land is introduced into another in which the reason cannot exist. In dress the fashion is pretty well established to be the same throughout Europe and America. There are some little differences, in shape and size, but the garments are the same. The Dutchman's trowsers may swell to a broader size than the Englishman's, and the Quaker's brim occupies more space than the dandy's. The difference is mainly in quantity.

There are some imported modes of action, however, which editors, as the general censors, and readers as the public, should be held to oppose. In London, the fashionable class are a large and important body,—the fourth estate, at least, in the realm. In that great Babel of abominations, which extends a day's walk along the Thames, it has become a custom of fashion to keep different hours from those which are kept by labor. Fashion rises every day, a little before noon, and midnight is the time, therefore, when it is most awake. At this solemn church-yard hour, the streets are as light as gas can make them, and there is a constant rattle of coaches and throngs of people. A ball, then, would commence in London, at ten at night, if not much later ; and this is no hardship to any who attend it, all of whom get their daily rest after the rising of the sun. This, to use repetition, is in London no hardship ; for it is a common custom. But in Boston it is a hardship, a shame, and a sin. Few people here can live without daily labor of head or hand, and it is most

preposterous to dress for a ball after nine o'clock in a winter's night. It is just the time when the sufferer should have his book to read an hour before going to bed ; and it is just the season when, if disturbed, he will be most apt to be cynical. Yet he may have an invitation to a route, which is, as he is placed, as imperative as a precept of the chief justice, and he is obliged to hold himself in strait coat and silk stockings, when he longs for slippers and night-gown, or he is bound to be civil when he has a greater tendency to be sleepy. The matron, too,—perhaps the very one who gives this shock to the social system,—has her own daily cares ; and probably, on the morning after, has to overlook her *help* in preparing breakfast at the usual hour of eight ;—an hour when the titled dames of London, whom she aspires to imitate, have hardly retired to their pillows, and whose sleep is not broken till the meridian.

AGRICULTURE.

There are few employments more dignified than whacking bushes. Cincinnatus is the greatest name in Roman history, only because he was, after his victories, a farmer in a small way,—subsisting chiefly on turnips of his own raising. The old Roman of the present day, also, seems to gain some favor with a part of the public from his agricultural pursuits at the Hermitage. May he have a speedy and a happy return to them !

The farmer is a lucky man ; he is subject to few cares, diseases, or changes. He holds in fee a certain part of this planet, in the shape of a wedge, or inverted pyramid, running from the surface down to the centre, together with the atmosphere above it ; and if any man should build a tower overhanging his line by a single brick, though a thousand feet in the air, it may be abated as a nuisance. It is a great thing to have a legal and equitable title to a portion of the earth, to cultivate it, and to owe a support to the application of strength, rather than the misapplication of wit. The farmer is independent of all but Providence,—he calls no man master.

He would not flatter Neptune for his pitchfork.

He is not only a friend of humanity, but he is kindly disposed towards brutes. An ox is to him in the light of a friend, a cow is a benefactor, and a calf is almost a child. He is clothed by the sheep, and the cosset lamb is a foster-brother of his children, who have a heavy day when their mute friend is sold to the butcher. The farmer has little to buy and much to sell, his means are large and his waste little. He is an especial favorite of Ceres and Pomona, but he cares little for Bacchus, Phœbus and other idlers.

He puts his hand, and a huge one it is, to the plough, and if he look back, it is in a furrow like the wake of a boat. In May he puts a potato or two in the earth, and in October he digs into the same place and finds a peck of them. In spring he covers with earth three or four kernels of maize, and in autumn he finds ears enough on the spot to furnish the materials for many loaves. He hides in the soil a seed, no bigger than a large bed-bug, and in a few weeks a vine appears with several pumpkins attached to it, of the capacity of four gallons. If the merchant secures to himself a gain of ten dollars in the hundred, happy man is his dole; if the farmer get not an increase of some hundreds per centum, it is a bad season, and an unfrequent occurrence.

"*O fortunatos nimium,*" &c. as Virgil has it, or "He would be too happy a dog if he only knew how to estimate his good fortune." But this man, favored of fortune, this cultivator, whose reward is a direct consequence of his labor, this Christian, who never trusted Providence in vain, this farmer, who has a deed recorded of a portion of the earth,—a part of the solar system,—a particle of the universe, from which no ejector but death can oust him, and even Small-back cannot injure the title of the heirs,—this ungrateful farmer himself is apt to forget his blessings, and to complain of hardship and the times. The times! what are the times to him, unless the seasons mentioned by the preacher, "A time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted?"

He should have no money to borrow and no notes to pay. Now and then a bee may sting him, but he avoids Jack Cade's

peril from the bee's wax. "Some say," says this popular reformer, "That it is the bee that stings; but I say it is the bee's wax, for I did but seal a bit of paper, and I have not been mine own man ever since."

If the farmer has not much thought, the exemption frees him from much care. His countenance is never "sicklied over by the pale cast of thought," but it is round, streaked and ruddy as the sunny side of a pearmain. His hand is hard, but his heart is soft. He has simplicity of character, and that preserves all his virtues,—pickles all his good qualities.

Robinson Crusoe excites not our envy; we sigh not for a "lodge in some vast wilderness;" our aspirations are for a house with a gable-end, a well with a sweep, and a moss-grown bucket, a dobbin, a dog that answers to the name of Towser, a garden, a farm, a farmer's employment, and a farmer's appetite.

May 29, 1834.

HAY-MAKING.

Good hay-weather is a joyful season for the farmer, for it calls up all those energies that are apt to slumber over a winter's fire, while the earth is covered with snow. The days are the longest in the year, but they are too short for his labors. If he had the power of Joshua, he would, in a good hay-day, command the sun to stand still. Is there a sight in creation morally and physically so beautiful as a wide meadow, spotted with white shirts, (a mower in all of them,) as the ocean is gemmed with sails,—or an expanse of hay-cocks like scattered Hindoo dwellings? each are raked and thatched, so that the rain cannot enter.

There is no prettier implement than a scythe, and there is no better employment than to swing it. It is creditable even to "rake after." There is a moral sublimity in cutting down tall grass,—it partakes of the task of Azrael,—it is a good beginning for a soldier, a general, a hero,—but it would be a better end.

History is silent as to the implements of Cincinnatus, except his plough, which no doubt turned a respectable

furrow ; but there is no doubt that the "Old Roman" had a scythe like Time's, that would cut a glorious swarth, and a rake that would turn up a winrow like a range of hills. His pitchfork must have been a model. But the Romans had no newspapers, and therefore few of their advertisements or other familiar matters have reached us.

The shepherds of Chaldea never watched the skies as our farmers scrutinize them in hay-time. Hay-day is to them pay-day. This is the only time in the year when they have to do the work of thirty days in three. It is the nearest approach their good genius permits them, to the three days of grace, (so hard in fact, though so smooth in sound,) of their city brethren. Do all these city relatives understand the worth of a dollar ? Do they know how much labor and trust in Providence go to the raising a bushel of corn ? Do they understand that a farmer gives for a cord of wood, "standing," a matter of two dollars ; that he cuts it, carries it to the city, twenty miles, with "four cattle," supports them and himself two days upon the road, and sells his merchandize, with his labor and that of his cattle, for eight dollars ?

Are they informed that a son of the soil surrenders himself, soul and body, with all "the thews and sinews of a man," to cut down an acre of grass, toss it about with a fork, gather it with a rake, and load it with a pitchfork, — and all this from the rising to the setting of the sun, — for the consideration of six shillings, — one dollar ? Why, the very fatted calf, that seldom bleeds for hospitality on the prodigal's return, brings in the market but about eight dollars, exclusive of his head, which is his best part, like a philosopher's, — and yet householders in the city, who never drove the cows to pasture, or milked them at home, — who never churned an hour in their ill-spent lives, will higgle in the market for a cent in a pound of butter, or a quarter of veal !

We have had the two kinds of fortune, and something too much of one. We have stuck type and made hay, — breathed the smoky air of an office, and inhaled the clear, exhilarating gas of the meadows. We have heard the town-crier and the bobalink, — and in spite of the bell, we prefer the bird.

If any wight less fettered can get away, let him flee from the city to the country. If he carry away the dyspepsia, he will not bring it back if he visit the hay-makers. If he lack appetite, let him carry at noon (the fashionable hour of dining) the dinner to the mowers. He will find half a dozen of them expectant and recumbent under a maple tree. They will welcome his approach with a sincere but compound fervor. They will honor him while they investigate the contents of his basket, — and a huge one it is. If we should be called upon to do this to-morrow, it would be a welcome summons, and, according to Byron,

We should but do, as we have done.

O dura messorum ilia ! O for the appetite of the mowers! — that immense pan of baked beans vanishes before it, — and the bones of the quarter of lamb are so polished that old Towser declines them. There is nothing left, though much was provided. A hay-maker is thrifty, and wastes nothing, for he considers it not waste to apply things bountifully to their uses, and provisions were made to be consumed, as much as he was born to consume them.

July 25, 1834.

COUNTRY MATTERS.

Some editors copy our georgics with commendation, — others visit them with censure. But we were born in the bush, and have, therefore, neither fear nor reverence for owls. One (not an owl, but an editor) suggests that we underrate the mental capacities of the furrow-turners, because we praise their bodily prowess, and refers us to their feats of legislation as a proof of their sagacity. But it is a ticklish business to make laws; it is a trade or science, the complex of all trades and sciences. A legislator cannot have too much knowledge. He must know the past and the present, in foreign countries. A farmer never looks so well as when he has a hand upon the plough; with his huge paw upon the statutes what can he do? It is as proper for a blacksmith to attempt to repair watches, as a farmer, in general, to legislate. Our laws are the monu-

ments of sages ; the yearly petty alterations, revisions, repeals, and restorations, are the works of bunglers.

Yet the farmer is a pretty good man ; he is not exposed to the devil's cross-fires, or temptations, like other men. If he have not as much thought as Bacon, he has more quiet ; if he have not superior knowledge and refinement, he is "without the ills that should attend it." But he can hate like other men ; he can carry a grudge under his jacket like a viper, though it stings him more than his neighbor. He can array himself on a party, and carry on an obscure but harassing war of opinion. He can circulate a calumny, knowing it to be such, though he would not pass a counterfeit bill. He can judge others by a standard straighter than that by which he measures his own actions. These, however, are traits not of the class, but the genus. They belong to the animal man, whether he dig holes in the soil, or scratch crooked lines with a goose quill upon white paper.

June 28, 1834.

The publication of this article created an excitement, that might truly provoke a laugh at the ridiculous sensitiveness of those small politicians, who are ever ready to make a *fuss*, whenever they can find material. At the time of its publication, the Courier was devoted *politically* to the nomination of Daniel Webster as a candidate for the Presidency. The editor was absent from his post for a day, and Mr. Holbrook supplied his place. The article was published (as was very proper) without any indications of its coming from any other pen than that of the editor. A democratic editor in the interior happened to cast his eye (always searching for a paragraph) on the words "huge paw," and forthwith came out with an article charging upon the Courier an attempt to insult the yeomanry, by comparing the hand of a farmer to the

paw of a bear. All the papers opposed to Mr. Webster took the hint, and the editor was belabored with all the weapons that democratic indignation could find or forge, for this unpardonable sin against the farmers. Instigated by those who knew better, two or three persons (very foolishly, though, no doubt, very honestly,) discontinued their subscriptions. One gentleman wrote a very *touching* appeal to induce me to apologize for the unlucky phrase; but as I thought it a very harmless one, I chose to defend rather than disclaim it. As the election of state officers took place in November following, the democratic papers made pretty constant use of the "huge paw," to defeat the choice of the whig candidates. It was used in the Courier to encourage the whigs, and, on the morning of the election, the names of the whig candidates were placed under a device, representing a large hand; on the thumb and fingers of which were inscribed *Commerce, Mechanic Arts, Agriculture, Manufactures, Internal Improvements*, and in the palm, *Protective Policy.** Mr. Holbrook furnished the following accompaniment.

A NEW SONG, TO AN OLD TUNE.

An old Roman there was, Cincinnatus by name,
Whose furrows were such as a farmer became,
Who, when made a Dictator, regretted his cow,
And longed to re-place his **HUGE PAWS** on the plough.

His country to save, took a fortnight or more,
When he office resigned, as a burden and bore;
But that which detained him a fortnight away
Our own **FURROW TURNERS** may do in a day.

* The whig candidates, Davis and Armstrong, were re-elected by a large majority.

Come out from the homestead and rescue the law ;
 Show the men who outrage it, the size of your PAW :
 Take a vote in that nipper, the green sod that digs,
 For DAVIS and ARMSTRONG, the LAWS, and the WHIGS.

Your fathers were Whigs — alas ! many repose
 On the field where they died with their face to their foes —
 'T is a glorious name — a more glorious thing,
 To rescue the laws from a knave or a king.

Leave the plough in the furrow, the cow in the corn,
 The eat in the pantry, the milk-maid forlorn,
 The grist at the mill, or the meal on the ground,
 The pigs in the clover, the ox in the pound.

I honor an ox, I'm a friend to a cow —
 But don't stir a pig for the field-driver now ;
 Let him chew in the pound, like a patriot ox,
 While you lay at the polls your HUGO PAW on the Box.

November 10, 1834.

In connection with this sketch of a "Tempest in a tea-pot" the following letter, sent while this volume was in preparation for the press, may properly be inserted :—

Boston, November 14, 1851.

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM,

My dear Sir,— I remarked to you, that Mr. Holbrook came to my office to consult a volume of Burke, when he was engaged in the preparation of the article containing the notable expression "Huge paw of the farmer," &c. The passage may be found in his "Reflections on the Revolution in France," and is as follows :— "The Chancellor of France at the opening of the states, said in a tone of oratorical flourish, that all occupations were honorable. If he meant, only, that no honest employment was disgraceful, he would not have gone beyond the truth. But in asserting, that any

thing is honorable, we imply some distinction in its favor. The occupation of a hair-dresser, or of a working tallow-chandler, cannot be a matter of honor to any person,—to say nothing of a number of other more servile employments. Such descriptions of men ought not to suffer oppression from the state ; but the state suffers oppression, if such as they, either individually or collectively, are permitted to rule. In this you think you are combating prejudice, but you are at war with nature.” Burke then adds a note, the first portion of which I extract. “Ecclesiasticus, chap. 38, verses 24, 25 : ‘The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure ; and he that hath little business shall become wise.’ ‘How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad ; that driveth oxen ; and is occupied in their labors ; and whose talk is of bullocks ?’”

You see how eminently suggestive these passages were, of the phrase “Huge paw” of the farmer. So much comment was made on it, that the circumstance I have narrated was fixed in my mind, and I have often *thought your praise*, when I have contemplated your silence under the attacks made upon you for the use of that unlucky phrase by our deceased friend.

Very truly, your obedient,

FRANCIS BRINLEY.

GENERAL SNOW

Has arrived at last, and in pretty good case. He has been preceded by Major Frost and Colonel Below Zero. The General is rather coarse in some of his pastimes, though in the main a pretty good fellow. He pinches the ears, as Napoleon used to do, and he sometimes takes a man uncivilly by the nose. Whenever he comes he makes all cheerful, unless he stays too long, and his approach is hailed with the ringing of bells.

Old people, however, who remember him seventy years ago, say he begins to fail,—that he has shrunk in point of size, and does not sojourn with us so long as formerly. It is very much to his credit that the children like him,—they

surround him on his first appearance and welcome him with shouts.

He will probably remain for a couple of months, at which time his old white cloak will need patching—and his coat will be a good deal out at the elbows.

If our distant readers do not like allegories, or do not understand them,—a plain sentence may better inform them that we have had a snow-storm which has covered the earth a foot or more in depth, and which has so drifted that it has made more *banks* than monopolies, or monsters. The *deposites* have been promptly *removed* from the sidewalks.

Our country friends who read "Geponics," and do them, will have a day's labor, or pastime in *breaking out*. A cheerful sight it is to see a line of twenty-four yoke of cattle drawing a sled covered with boys, as a ship's bottom with barnacles, so thick that there is not room for another, while twenty red-faced pioneers, with shovels, trace a line through the drifts, or remove their neighbors' landmarks and fences, when the snow is too deep in the road. It is seldom that a Yankee farmer wastes time in joking, but this is an occasion on which he sometimes gives way to that unprofitable pastime. The snow that contracts other things, expands his cheerfulness, and by the time the whitened procession arrives at the mill, the blacksmith's shop, or the meeting-house, there are flying a great many jests and snow-balls,—or jokes practical and theoretical.

Honest souls! may it be long before ye have to make a road to the grave, and when ye do, may it not be by the way of the grog-shop. A farmer in a deep snow is a patriarch,—his family is like that of Noah shut up in the ark, and the animals are in the barn. He goes to bed while it is snowing, and opens his door in the morning upon a snow-drift, eight feet high, or about a foot taller than himself. He seizes his wooden shovel of his own manufacture, three feet square, and cuts a trench to the wood-pile, and in five minutes he has a rousing fire, and the tea-kettle hanging over it for breakfast. He then digs out to his barn, where he finds the old rooster on the great beam crowing, though half covered with snow. The

cattle give him a friendly look, and he returns the salutation. He sets before them, in Bottom's phrase, "a bottle of hay," ("good, sweet hay hath no fellow,") and in five minutes, horses, oxen, cows and yearlings are chewing and grinding, as if for a wager, —

O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint.

How happy would the farmer be,
If all his blessings he could see.

January 1, 1835.

This was the last article written by Mr. Holbrook for the Courier. But I cannot withhold a few more extracts from the productions of his muse, when in her happiest and most cheerful humor,— though they stand not in the chronological order of their publication. The first of the pieces which follow was written for the carriers of the Courier and Galaxy, as a New-Year's Address, in 1825. It will be understood that the words printed in small capitals are the names of papers then published in Boston, and those in Italics are the names of the editors. Like all Mr. Holbrook's composition, it was struck off with great rapidity, yet it is by no means deficient in ease, and some of the stanzas exhibit a gracefulness of expression, for which many labor but which few acquire.

THE FEAST OF THE PAPERS.

Songs of Printers, in annual roundelay,
Formed in fancy and uttered in rhyme,
Are sung, not to please young nymphs upon holidays,
But to win for the Carrier dollar and dime.
Buckingham offers to open his coffers,
And a "ragged ten" proffers; (Parnassian fee !)
Wherewith invited, this song I indited,
Which, amused and delighted, the reader will see.

Now gentle reader, and gentler subscriber,
 “ I had a dream, which was *not* all a dream,”—
And the Muse, she shall sing, for your smiles can bribe her,
 The figures that sported in Fantasy’s beam.
Once trees could converse, as the poets rehearse,
 And a bridge patter verse, as in Burns may be found ;
But I, in a trance, beheld Newspapers dance,
 And, *with bodies*, advance to the violin’s sound.

Methought I was lounging in Hamilton’s reading-room,—
 (A “ foregone conclusion ! ” I am every day ;)
An apartment I like above all,—but his feeding-room,—
 When the COURIER I heard to the GALAXY say,—
“ Fair Sister, to-night, a few friends I invite
 To come to a slight entertainment and ball ;”
And, with jovial intent, on festivity bent,
 The MESSENGER went and invited them all.

At the bar the EUTERPEIAD rosined his bow,
 And the preludes he touched would have charmed Ostinelli ;
And his trumpet the HERALD refused to blow,
 Till a dram he decanted, and bolted a jelly.
The RECORDER, in black, came up in a hack,
 Yet out did he pack, when the fiddles begun ;
Their music profane inflicted such pain,
 That he came not again to the reprobate fun.

The FARMER a harvest of comfort was reaping ;
 The EVENING expressed his delight by a Clapp ;
And the BOSTON COMMERCIAL, though seldom caught sleeping,
 Enjoyed, however, an excellent Knapp.
The respectable DAILY, so hearty and Hale, he
 The hall entered gaily, the glee to partake ;
The REPERTORY, jolly, cried “ Hang Melancholy !
 To laugh is no folly ; wake, WATCHMAN, awake ! ”

The STATESMAN next entered, as merry as any,
 His conduct was True, and his costume was Greene ;
On his arm was a beautiful shadow, called “ Fanni,”
 In his pocket a bright little “ Tea-Pot ” was seen.

With heathenish name the PALLADIUM came,—
 Old enough to be tame, wild enough to be *Young*,—
 And, with smiles at command, and heart in his hand,
 Took a frolicsome stand, the friskers among.

And now, like a CHRISTIAN the REGISTER came
 With the TELEGRAPH, fated to die in its prime ;
 And a MEDICAL personage, well known to fame,
 With a cognomination, too long for a rhyme.
 The CENTINEL came in, and sported a grin,
 Like Death's at Sin, — when the supper he saw,
 And the tables he eyed, as her MIRROR a bride,
 Or a dollar denied a Limb of the Law.

The WEEKLY REPORT now came in, with the CHRONICLE,—
 Both friends and supporters of “Glorious John ;”
 The COURIER's salute was a little ironical,
 But decorum prevailed, and the dancing begun.
 Graceful and gay, they footed away,
 For care was at bay, and politics barred ;
 And lighter and faster moved madam and master,
 While not a disaster the merriment marred.

The dancing a supper magnificent followed,
 With science prepared and arranged with taste ;
 Some good things were uttered, and many were swallowed,
 And Time went, as usual when happy, in haste.
 All which I beheld while Somnus prevailed,
 And, by Phœbus impelled, in rhyme I relate ;
 And the dream, no doubt, from the shades came out,
 Like Æneas so stout, at the Ivory Gate.

BARRISTER'S FARE.

- Dismal and sad are a Barrister's reveries,
 Without hilarity passes his life ;
 Little he sees of mankind, but their deviltries ;
 All uncharity, discord and strife.

With clamor prodigious, and falsities hideous,
 We serve the litigious, the *needful* to share ;
 Yet, in sorrowful attitude, find ingratitude,
 Not beatitude, Barrister's fare.

For clients reluctantly draw on the pocket,
 And I ne'er saw the fee that was tendered in smiles,
 Nor plenty of cases in Honesty's docket,
 Nor the wretch, without money, who justice defiles.
 Then creditors slay us — (*timeo Danaos*) —
 With, “ When will you pay us ? ” and *tick* becomes rare,
 When, to wear an old hat, or a ragged cravat, or
 A beard like a grater, is Barrister's fare.

Perhaps some sweet daughter of Beauty and Fashion
 Has made in his heart and his quiet a gash ; —
 He well knows, alas ! that the fate of his passion
 Depends but too much on the state of his cash ; —
 While his scornful enslaver shall bless with her favor
 Some fortunate *shaver*, his *PLUNDER* to share,
 In sorrow to pine, such charms to resign, —
 This, this, Tom, is mine, and Barrister's fare.

PARODY.

O think not my purse will be always as light
 And as dry of the dibs as it doubtless is now,
 For, though long is the face I exhibit to-night,
 Yet joy may, to-morrow, enliven my brow.
 I a ticket extracted from Gilbert & Sons,
 And perhaps, by a prize, may accomplish a dash ;
 For the man that is sorest beset by the duns,
 Is often the earliest to finger the cash.

And they, too, who dream of a lottery ticket,
 Will often rejoice o'er the dream they believe ;
 For a treasure is floating, and I, if I nick it,
 Shall beauty, and riches, and honor achieve.

Success to the wheels ! while a remnant of truth
Is in dream, or in vision, this hope shall be mine, —
That the sunshine of gold may illumine my youth,
And the moonlight of silver console my decline.

THE UNITED STATES BANK.

Having undertaken to give an account of the controversies that took place between the Courier and its contemporaries, the course I followed in reference to the United States Bank, — which brought upon me some of the hardest blows I have had to encounter, as an editor, — cannot be passed over without a brief notice. With banking operations, and their effects upon the currency of the country, I was never familiar, and the discussion of questions involving the subject of political economy, I generally avoided, lest my own ignorance should be thereby illustrated, and become as apparent as the crude notions and immature decisions of some others.

*The embarrassments which overtook the commercial and manufacturing interests of the country, caused, as has been often asserted, and perhaps generally believed, by the war between the two Presidents, — Andrew Jackson of the United States and Nicholas Biddle of the United States Bank, — are not yet quite forgotten. In the beginning of the year 1836, most of the banks throughout the Union suspended specie payments.

In the autumn of that year Mr. Biddle wrote a letter to Mr. J. Q. Adams, concerning financial affairs, in which he said — “I go for the country, whoever rules

it;—I go for the country, best loved when worst governed." Congress had refused to re-charter the United States Bank, as a national institution, and Mr. Biddle had obtained a charter from the legislature of Pennsylvania. The usual routine of the business of the bank was pursued, and he established, in Boston, an agency, to take the place of the branch of the original bank. The purpose was to loan the funds of the bank then existing under the Pennsylvania charter. The loans made at the office of the agency in Boston for the accommodation of the merchants, were generally based on bills of exchange, and, an operation which bankers and brokers understand, compelled the payment of usurious (or extra) interest. The Courier, like most of the newspapers opposed to the administration of General Jackson, had strenuously advocated the re-chartering of the United States Bank, by Congress; but the operations of Mr. Biddle, under the authority of his Pennsylvania charter, were viewed with great distrust. The sentence just quoted from his letter to Mr. Adams was a favorite text, which opened the way for several columns of comments, comparing his declarations with his conduct. Reviewing his dispute with the national administration, and his subsequent operations in finance, I came to the conclusion that his love for his country was graduated according to the willingness of his countrymen to endure his despotism, and that it was manifested chiefly by his using the power he possessed to exact exorbitant premiums on bills of exchange between the principal commercial cities. It was sometimes said, in extenuation of his exorbitant demands of those who

had the control of the money-market, that merchants could afford to pay those and even higher rates of interest, rather than lose their credit. To this it was replied,—“Is it right, is it moral or humane, is it lawful, to dictate to a drowning man the terms on which you will save his life? As he gasps for the last time, would you tell him you love him best when most in danger, and encourage him to keep in the water till you can strip him of every thing that is available to yourself?”

The position I had taken in this matter excited the anger of some, and secured the approbation of others. A storm of indignation was let off against the Courier; and, as the avowed friends of Mr. Biddle endeavored to identify him and his bank with the whig party, I had to suffer a sentence of excommunication from more than one of the whig presses.

In March, 1839, Mr. Biddle wrote a letter to the directors of his bank, resigning the office of president, which he had held for more than twenty years. “I have waited anxiously (he said) for the most appropriate moment at which I could be best spared, but hitherto, when I have sought the retirement I so much needed, some difficulty, in which my service was deemed useful, always interposed to detain me. None such now exists. All the political dissensions connected with the bank for the last ten years have ceased, and the bank has returned to its accustomed channels of business in peace. I can, therefore, withdraw at length without inconvenience; and I do it the more readily, because I leave the affairs of the institution in a state of great prosperity, and in the hands

of able directors and officers." In the month of October, about six months after this letter was written, THE BANK FAILED. The intelligence of this event was received with feelings of a very opposite character;—by some, with rejoicing, that "Babylon the Great had fallen," and by others with sorrow and lamentation. Inquiries like the following were made in the Courier:—What has become of Mr. Biddle? Where has he hidden himself to escape the indignation of an injured and insulted people? Where are the able directors and officers, who had been *able*, in six months, to destroy an institution, whose "affairs were in a state of great prosperity; all the political dissensions connected with it having ceased?" These, and other similar remarks, were met with anger or affected contempt, in some of the public journals, and the author of them was rebuked for his contumacy, with as much severity and sarcasm, as the spirit of party, in its liberal and merciful temper, could find it convenient to bestow. The bank continued its operations, on a small scale for a year or two longer; but it gradually sank deeper in the pit of insolvency, until the public sympathy (what there was of it) changed to indifference or indignation. The next two paragraphs are among the last I wrote on the subject. If any one should think them imbued with too much of the triumphant style, let him consider that my purpose is to show what sin I have perpetrated,—not to defend or extenuate it:—

If we were to credit all that we see in some of the Philadelphia and New-York papers respecting the United States Bank, we should believe it to be an institution of unspeakable value to the whole country, and one, which, for

some inconceivable reason, has been the object of the bitterest and most malignant persecution that ever disgraced any age or country. According to the statements which have appeared, there have been combinations of other banks and brokers, got up for no other purpose than to destroy the United States Bank, as soon as it should comply with the laws of the state, which gave it existence, by fulfilling its promises, and that it has paid out millions after millions of specie to satisfy the wanton demands of these diabolical shavers and cut-throats. How much sympathy such representations may secure for a rotten and swindling institution in the immediate vicinity of its location, we pretend not to say; but we shall not be thought guilty of unpardonable presumption, if we state, as our belief, that, at this distance, these said objurgatory lamentations will produce but little effect. Admitting it to be true, which we do not believe, that the Bank has become the victim of "unholy combinations," it is no more than a just retribution for its unnumbered acts of arrogance, oppression and rascality, which, in the days of its power, it practised on all other banks, and especially on those of Massachusetts.

February 18, 1841.

Some eight or ten years ago, we thought the United States Bank a most valuable institution. Our efforts as an editor,—feeble though they were,—were faithfully and honestly directed to procure for it a re-charter. When, a few years later, its charter was denied, we thought the Bank was in duty bound to wind up its concerns. We said so, and for that declaration *lost caste* in the whig party, although almost every whig member of Congress said the same. In the conduct of Mr. Biddle, we thought we perceived only a disposition to avenge himself for the loss of the charter by creating trouble, embarrassment, distress and ruin among the people. For this course of *magnanimous* conduct, we pronounced censure, and for that honest and frank expression of opinion, we were excommunicated, tied to the stake, and threatened with martyrdom by those who claimed to be the organs of the whig party. The *Globe* quoted our opinions, and then, our good

whig managers decreed that we should be called *locofoco*, the highest punishment ever inflicted on incorrigible offenders. So we struggled on for a few years more,—fighting for Clay, Webster, and Garrison,—defending Webster especially, when he was assailed in the Globe, and sneered at in the Atlas as one of the “Whig Aristocracy;” and to cap the climax of our locofoco audacity, absolutely advocated his claim to a place in the cabinet, although *the organ of the Whig Democracy* (!) had declared that such a thing must not be. But all this avails nothing. Mr. Biddle has turned out to be no better than we predicted five years ago, and his Bank, which was expected by his advocates and worshipers,—his HIRED AND PAID CHAMPIONS,—to redeem the nation from all embarrassments, has failed, and is now as powerless, and as useless for any good purpose as the famous mint which issued Bungtown Coppers during the days of the Revolution. But ah! where are now his idolators? Where those omnipotent controllers of the press and of public opinion, that shouted *Locofoco, Locofoco!* when one unlucky wight dared to throw out a doubt that Mr. Biddle was the sublime incarnation of all the Patriotism, all the Virtue, and all the Intelligence, which Heaven had vouchsafed, in mercy to the human race, to embody in an individual? Ah, where! The flattering Press is silent; even the favored recipient of *fifty-two thousand dollars*, (the price of apostasy from Jacksonism,) has hardly an encouraging smile wherewith to greet the man who “goes for his country, best loved when worst governed.” Poor Mr. Biddle! not a comforter left, to give him a potsherd to scrape himself withal! Alas! how is the mighty fallen!

Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed.

May 14, 1841.

The year 1836 was a period of unparalleled embarrassment to all men of business, and many are in possession of melancholy memorials of the

complicated perplexities with which they had then to struggle. The income of a newspaper, though nominally large and apparently equal to all reasonable expenditure, as it appears on the leger, and in the imagination of the proprietor, is yet but a feeble and delusive reliance in times when business is in a state of dullness and depression. The amount of debts from the subscribers to a daily paper, may be large, but it is made up of small sums, and scattered over an immense territory. From 1830 to 1848, I doubt whether there was a day when the aggregate of debts due to the Courier, for subscriptions and advertisements, was less than *ten thousand dollars*, (sometimes it far exceeded that amount,) in sums ranging from fifty cents to fifty dollars. The customers of a newspaper think but little of this. It seldom occurs to them that the printer is borrowing money, (perhaps at an extravagant interest,) to enable him to carry on the publication, while they are neglecting his demands and paying nothing for the indulgence. Such was my unfortunate position. To obtain relief from distressing embarrassment, I sold one third of the Courier.* But the relief thus obtained was temporary. In the spring of 1837, it became impossible to meet all the debts which had been incurred, and my whole interest in the paper, with all my other personal estate, was placed in the hands of a trustee, to be appropriated to the benefit of creditors. These creditors, with but two or three trifling exceptions,

* The purchaser was Mr. Eben B. Foster, who is still the publisher and one of the proprietors of the paper.

were personal friends,* who had endorsed my notes in the banks. The sale of another portion,—one sixth,—of the Courier, left me in possession of one half, and a mortgage on this half, with a mortgage on the estate where I lived, supplied the means of settlement; and thus, after years of negotiation and perplexity, a sacrifice of feeling, and an entire subjection of pride to necessity, the business was closed, *without a law-suit.*† By the conditions of the mortgage, I continued to be the editor of the Courier, with a salary, barely sufficient for the decent support of a family.

THE MOB AT ALTON.

In the beginning of November, 1837, an incident took place at Alton, in the state of Illinois, which, for fiendish atrocity, has had no parallel in the history of mobs that have occurred in our country. The Rev. Elijah Lovejoy, for the purpose of publishing an anti-slavery paper in that town, had procured a press and placed it in the warehouse of a merchant. A company of about two hundred men assembled, attacked the building, which was defended by the friends of Mr. Lovejoy, and in the progress of the

* The friends here referred to, I presume, have no desire to see their names placed before the public in this memoir. Nevertheless, my own feelings claim the indulgence of recording the names of William Sturgis, Stephen Fairbanks, James K. Mills, Joseph Mackay, William Beals, William Tuckerman, Edward H. Robbins, James Read, Isaac M'Lellan, Benjamin Poor, Henry G. Rice, and the firms of Lawrence & Stone, and Whitwell, Bond & Seaver, as those who voluntarily made important sacrifices in my favor, and whose alacrity in performing a kind and benevolent deed, is not forgotten.

† The settlement was effected by the good offices of my friends, George S. Hillard, Esq. E. B. Foster, and S. E. Robbins,—friends indeed, because they were friends in necessity.

affray, Mr. Lovejoy was shot down, and died in a few minutes. One other person was killed and several were severely wounded. The warehouse, with its contents, was burned to the ground. These unwarrantable proceedings were a subject of universal comment in the newspapers, and caused in many places agitation of a serious nature. In Boston, the Anti-Slavery Society passed a series of resolutions, expressing in suitable terms, the indignation and horror, which the event naturally excited. A few of the newspapers treated the matter with indifference, and a few others with a degree of levity quite unbecoming the character of moral or patriotic editors. The following were my first reflections on the event:—

“*Died Abner as a fool dieth.*” This exclamation was not more appropriate in its original application, than it is in reference to the premature death of Mr. Lovejoy. We do not offer this remark as an apology for the flagrant violation of law and the audacious outrage upon the rights of property and the sacredness of human life, which eventuated in the death of two men and the serious if not fatal injury of several others. But neither do we feel any reverence for that ambition for martyrdom which prompts men to rush upon certain destruction. . . . While we condemn the mob and deplore its consequences, we cannot but feel that there was no call, either from religion or humanity, for the exercise of that reckless resolution,— virtuous fortitude, perhaps, some may call it,— which was the immediate provocation. . . . It is no fault of man that he cannot stay the waves of the ocean, or control the more

dreadful violence of the surges of human passion; but he is responsible for his fate, if he throws himself upon either, knowing his utter incapacity to defend himself against their force."

I cannot place such remarks where they may possibly be read by those who have never before seen them, and who may be surprized that the whole tenor of my writings, for many years, has been of a different character, without saying that their surprize is not equal to the shame, repentance, and remorse that I feel for having written and published them. Though always governed by a sentiment opposed to slavery, that sentiment was rather the result of natural feeling than of any course of reasoning in my own mind, or arguments presented by others. I had not, *then*, been so thoroughly indoctrinated with the anti-slavery principle as I was soon after, by conversations with one whose enlarged and liberal and statesmanlike views were irresistibly convincing. The sentiments imbibed during those conversations made too deep an impression on my mind to be obliterated even by the change which has come over the preceptor.

This subject was pursued in the next paper: —

"The murders at Alton will be a topic of newspaper discussion for months to come, and a reproach to the people who live in a land of liberty and law, for all succeeding ages to the end of time. The time was, — but it seems to have gone by, — when a man had a right to set up a press and print a newspaper, and when that right was secured to him by laws, which were amply sufficient for that purpose. Time was, when a man might select his place of residence, and

exercise there a profession expressly guarded against violence by the constitutions of the United States, and of all the individual states in the Union. Now, he runs the hazard of being murdered, if he should dare to exercise a privilege thus guaranteed by the highest civil authority,— if he should advance a sentiment, or advocate a doctrine that should not suit every ruffian or blackguard, who can throw a brickbat or pull a trigger.

“The great question, whether slavery shall be much longer tolerated in the United States, we apprehend, will soon become one that will swallow up nearly every other one of a political character. It will not be left solely to the discussion of newspaper editors, who may take different sides, as their interest, their education, or even their moral and religious principles may dictate. It must engage the attention of the giant intellects of the country. The statesmen and the philosophers, who have the honor and prosperity of the country at heart, must not suffer it, longer, to be thrust into the shade by the less important topics connected with ordinary business; nor should those who are able to enlighten the public mind, improve its morals, and refine its taste, permit the question to be disposed of by squibs and lampoons, and caricatures in newspaper paragraphs or abolition almanacs. The theme is too serious, and invokes consequences too vast, to be treated otherwise than seriously, and by the purest and most patriotic minds that can be enlisted in the discussion.”

While the agitation caused, by these wicked proceedings at Alton, was at its height in Boston, a num-

ber of respectable citizens presented a petition to the Mayor and Aldermen for the use of Faneuil Hall, wherein to hold a public meeting, "to notice in a suitable manner the recent murder in the city of Alton, of a native of New-England and citizen of the free state of Illinois, who fell in defence of the freedom of the press." The ever-honored name of the Rev. William Ellery Channing stood at the head of the petition. The prayer of the petition was refused by the Mayor and Aldermen, for *reasons*, which were formally set forth in a sort of manifesto;—one of which was, that the meeting might be the cause of exciting a mob. The alleged "reasons" were weak and inconclusive. In the Courier they were pronounced *contemptible*. It was thought that the Board might have saved itself the labor of compiling so long and tedious a document, and might have escaped the ridicule which it justly incurred for using such insufficient and flimsy arguments. It would have been as well, and probably more satisfactory to the petitioners, if the Board had rejected the prayer of the petition without assigning any justification. When a body of wise men possess *all* knowledge, it is not to be supposed that that knowledge will "lead" otherwise than to "calm wisdom." Several correspondents also reviewed the extraordinary conduct of the municipal authorities. Dr. Channing published an appeal "to the citizens of Boston," in which, with that Christian moderation and calmness for which he was distinguished, he exposed the injustice of the city government in denying the use of the Hall, and the sophistry of their justification. In one paragraph of his address, he said,— "I earnestly

hope that my fellow-citizens will demand the public meeting which has been refused, with a voice which cannot be denied; but unless so called, I do not desire that it should be held. If not demanded by acclamation, it would very possibly become a riot. *A government, which announces its expectation of a mob, does virtually, though unintentionally, summon a mob, and would then cast all the blame of it on the 'rash men' who might become its victims."**

THE FIFTEEN-GALLON LAW.

In the spring of 1838, the Legislature of Massachusetts passed the law known throughout the state as the Fifteen-gallon Law,—prohibiting the sale of brandy, rum, gin, and whiskey, in quantities less than fifteen gallons, all to be taken by the purchaser at one time. It contained a provision that it should take effect on the first of April, 1839. The interim was a period of great excitement. The retailers of spirituous liquors used all possible exertions to procure a repeal of the law at the next session of the Legislature. A warm and angry controversy was carried on in the Courier between those persons, who contended that the law was unjust and unconstitutional, and the advocates of temperance societies.† The paper was open to the

* The articles relating to this subject, which appeared in the Courier, may be found in the file of that paper from November 20 to the end of the year. Some of them signed "Ames," and others signed "Paulus," are written with great power. "Sergius" was the only correspondent that justified in any measure the proslavery side of the question.

† A public meeting, as petitioned for, was held in Faneuil Hall, on the eighth of December. Eloquent speeches were made by Dr. Channing, G. S. Hillard, James T. Austin, George Bond, and Wendell Phillips.

† The editor was a member of the House of Representatives, but was not in his place when the measure was discussed and passed,—being confined at home by a severe attack of typhus fever.

communications of both parties. At the beginning of the session in 1839, a petition, signed by Garrison Gray Otis, and some thousands others, was presented, praying for the repeal of the law. The petition was referred to a joint committee of the two houses, of which committee I was a member, and took a decided stand in favor of the repeal. The committee reported a bill, which repealed a part of the Fifteen-gallon Law and made some other provisions, which, however, were no more agreeable to the opponents of the law than those of the law itself. This bill was popularly called, "The bill of mutual concessions," or the "Compromise Law." It was defeated in the House of Representatives by a majority of sixty-five. From my peculiar position as a member of the committee, I thought it not consistent with propriety to introduce the exciting topic into editorial discussion. But a day or two after the bill mentioned above was rejected, the matter was presented to the readers of the Courier with copious comments. The article begins with certain quotations from the Bill of Rights, containing the doctrine which I supposed justified the conclusions to which I had arrived, and thus proceeds:—

"We deny the power of the Legislature to pass this bill, or any other bill interfering so directly with the exercise and enjoyment of a personal and individual right,—whether the interference apply to the purchase of ardent spirits, or to any other article, which it may suit the convenience, comfort, or pleasure of man to eat, to drink, or to wear. We deny its constitutional power to prescribe *how much* or *how little* of any such article a man shall purchase. The right of every

individual in society to accommodate the *amount* of his purchases to his *means* or his *wishes*, was never before meddled with, so far as our knowledge has extended ; and the Legislature, which assumes the power of interference in this matter, usurps a power which the people have never conferred upon it. We do not believe the *principle* has ever been adopted by the most despotic government in Europe.

“ We are opposed to this ‘ Liquor Bill,’ because it *licenses* the practice of what it virtually declares to be an *offence*. If the mere drinking of ardent spirits be a crime, which it is proper to suppress by law, what sort of morality must govern the action of those legislators who *license* it, and not only provide for the practice of a crime under the sanction of a license, but *raise a revenue* from the license ? In what respect does this differ from the system of *selling indulgences*, once popular and universal, and still practised to some extent in Catholic countries ? If it be proper to license the sale of spirituous liquors, and to raise a revenue from the sale of an article, the use of which is immoral, destructive to health, and productive of vice, pauperism, and crime, — there are other vices and immoralities, which are equally entitled to legal indulgence. Why should not our legislative guardians of *private morals* pursue the system on which they have begun to act, and license brothels ? Such things are done in some countries, and for reasons not altogether unlike some that have been offered in justification of the licensing of the sale of spirituous liquors.

“ We are opposed to the *monopoly* which this bill authorizes, and, in this respect, it is more objectionable

than the law of 1838, which it professes to modify and make ‘more palatable.’ Where does the Legislature get its power to grant *exclusive privileges*? The exercise of such a power is expressly forbidden in the Constitution. Yet the legislators, sworn to support the Constitution, give to A. a license to monopolize the entire sale of a certain article, in certain specified quantities, which will accommodate a certain portion of the people who wish to purchase,— but they say to B. if he presumes to sell the same article, in quantities to accommodate the wants or the means of another portion of the people, he shall be subject to severe penalties and punishments. The very mockery of justice,— a gross perversion of legislative prerogative.

“ We opposed the bill, because it punishes, as a crime, an act *harmless in itself*, but, *in consequence of that act*, crime should be committed. This is neither more nor less than punishing innocence instead of guilt,— a principle that has never, we believe, till now, been adopted in the legislation or jurisprudence of any age or nation. It is offering a premium, in this case, for drunkenness, and holding out indemnity to intemperance. Those who support this bill must, if they would be consistent in their adherence to *principle*, prohibit the use of fire, lest an incendiary should burn up a city ;— they should prohibit the sale of all sorts of drugs and medicines, for they are all poisons, (as was stated *on oath*, by a physician, before the committee,) and if used in sufficient quantities, will produce sickness, delirium, and death ;— they should prohibit the sale of every kind of useful or necessary

implement, because there is not one of them which may not, in the hands of the wicked and the vicious, be used to the injury of others.

“ It is manifest that the bill was not the product of free, unshackled opinion ; and this assertion needs no other proof than the declaration so often repeated by the chairman of the committee, that it was the *result of a compromise*, — a bill of *mutual concessions*. We opposed the bill for this very reason. Had all the members of the committee acted solely under the influence of the doctrine involved in the quotations at the head of this article, — a doctrine which pervades the whole Constitution, and is in perfect harmony with all the provisions of that instrument, — what need would there have been of *mutual concessions*? What apology for *a compromise*? Concede one right to obtain possession of another ? Make a compromise with usurped authority ? Has not every free man, (and there ought to be no other than free men in Massachusetts,) the right ‘to acquire, possess, and enjoy property,’ without conceding any part of his right to the gratification of the caprices, the whims, the prejudices, — ay, the honest prejudices, — of another ? And has the Legislature the power to say, that a man shall not enjoy whatever he can purchase with a dollar, merely because he can purchase but little ? Or has the Legislature any constitutional power to prescribe a *minimum* in respect to the sale of any article, so as to prevent the use of it by the poorest man in the state ? Or can it say, that a man (rich or poor) *shall not have a copper’s-worth*,

unless he shall purchase as much as he can get for five dollars?

"We deny — peremptorily deny — the power of the Legislature to do any such thing. . . . We feel the responsibility of the oath we have repeatedly taken to support the Constitution, when we say, that, 'as we understand it,' the Constitution confers upon the Legislature no such power."

March 25, 1839.

"The Fifteen-gallon Law goes into operation to-day. Several projects of modification have been and still are before the Legislature, but whether any of them will ever pass, is more than we would undertake to predict. We are not among the number of those who have declared that this law *cannot be enforced*. Such a declaration seems to indicate a distrust of the energy of the government and the integrity of the people, which we will not for a moment indulge. We do not believe that the law *will* be very rigidly enforced, and we are of opinion that it will be daily and openly disregarded. It is not consonant to the views and feelings of a majority of the people,— or, if it be, it is not denied that a large and respectable minority are arrayed against it. It is offensively aristocratic in one of its principal features,— prohibiting the sale of certain liquors, which are used by one, and that not the wealthiest class of the community, and permitting the unrestrained sale and use of certain other liquors, which are chiefly used by the richer and more extravagant. It prohibits the sale of brandy, when called by that name ; but permits it, when called wine. It is a

sumptuary law, of the most odious character. If its severe enforcement should not be attempted, it may remain on the statute-book a dead letter, like the law enforcing a penalty for observing Christmas, or for a woman to be seen in the public street in a silk dress; but if its ultra friends should undertake to prosecute all violations of it, we apprehend that there will be a fearful looking for of agitation and disturbance of the elements of society, such as will not be allayed without the production of social, political and moral evils, that have had no parallel among us. We look for legal and constitutional opposition to the law, from the friends of public order and private right; and from such persons no other than legal and constitutional opposition is to be expected." *

April 1, 1839.

The position thus taken in relation to the Fifteen-gallon Law, was not cordially approved by all the subscribers. The paper was denounced as an advocate of, or at least an apologist for, intemperance, at two or three meetings of temperance societies. Occasionally a subscriber ordered his paper to be discontinued. During the year 1839, constant and vigorous efforts were made in almost every part of the

* I am fully aware that the sentiments put forth in these extracts, and in numerous others which might be quoted from the Courier, in reference to the power of the Legislature to grant licenses, and to prohibit the free sale of spirituous liquors, will not find much favor at the present day. They were opposed as ridiculous and wicked when they were originally uttered. But neither ridicule nor censure changed my opinion. The observation and experience of fourteen years have not changed it. It is not, however, the object of these extracts to frame, or introduce, an argument, but to give a specimen of the argument, *as it was published*.

commonwealth, by both the friends and opponents of the law,—the latter, to secure a majority in the next Legislature that would repeal it,—the former, to secure a majority that would sustain it and even make it more effectual in checking the sale of intoxicating liquors. The Courier was open to both parties, and both parties availed themselves of the privilege that was granted. A friendly correspondence between me and the Hon. Samuel Hoar of Concord, illustrated the fact, that a controversy might be carried on without anger or vituperation,—however much some might be disposed to manifest a different temper. The Legislature of 1840 repealed the law.

INDEPENDENCE OF THE PRESS.

Nothing has ever excited my indignation more than attacks made upon the Press by writers and speakers, who wanted a subject on which to pour out the filthy dregs of ill-nature,—nothing has more quickly provoked me to the utterance of the strongest language I could command. Scribblers, whose communications have been rejected, may be expected to take their revenge in scolding, or by insulting the offending editor with anonymous letters. Some men of *high standing* have been known to descend from their elevated positions in the pulpit or at the bar to abuse a poor printer, who had the audacity to refuse a compliance with their wishes, and may possibly have thrown an effusion of their spleen or stupidity into the fire. I remember that, at the trial of a supposed murderer, in the state of Rhode-Island, some fifteen, or perhaps twenty, years ago, one of the most cele-

brated lawyers in New-England pronounced an unmanly and undignified sentence of condemnation upon the press, accusing the newspaper printers, indiscriminately, with wilful falsehood and misrepresentation in regard to his client, and cautioning the jury against believing any thing they might see in the newspapers,— for “a newspaper was the last place in which an honest man should look for truth,”— or words to that effect. On one occasion, having refused to insert a certain communication, a professedly religious editor in Boston was pleased to take up the cause of the aggrieved writer, and, after accusing me of servility and want of independence, (as if the independence of an editor consisted altogether in submission to the wishes of correspondents,) very charitably undertook to represent all those who supported the paper as reprobates and sinners, and outcasts from all moral and civil associations. While fretting under this charge of want of independence, my choler gained vent and was emitted in this wise : —

“ It is said that the Press of our country is free,— nay, we boast of its freedom. Why? — because any one may establish a press of his own? — or because printers and publishers are responsible only to the undefinable law of libel? Is it because the proprietor may use his press as his passions or his fancies invite him? Is it because he possesses the sovereign power of making it the channel of truth and virtuous communication, or the foul and pestilent sewer of falsehood and moral contamination? Is it because he may wield it as an instrument of good or an engine of evil? Is it because its rapidly multi-

plying power affords a ready means of gratifying the benevolence of the heart, or satiating the malevolence of the passions? — How fallacious are such opinions! The Press free, and the Editor and Publisher dependent for their subsistence upon the shifting and weathercock opinions of some one or two thousand subscribers, who pay the paltry pittance of their subscription, as an ungrateful convalescent pays the fees of his physician, with most graceless reluctance; — who deem the paper, which they honor with their *patronage*, as a part of their personal property, over which they possess the same power of control as of their wardrobe; — in which they have a right to demand the insertion of *their* opinions, upon all subjects, whether political, poetical, mechanical, or *rigrmarolic*,— whilst the poor half paid and sometimes wholly starved Editor or Printer must pay for his refusal to insert by the forfeiture of his correspondent's subscription.

“ An occurrence of some interest calls forth editorial commentary. The article contains opinions too indigestible for pampered appetites, and the wounded *sensibilities* of some fifty or a hundred subscribers are quieted by a fractious order to ‘stop the paper.’ And yet the Press is free? — so it is; — very free; as free as mechanical industry and uncontrolled power of printing and publishing can make it; but, alas for the proprietor! *his* freedom may well be questioned; he truly may be pardoned, if he should sometimes lose his identity in the vexatious struggles between his duty and his interest. Still the Press is free! — Blessed freedom! blessed independence! — where

the dungeons of the Inquisition live only in story, and the frowns of Censors are as little cared for as the age of a sparrow. O how free is the American Press! how boldly it pours forth its volumes of wrath against rulers and aspirants! how fearlessly it canvases the demerits of the living and the merits of the dead! How smooth and uninterrupted is its course, whilst whole columns of lying paragraphs float quietly along, impelled by the propitious gales of partizan applause! How sure and how secure seem the secular interests of the proprietor, whilst his diurnal folio circulates in the broad field of party patronage! What boots it whether honest Paul pays for the paper, or damns the impertinence of the collector? It is sufficient that there is an end to be obtained, and the paper must be pushed into circulation at any hazard, or by any sacrifice, until the printer is compelled to "look to his bond," and be grateful for a barren indemnity, where he had been taught by the *managers* of the farce to expect a profitable harvest. The fact is, too many of our presses are the exclusive property of sects and parties, and their editors but the twilight shadows of bodies without souls. They assume the responsibility of opinions which belong to them only by adoption; and feel,—whilst writhing under a conviction that all is not so honest as it should be,—that there is no alternative but to hoodwink their consciences or to starve. Hence the multiplicity of presses; hence the clamorous appeals to the public for support and patronage; hence the crouching and cringing to the aristocratical sensibility of one class, and the unceasing and active irritation applied to the

jacobinical prejudices of another ; hence all the wild effusions of illiberality and dogmatism,— all the madness and licentiousness of atheism. There seems to be no room for neutrality, no time for pause in the warfare of the passions ; no rest for the high-strung cords of embittered feelings ; — war, war to the utterance. Such is the blessed freedom of the Press. And why is this ? Is it necessary that an editor should exhaust his intellect in a constant endeavor to furnish the poison of pestilent excitement,— or, by unceasing study, how best to minister to the craving appetite of slander and defamation ? Is the taste of the public so entirely vitiated, that nothing but caustic applications, bitter satire, unchristian reproach,— garbled and mutilated extracts, patched and pieced until the nakedness of truth is hid beneath the many-colored mantle of falsehood,— will satisfy its cormorant appetite ? Is it possible ? — but we desist, satisfied that there is yet a redeeming principle in our people,— a counter-acting power,— abundantly sufficient to set at nought the rabid venom of the party Press, and restore its columns to the cause of truth, and save its conductors from the curse of purchased dependence.”

MR. WEBSTER.

It has been mentioned, that the Courier had been the uniform supporter of Mr. Webster, in his efforts to secure protection to domestic industry by means of a tariff. Such was my devotion to this cause, and my admiration of Mr. Webster’s laborious efforts to sustain it, that a paragraph which opposed the policy, or spoke disparagingly of those efforts, seldom appeared in the

papers which adopted the opposite doctrine, without notice and animadversion. In 1835, his name was mentioned in connection with the office of President, and the opportunity, thus presented, of expressing my attachment, was industriously improved to sustain the nomination. Mr. Webster received the electoral vote of Massachusetts, but not that of any other state. In 1838, it was again supposed that he would receive the support of the whig party, generally, at the next election ; but the convention which assembled at Harrisburg nominated William H. Garrison. Before the nomination was agreed upon, my best efforts to secure it for Mr. Webster had been made in the Courier. I take pleasure in reviewing the exertions I then made to advance the interest of one to whom the nation was so much indebted. Here is one of the articles written for that purpose : —

“ DANIEL WEBSTER. This name is not a stranger to the readers of the Courier, nor are they unacquainted with the estimation, in which we hold his talents and character as a public man. Equally well known to them are our opinions of his claims to the first and highest office in the gift of the people, and the unchanging fidelity and perseverance with which, on all proper occasions, we have urged those claims upon the consideration of his fellow-citizens. We have never, for a moment, faltered in our adherence to the principles, which, years ago, induced us to volunteer our humble efforts to support him as a candidate for the Presidency, though our constancy has often been the object of reproach and vituperation among political cotemporaries, with whom availa-

bility in a candidate has been the only recommendation to their support. Our readers cannot have forgotten our unwavering attachment to the candidate of our choice,—THE CHOICE OF MASSACHUSETTS,—manifested during the last electioneering campaign, through evil report as well as good report, and they have no reason now to doubt that we shall adhere to that candidate with unshaken affection, until HE shall, himself, have taken some new position on the political stage, or until a national convention shall have proposed a candidate, who can unite the suffrages of the entire opposition to the present administration.”

Sept. 20, 1888.

In 1841, in consequence of John Tyler, the acting President, having vetoed certain acts passed by Congress, all the cabinet officers, except the Secretary of State,—Daniel Webster,—resigned their offices. Many of the prominent whig journals were vehement in their censures of Mr. Webster for continuing in the state department. The Courier remained firm in its attachment to him, and thereby incurred the displeasure of those journals, and the opposition of some of the influential politicians who were not connected with the press. In September, 1842, Mr. Webster had signified an intention to visit Boston, and to meet his friends and fellow-citizens. On the 29th the meeting was thus announced in the Courier:—

“As the day approaches, on which Mr. Webster intends to meet his friends in Fanueil Hall, curiosity seems to increase. The people feel an intense desire to hear what he may have to say on public affairs,

and every one is busy in imagining the course of his argument, and the consequences it may produce. It is predicted with great confidence, by some, that he will announce a resignation of his office in the department of state,— expose the baseness and duplicity of the President,— and declare his adhesion to the ultra whig doctrines, which declaration will, of course, involve an obligation to support Mr. Clay as a candidate for the Presidency.* We have no basis for any conjecture in regard to what he may say on either of these points, or even whether he will allude to them in any shape whatever. The uncertainty in respect to Mr. Webster's position has created overwhelming agony in some quarters, and unless he should satisfactorily define it, great and fatal may be the result of his taciturnity. If we might be permitted to do as thousands of others do,— guess at his intentions, without the least particle of information, on which to found a conjecture,— we should *guess* that he will talk more about measures than men,— that he will dwell more upon what he considers the true policy for the country to pursue, than upon the claims of individuals, who aspire to the administration of the government. . . . To-morrow at 11 o'clock, the old Cradle of Liberty will be filled with attentive listeners, some of whom have come from Philadelphia and New-York, for the sole purpose of hearing the Expounder and Defender of the Constitution.

"The feeling we have alluded to is not surprizing. Mr. Webster occupies, at this moment, a more com-

* A large convention had just then been held in Fanueil Hall, which nominated Mr. Clay as a candidate for the Presidency,— *by acclamation*.

manding and interesting position than any other individual in the country,— a position which, thus far, needs no *definition*. He stands higher in the estimation of the people than he has ever stood at any period of his life. The political cliques, which are continually barking or yelping to draw or to drive him from office, are not the people. The men, who are anxious for the return of national and individual prosperity, and who pray without ceasing for the peace and quiet of the whole country, are his friends ; *they* are satisfied with his position, and they wish him to remain in it, if he can do so, consistently with his own interest and character ; and, should he retire now, when, according to the declaration of some of the leading politicians, the country is beset with all manner of evils, and threatened with still greater curses from a weak and wicked chief magistrate, if they should meet the event with resignation, they will not cease to regret it. Thousands now look to Mr. Webster as the greatest benefactor of the nation,— as one, who, by his matchless skill in negotiation,* has preserved the country from war,— the greatest evil that could befall it except peace with dishonor, and tame submission to the demands of an arrogant rival.

“It requires no aid from witchcraft to perceive the reason of all this hue and cry that is made to induce Mr. Webster to resign, and of all the threatened frowns he will have to encounter, if he should continue in his present office. His aid is needed, and his power is feared, by the leaders of a party who love their party

* This was soon after the settlement of the Northeastern Boundary, by negotiation with Lord Ashburton.

better than they do their country, and who would rather sacrifice the country than have its honor or prosperity maintained by any other men or means than such as they dictate. Should he resign his office, and come out in the character of a determined opponent to the President, he must, of course, declare himself an advocate for his great political rival. This would give a degree of confidence to the party of Mr. Clay, which it wants, and which, without the aid of Mr. Webster, it can never have. On the other hand, should he, in spite of remonstrance, entreaty, and reproach, continue in the state department,—or should he even resign and go into retirement,—without declaring in favor of Mr. Clay, it is evident that enough would withdraw with him to render the success of the present schemes somewhat problematical. And this we take to be the whole secret of the clamor which is got up to drive him from the cabinet, under the shallow pretence that he can no longer remain there with honor."

The appointed time at length arrived. The hall was immensely crowded. The mayor of the city, Hon. Jonathan Chapman, was requested to preside. When Mr. Webster and a few of his select friends appeared, he was introduced to Mr. Chapman, who, after the usual ceremony of reception, addressed Mr. Webster for about twenty minutes, greeting him as a personal friend and fellow-citizen, and referring to some of the principal acts of his public life, which had laid upon the people most grateful obligations. A full report of Mr. Webster's speech was published

in the Courier, October 1, on which occasion it was said,—“ We believe the speech of Mr. Webster will be approved by all who are not absolutely pledged to go with a certain party, right or wrong. We shall be disappointed if it do not produce a prodigious effect throughout the country. We said, a few days ago, that he never stood higher in popular estimation than at that time. His position is now a still more elevated one. The confidence in his patriotism is confirmed, and the country will be grateful for his firmness in remaining at the post where she needed his services, though assailed by vituperation and hypocrisy, in all the forms which the ingenuity of office-seeking avarice could invent. . . . It was confidently asserted, for several days previous, that Mr. Webster would take this occasion to cut loose from Mr. Tyler’s administration; and some went so far as to say that he had already resigned, and would avail himself of the occasion to announce a fact which then existed. The authors of these declarations and predictions must have been a little disappointed. Those who, from a sense of honor peculiar to themselves, have kindly informed him that he cannot remain in the cabinet without disgracing himself, must be especially gratified with the manner in which he accepts their advice and admonition. . . . But, whatever may be said or thought of the speech in some other respects, no one can deny that it is frank, bold, manly, and entirely free from all that looks like affectation. It was evidently an unstudied, extemporaneous effort. There was no attempt to stifle opinion or to conceal feeling,—no attempt to palter with the audience in a double

sense, by the use of words of uncertain meaning. There was no sly insinuation, no dark innuendo, but a straight-forward, independent exposition of truth, a copious outpouring of reproof, animadversion, admonition, and entreaty."

It may be mentioned, as a curious fact, that while the most intelligent merchants, manufacturers and mechanics, those who daily frequented the resorts of men of business, were uniform and decided in expressions of approbation of the sentiments delivered by Mr. Webster in this speech, the whig papers in Massachusetts, with hardly an exception, were as uniform in condemning the whole performance, and many of them continued to fulminate denunciations of his willingness to remain in the cabinet, after the resignation of his colleagues, in September, 1841. Notwithstanding all these manifestations of censure, chagrin and mortification, he continued in the office till some time in May, 1843.

The National Convention of Whigs, which assembled in 1844 to nominate a candidate for the Presidency, proposed Mr. Clay for that office, as the most "available candidate." Thus Mr. Webster was sacrificed on the altar of *availability*. With true magnanimity he took the field, and used his whole power in promoting the election of Mr. Clay. But Mr. Clay was defeated, and Mr. Polk was chosen to the office of chief magistrate of the Union. The noble stand taken by Mr. Webster,—submitting without complaint to the voice of the convention, and, forgetting his own claims, enforcing with all the strength of his almost omnipotent eloquence the claim of a rival,—seemed

to render him more popular; and the general voice of the people,—especially the people in the non-slaveholding states,—was equivalent to a pledge that he should, *certainly*, be the choice of the Whigs, when the period for another presidential election should occur. In the mean time, several circumstances tended to strengthen his popularity. He opposed the annexation of Texas, deprecated the consequences which he foresaw would flow from it, and took no part in the measures that produced the Mexican war. The war, however, became popular, the brilliancy of military exploits dazzled the eyes of a large portion of the people, and, to complete the climax of folly, the name of General Taylor, the hero of the war, was brought forward, first in the camp, and soon afterwards at convivial festivals in the southern and western states, as *the man*, and the only man, who could be “available” in the next political campaign. The nomination was viewed, at first, rather as a matter of sport than of serious consideration, but as the time for a new election drew near, it assumed a more imposing aspect. It received no support in the Courier, and but little in any influential journal in New England. The name of General Scott was sometimes coupled with the office of President; and Judge M’Lean was proposed in the papers of the Liberty and Anti-Slavery parties. Still the strong current of public sentiment ran in favor of Mr. Webster. The Courier never faltered in its fidelity to him; and though a correspondent might occasionally be permitted to discuss, in its columns, the claims and qualifications of some other candidate, such an indulgence was invariably accompanied by an

editorial protest against its argument. From many columns which I wrote upon this subject, in 1847 and 1848, the few extracts which follow are selected, as embodying the sentiments I honestly entertained, and which I have seen no reason to renounce. The first of these extracts was the cause of some severe strictures from a democratic paper; but I do not recollect that any whig journal took any exceptions to its tone or language. It certainly does contain some hard words; but I always thought that frankness in the expression of one's honestly-entertained belief, demanded that *things* should be called by their proper *names*. If, however, the preservation of it in this volume be thought a folly, or a crime, so let it be. I am not kneeling at the confessional, nor praying for absolution. I submit to all the punishment which the sin deserves:—

HERO WORSHIP.

“The progress of hero worship is truly alarming. The war in which we are engaged has already diffused a military taste among the people, which tends to nothing but a corruption of morals, and the utter extinction of every truly patriotic sentiment; for the spirit that exults in the success of an aggressive war has no affinity with the spirit of patriotism. The latter seeks to make men happy by teaching them habits of industry, the arts of peace, and the refinements of literature, philosophy, and morals; the former brutalizes a nation, and ‘bids defiance to the unarmed philosopher and politician, who bring into the field truth without a spear, and argument unbacked by artillery.’

"All wars beget *Heroes*, as naturally (and almost as suddenly) as lightning produces thunder, and the more skill and science in the work of butchery, the greater the hero, and the sooner he arrives at the zenith of glory. Thus, General Zachary Taylor, who, twelve months ago, was not half as celebrated as 'General Tom Thumb,' has become the idol of a host of worshipers, whose name is Legion. The public mind is essentially (we hope not thoroughly) debauched with the doctrines of hero worship. The press lends its aid in the dissemination of these pernicious doctrines, and the establishment of a system of the most abominable despotism that can be inflicted on a nation. Some of the most influential journals have the name of this Hero in double pica capitals at the head of their editorial columns, as a candidate for the Presidency ; as if success in murdering men, women, and children by hundreds and thousands, were all that is desired to give him a claim to the suffrages of a people who boast of their magnanimity and love of justice. Editors, whose moral sensibilities are in convulsions if they see an advertisement showing where wine is for sale, snatch up with eagerness every paragraph that glorifies the conduct or character of this military chieftain, and present it as a luscious morsel to their readers. Political principles and opinions, in regard to subjects hitherto thought to be of the utmost importance to the prosperity of the country, are no longer thought of, and Whigs and Democrats seem to have buried all their ancient animosities, and to vie with each other in a new contest, to decide whether the Hero is actually a Whig or a Democrat. One

journal,'(we do not recollect *what* one, but we have seen it within a week,) disclaims all solicitude in relation to his political partizanship, and is satisfied,—*perfectly satisfied*,—with the conviction that *General Zachary Taylor is a GREAT and GOOD man!* The facts on which this conviction is founded were not stated, nor do we recollect that the editor alluded to any particular acts that constitute the character of '*a great and good man.*' But with the true hero worshiper that is of no importance. If the altar is well furnished with human flesh for the sacrifice, and thousands of hearts have been pierced to supply a generous libation of human blood, the adoring throng require no other stimulant to their devotion.

"To say nothing of the elements of *greatness*, a quality which as appropriately belongs to a devil as to a saint, and a term which may be used to signify the darkest of crimes as well as the brightest of virtues,—we have yet to learn wherein consists the *goodness* of General Taylor; and we sincerely hope that some of his worshipers will, ere long, have the *goodness* to portray those features in his character, and recite some of those acts of his which give him a claim to idolatry. We are the more anxious on this point, because we should be glad, for once in our life, to be one of a political majority, and at the same time *be sure that we are right.* Only satisfy us that General Taylor is truly deserving of the approbation of the wise, the humane, and the patriotic, and we will heartily unite in every thing adapted to do honor to his virtues, although we will give no pledge to become a worshiper in the temple of his fame, or

To crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.

" We are aware that it is said by the worshipers, that General Taylor does no more than fulfil his duty to his country by prosecuting the war with all the power of his arm and his intellect. He has been bred a soldier, in the service of his country, and he must not disobey the orders of the President. There is no other alternative ; he must obey or resign. Miserable apology, — contemptible subterfuge. Let him resign his commission. He has, himself, pronounced the war unnecessary, unjust, and cruel. He used language similar to this, if we remember rightly, in his letter to Henry Clay, announcing the loss of Mr. Clay's son. He then pronounced his own condemnation. If he admits that the war is unnecessary, unjust, and cruel, he cannot escape from the consequences of the admission, namely, that he who voluntarily carries it on successfully, is guilty of gratuitous injustice and cruelty. When an officer is placed in a position where he cannot, without disobedience to his superior, refrain from the commission of acts which his conscience tells him are offences against God and humanity, there is one plain, straight-forward path for him to pursue. If his orders are to ravage a neighboring state, to rob and murder its inhabitants, and burn its cities, — acts which he feels to be inconsistent with justice and humanity, — wherein is he a whit better than the hired bravoes and assassins which we read of in Italian history, if he persists in the obedience to his orders rather than to the law which God has written on his heart? The characters are analo-

gous, if not identical. Both rob and murder for hire, and, like Falstaff, think it no sin to labor in their vocation. There is, however, one remarkable difference;—the Bravo, for a guinea or two, disposes of an individual designated by his employer,—the Hero does his work indiscriminately, by wholesale, and for an annual salary of some thousands of dollars. Which will have the heaviest account to be settled hereafter, is known only to that Judge who is subject to none of the imperfections attendant upon mortality.

“ In these remarks we have used the word *Hero*, with its derivatives, according to its present popular acceptation. We are aware that another and far different idea is connected with the word. Had General Taylor felt any partiality for the character of a hero in that other and nobler sense, he would have thrown his commission in the face of the President, the moment he received an order to pass over the boundary of the United States with an invading army. Had he done so, in all probability there would have been no war,—the difficulties with Mexico would have been amicably adjusted,—thousands of innocent lives would have been saved,—millions of dollars might have remained in the public treasury, or in the hands of individuals, to be used in constructing canals and railroads, or employed in promoting the arts and sciences which improve and embellish society,—and our *heroic* representatives in Congress would have lost the opportunity of discrediting themselves by voting supplies to carry on a war which they have acknowledged to be unrighteous,

cruel, and unnecessary. He would then have proved himself a true and legitimate Hero, and the wise and virtuous of all nations and ages would have combined to do him reverence,—ay, and when the portals of immortality should be opened to receive his disembodied spirit, may we not believe that all heaven would echo with the shout, **THE HERO COMES!**"

May 6, 1847.

"Will Mr. Webster receive any votes from those who have not acted with the Whig Party?" This is submitting the question of Mr. Webster's popularity to the test of analysis, and not leaving it to be decided by vague and unsupported declamation. We are satisfied that investigation will show that Mr. Webster, more than any other man of his party, commands the confidence of those who do not act with it. His public life has been long, and the principles he has advocated and the policy he has pursued are all before the public, and well and generally known. They are distinguished by moderation, consistency, and firmness. Although a Whig, he is not a man to be claimed wholly by his party; he has more frequently contended for the preservation of the Union, and upholding the Constitution, than for mere party principles; he is, and is acknowledged to be, a man full of American feelings, broad and catholic as the Constitution of the country, and limited only by the boundaries which the true original spirit of the Constitution prescribes. Such a man, it is believed, the people, who love the Union and the Constitution more than they love party, want; and they would be most happy to show their admiration for

him, and their confidence in him by their votes, if they had an opportunity of doing so. Of this we cannot permit ourself to doubt ; and nothing but timidity on the part of those who are desirous of seeing Mr. Webster president, has suffered his name to be kept back, and prevented it from being made more prominent than any other name on the list of the whig candidates for that office. Who can fail to see that the times, the embarrassed state of our own country, as well as the aspect of European affairs, demand just such a man as Daniel Webster at the helm of state ? — a man known and respected abroad as well as at home.

“ If the cause of that timidity, which fears to present the name of Mr. Webster as a candidate for the presidency, be investigated, it will be found to be a sentiment, distrustful, to the last degree, of the people. It proceeds upon the assumption that they are incapable of appreciating the value of the most important services rendered to the country ; that they are jealous of pre-eminent ability and devoted patriotism, unless that ability and patriotism are displayed on the field of battle, amid the smoke of cannon and the clash of contending armies. We submit whether, in our past experience, sufficient evidence has been furnished to authorize this conclusion. If this be true, then, indeed, it may well be doubted, as they to whom we refer do doubt, whether the people are capable of self-government,— whether republican liberty can be maintained. But is such a doubt to be entertained now ? Are we to take counsel from a feeling that despairs of the Republic, when throes are tottering, and the eyes of the people of

Europe are turned admiringly and hopefully upon us as the only guardians of true liberty,—as having set the only safe example for them to follow? Shall enlightened patriots and republicans now desert their posts and quit their ranks, without an effort, to accomplish that which they know to be right,—to put the government of the country in wise and safe hands? We say, No, no.

“ We hope and believe that Massachusetts at least will not despair, nor adopt the counsels of Fear. Massachusetts! that has always been faithful to liberty,—may she not hope that her voice will be heard and respected when Whigs are consulting upon the general welfare? Has Massachusetts been second to any of her sister states in upholding and advancing whig principles? She now presents one of her sons to become the leader,—to bear the banner of the whig party,—a veteran in the ranks of the party; one who can show as many scars received in the conflicts of that party as the stoutest and the bravest,—one who can exhibit as many splendid trophies won in those conflicts, as any other. She asks that the man of her choice be taken, or, if he be rejected, that he be rejected upon some better plea and for some sounder reason, than that he is too strong, too much distinguished, too pre-eminent, to be approved by the popular voice. We are willing to trust the people. Our candidate is willing to trust the people. We and he are anxious to take *their* decision, and not the decision of those who assume to speak for them.

“ Massachusetts presents the name of Daniel Webster, because she has tried him long. She has

tried him in the councils of her own commonwealth and in the councils of the nation. The nation has tried him, and, in every public station, in every department, he has come up to the highest point of excellence, reached by any who preceded him in the same station or department. The approbation of Massachusetts comes up for Daniel Webster, as was well said by the present speaker of the House of Representatives,* on a public occasion in Philadelphia, ‘from every hill-side, from every river-side, from every sea-side, and from every fire-side, in the old Bay State of the Revolution.’ Nor is she likely to forget his services, now, when he has come back to her, bowed to the very earth with domestic affliction,† but yet with spirit enough and strength enough to contend, as no other man can contend, for those principles of liberty that are dear to the heart of the state which has honored and trusted him.

“ We have no authority to speak for others, but we believe that the delegates who shall represent Massachusetts in the Whig Convention that is to assemble in the Hall of Independence on the seventh day of June next, will urge, to the very last moment, the nomination of Daniel Webster to the office of President of the United States; and we trust they will not be left to contend alone for his nomination.”

April 3, 1848

* Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.

† Mr. Webster was then in Massachusetts, called from his place in the Senate, to attend the funeral of his youngest son, an . the death-bed of his only daughter.

AVAILABILITY.

"As an inhabitant of Massachusetts we feel humbled and mortified, when we hear,—as we do daily, and in the most public places,—men of character and influence declare that Daniel Webster is their first choice for President, and if he should fail to receive the nomination of the Whig Convention, on the first ballot, then their choice is Zachary Taylor. In our opinion, it is pretty safe to conclude that those who make this declaration are not friends to Mr. Webster's nomination. Indeed, we begin to fear that there is some truth in the *charge of insincerity* among a certain portion of the Whigs, to which we alluded some days ago. If those, who hold and advocate this doctrine of availability, do really wish to see Mr. Webster nominated by the Whig Convention, it would seem that, as a matter of policy, they would say nothing of a *second choice*. To say that *they should rejoice to place Mr. Webster in the Presidency, but that they know that he cannot be elected*, is equivalent to saying to their opponents, *Give us whom you please; we should be pleased, if you would give us Webster; but give us Taylor, or whom you please, and we accept the nomination*. Now the friends of Gen. Taylor, or any other southern candidate, will never become so stultified, as to allow even a complimentary vote of the Convention to be given to Mr. Webster, while the pliant Whigs of the free states pronounce beforehand their readiness to give up their own preference to the nomination of the slaveholding power. Why should they? They have only to persevere in their adherence

to a slaveholder, or a southern man, knowing, or *believing*, as they have reason to believe, that the friends of Mr. Webster will give way, and meanly submit to be imposed upon with an *available* candidate.

"There is but one straight-forward course for the Massachusetts delegates to pursue,—and that is, to let it be distinctly known that they have no *second choice* of a candidate;—that Webster is their *first* and *second* and *last* and *only* choice. It may be said that Gen. Taylor can be nominated by a majority, without the aid of Massachusetts. If so, so let it be. But it is said, If Massachusetts should refuse to accept the nomination of the Convention, she will stand alone. Well, she had better stand alone, than aid in elevating to the Presidency a man who has no qualification for the office, or any man who is inferior to the best. Thank Heaven, she is able to stand alone. She would gain nothing by drawing the triumphal car of the *available* candidate. A few of her degenerate sons might, perhaps, be permitted to feed on the crumbs, which fall from his table during the inauguration dinner; but Massachusetts, as a state, stands in no need of such patronage. She is better without it.

"We do not yet despair, and hope that the voice of the delegation of the free men from the free states may not be without influence. But the southern men, (who, by the way, never acknowledge any second choice, nor even talk of an available candidate,) have an overcoming faith in doughfaces, and their faith generally saves them from defeat."

May 27, 1848.

Here ended my efforts to support the election of Mr. Webster. The Convention nominated General Taylor, and all discussion relating to the justice or propriety of the nomination would have been superfluous and unavailing. Mr. Webster was again sacrificed to the senseless notion of "availability." With a magnanimous spirit, like that which he had manifested on former similar occasions, he acquiesced in the decision of the Convention, and suffered immolation at the shrine of an ungrateful party. I would have traveled from Dan to Beersheba to make him President. My doubts of the fitness of General Taylor for that high office were too firmly fixed to be changed by the decision of a political caucus. Conscientiously, I could not bow to "the rising sun" of the political firmament; and soon after retired from the position I had held as an editor for almost forty years.

The articles, which immediately follow, have been taken, almost promiscuously, from the files of ten successive years,—bearing no relation to political affairs or to topics of popular agitation,—and therefore calling for no explanatory remarks:—

MAGNIFICENT PHENOMENON.

"Of all the celestial phenomena, which from time to time attract the attention of us, dwellers on the earth, and fill the mind with 'thoughts beyond the reaches of the soul,' we have never witnessed one which could compare with the brilliant display of

the ‘spacious firmament’ on Tuesday evening. The aurora borealis, described as seen from the arctic seas, only equals the gorgeous magnificence of this spectacle,—a spectacle which can never be obliterated from our imagination, but which we have not power to describe.

“ Soon after six o’clock in the evening, there was a brilliant light in the north, tinging the edges of the clouds with a pale flame color. Soon after, the northern part of the heavens was hung with clouds, which assumed a darker and more fiery hue, and the whole northern hemisphere exhibited an appearance, not unlike that of a distant fire in a dark night. In the course of the evening, as there was an alternation of a cloudy and a clear sky, the lights were of different colors and different degrees of brightness. In the north-east the appearance was as if the full moon were just rising. During the greater part of the time, from seven o’clock till twelve, the light was equal to that of the full moon when obstructed by very thin clouds. About eleven o’clock the zenith appeared to be the centre of a dome, literally ‘fretted with golden fire.’ The rays from the whole northern hemisphere flashed up to the central point, and then assumed the color of bright scarlet, deepening to the hue of blood. This central point, or focus, was not stationary; it moved occasionally towards the west, but oftener in an easterly direction. At one time we noticed it approaching the Pleiades, with a waving or undulating motion. It passed between that constellation and the eye, and though, at that time, the color of the rays was of the deepest red, and the rays seemed thickening to a

cloud, the brilliancy of the stars was not in the least abated. We can compare the spectacle at this time to nothing but an immense *umbrella*, suspended from the heavens, the edges of which embraced more than half of the visible horizon; in the south-east, its lower edge covered the *belt of Orion*, and farther to the left, the planet Jupiter shone in all his magnificence and glory, as through a transparency of gold and scarlet. The whole scene was indescribably beautiful and solemn. It was a spectacle, of which painting and poetry united, can give no adequate idea, and which philosophy will fail to account for, to the satisfaction of the student of nature, or the disciple of revelation. The cause can be known only to HIM, at whose bidding

Darkness fled — Light shone,
And the ethereal quintessence of heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That rolled orbicular, and turned to stars.”

November 19, 1885.

A DOG-DAY SERMON.

“*The love of money is the root of all evil.*” Well, suppose it *is*, it follows not that it may not be the root of a vast deal of good. In truth, very little good can be accomplished without money, and he that loves it not, is indifferent to all the good which money produces.

“Our logic is as conclusive as St. Paul’s. Indeed, if Paul intended to prove his proposition by any logical demonstration, he made but a poor business of it. And, what is more, he furnished an *apophthegm*, by the application of which, certain persons of a

certain turn of mind, on certain occasions, justify themselves for shutting their *ears* against the claims of benevolence, of honor, and even of common sense. These persons would also bar the doors of their *hearts* to all such appeals, if they had any hearts. But, as the Creator, for some wise purpose or other, sent them into the world with a deficient organization, it would be uncourteous, unmanly, perhaps impious, to speak of *heartlessness* in any terms of reproach.

"Old Pinchfist,—who has spent threescore years of his threescore-and-ten, in the accumulation of wealth, till the mass has become so large that he reckons its dimensions as geographers do the surface of the globe, by degrees of latitude and longitude, demonstrates his solicitude for the souls of others,—having none of his own,—by cautioning them to beware of the love of money. He sees his neighbors poor, and striving—not to become rich, but—to obtain a decent competence, perhaps only a bare subsistence. If they complain of ill-luck, or of losses, or of the want of that which money, and money alone will procure, he tells them how much happier they are than rich men. Riches bring cares. Poverty is happier than great riches, because it has nothing of which to be careful. Poverty can sleep quietly, because it is not afraid of burglars and incendiaries. Poverty is in no fear of sickness, because it has no means of gratifying a glutinous appetite. So *reasons* Pinchfist, and clenches his *argument* with the authority of the holy apostle, St. Paul,—‘The love of money is the root of all evil.’

"Young Muckworm has just emerged from the gutter, where he has gathered the elements of wealth

that may hereafter be enough to revolutionize the nation. He sees one of his old school-mates struggling to escape from the embarrassments which poverty has thrown around him; and while he laughs in his sleeve at the folly of attempting to rise by open means and clean hands, he offers the consolations of our text:— ‘Beware, young friend, (he will say,) how you indulge your greediness for gain. Live in peaceful poverty,— feed on a crust a day,— let your children go barefooted; it will harden the skin, and prevent colds and rheumatisms,— let your wife wash and iron; it is good exercise, and you will have to pay no doctor’s bill. A ten-footer is better for content than a granite palace. The love of money is the root of all evil.’

“O Paul, Paul, Paul! what has thou not to answer for! To what sophistry, to what chicanery, to what hypocrisy, hast thou given currency! To how many misers, curmudgeons, and churls hast thou furnished a cloak for hard-heartedness and sin! How many mean and sordid subjects has thy indiscreet and misinterpreted dogma created for the kingdom of Satan!

“The good which the world enjoys as a consequence of the love of money, is at least equal to the evil which that passion has produced. The evil is chiefly confined to the miser, and to him who is destitute of moral principle. The good is enjoyed by all who come within the circle of that influence, which is generated by benevolence, public spirit, and an honest love of fame. Look at some of the merchants of our city, who have given their thousands of dollars, by fives, and by tens, and by fifties, to erect hospitals for the sick and the

insane, asylums for the orphan and the blind, schools for the young, and churches for the poor,—and say if that love of money, which alone begot this accumulated wealth, has been a root of evil.

“ And now for the application. Whenever you hear a man preaching against the love of money, and trying to convince his hearers that the poor are happier than the rich, depend upon it that fellow is a miser, who thinks there is no music equal to the jingling of a dollar, and who would not hesitate to pick your pocket, if he could do so, without the hazard of detection. ‘ Let this suffice.’ ”

MOUNT AUBURN.

“ Yesterday was an anniversary;—one of those days that to us, and, we trust, to many others, stand out distinctly from the regular procession of ever-moving days and nights, and may aptly be compared to milestones on the highway from the cradle to the grave; reminding us how

On our quick’st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals, ere we can effect them;

and marking, with fearful and unerring accuracy, our diminished and rapidly shortening distance from the end of the journey.

“ It was on the twenty-fourth of September, 1831, that Mount Auburn was solemnly dedicated as a place of burial for the Dead,—no longer to be subservient to the uses of the Living, like a spot of ordinary earth; but to be held for ever sacred as a holy resting-place for the Dead. *That* day was one of the loveliest of

those bright and beautiful days, which give to a New-England autumn an unearthly character,—when man feels that it is a blessing to live, and he, who ever feels at all, cannot resist the consciousness that life is a gift, for which he can never be sufficiently grateful to the Giver. The atmosphere was all purity and fragrance; the sky an unclouded sea of azure, through which the glorious sun sailed on his eternal voyage in golden majesty; over the earth was spread a carpet, whose groundwork was of the richest green, variegated with fields ripe for the harvest, with pastures covered with flocks, and with the furrows of the husbandman,—those paths which drop fatness from the goings-forth of the Creator. The trees, not yet divested of their foliage, were beginning to exhibit those rich and varied colors, that indicate the decline of the year; the leaves of the maples began to throw out their tints of yellow and crimson; the oaks their sober brown, the ash its mellow and luxuriant purple; while the pines and the hemlocks seemed to stand strong upon their mountain, boasting of their everlasting green. Who was there, among the thousands that assembled that morning around ‘Consecration Dell,’ who did not feel that life was a blessing, rendered more precious by the belief that its end on earth might be peace, and its continuance in heaven unmixed enjoyment? Even THAT YOUTH, who,

When he looked along the laughing earth,
Up the blue heavens and through the middle air,
Joyfully ringing with the skylark’s song,
Wept at the thought, how sad for one so young
To bid farewell to so much happiness,—

even he, amidst his tears, exclaimed with fervent voice,—I never lived so long in one day.

“It was on such a day, seven years ago, that Mount Auburn was consecrated as a place of burial for the Dead. At the entrance of the ground, (then a common set of bars,—now an imposing gateway of Egyptian architecture,) a procession was formed, consisting of the members of the corporation, and the chaplains and the orator selected for the occasion, preceded by a band of music, and was conducted by two young men as marshals, to a spot prepared for the performance of the interesting services. From that time this spot has borne the name of “Consecration Dell.” A stage for the chaplains and orator was erected over a small section of a circular pond, which is almost surrounded by high and precipitous eminences, whose tops and sides near the pond are crowned with a natural growth of forest trees. The immediate margin of the pond was covered with seats and filled with living forms of health and strength and beauty, assembled to witness the solemn service. Prayers then went upward, we trust, on wings of faith, to the mercy-seat; an address was pronounced by an accomplished scholar, full of piety, devotion and pathos; solemn music burst from the band, and a thousand voices joined in singing a hymn. The air was filled with melody.

“Mount Auburn was then almost a wilderness. The avenues and walks, which now furrow its diversified surface, and lead through its vales and over and around its hillocks and eminences, were then barely *chalked* out, and exhibited but an imperfect sketch of

the labyrinth that now appears so perplexing to a stranger. What a change has a period of seven years produced ! The native wildness of the place is softened and subdued, but not destroyed, by the hand of labor and of art. The native oak now waves its foliage over an exotic shrubbery ; the anemone, the violet, and the aster, long the lonely and unobtrusive spontaneous product of the soil, now gracefully mingle with the daisy, the narcissus, and the lily ; the wild rose and the sweet-brier unveil their blushing beauties, and exhale their incomparable fragrance in the presence of the more gaudy varieties of foreign origin. Most of the trees and shrubs, that are indigenous to our New-England forests, are to be found within the limits of Mount Auburn, and the nurseries of exotic plants have made bountiful contributions to add to the native embellishment. The visiter now sees, in all directions, the marble urn, the sarcophagus or cenotaph, and the granite obelisk, marking the spots where repose the relics of departed relatives, or where the living have provided resting-places from the cares of mortality. Seven years ago, Mount Auburn was the habitation only of the field-mouse and the squirrel, or of wild animals and reptiles, more unfit for the companionship of man ; it is now a city of the dead, populous with all degrees and qualities of our race, rich with the treasures of memory, of love, of friendship, and affection. In its ample bosom are embraced the reverend pastor and evangelist, the venerable statesman and magistrate, the accomplished jurist and scholar, the opulent merchant, the ambitious soldier, the philosopher and the philanthropist, they who have

lived in ease and affluence, and they who have earned their bread by the sweat of the brow ; there, also, rest the patriarch, who has seen his children of the third and fourth generation, and the infant which only opened its eyes to the light to close them for ever ; and there, too, is manhood, taken in the exercise of its sober dignity and wisdom, the mother in the midst of her solicitude, the daughter in all her loveliness, the son in the beauty of youth or in the vigor and manliness of riper years. There

All softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground ;
The storm that wrecks the wintry sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

“ Reader ! if you would have the sympathies of your nature awakened, your earthly affections purified, your anxieties chastened and subdued, your hopes animated, your faith strengthened,— go to Mount Auburn. Go not for the gratification of idle curiosity, to comment with the eye of a critic upon the forms of the monuments, or the taste of those who placed them there ; and above all, go not there, as the manner of some is, with cold indifference, to scoff at the mourner, and, with heartless irreverence, to shock the sensibility of the bereaved with your antic and unseemly behavior, and ‘ the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind.’ But go to read and to learn the lesson which you must, yourself, at some future day, transmit to those who come after you. Enter the gate with the solemnity its motto imposes,— *The dust shall return to the earth*

as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it. Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the ground is holy. There is no feeling of our nature so vague, so complicated, so mysterious, as that with which a reflecting being looks upon the remains of his fellow-mortals, and the emblems and memorials of man's mortality. 'The dignity with which Death invests even the meanest of his victims, inspires us with an awe which no living thing can create. The monarch on his throne is less awful than the beggar in his shroud. The marble features, the powerless hand, the stiffened limbs, the tongue chained in silence, the eyelids sealed up in darkness. O who can contemplate these with feelings that can be defined? And then the spirit which animated the clay,—where is it now? Is it wrapt in bliss, or dissolved in wo? Does it witness our grief, and share our sorrows? Or is the mysterious tie, that linked it with mortality, for ever broken? And the remembrance of earthly scenes, are they to the enfranchised spirit as the morning dream, or the dew upon the early flower?' Such reflections must naturally arise in every breast; and if you would feel their influence, and profit by their operation, go to Mount Auburn.

"But we must pause. There is not here a foot of earth, nor a monument however humble, that is not worthy of a descriptive record. In this hasty notice, we have omitted some of the most elegant and attractive.

"Reader! Forgive the intrusiveness of private affection, that lingers for a moment longer around one

spot, on which is a small white marble cenotaph,— denoting that the remains of him, whose name it bears, are not there : ‘ *The sea his body, Heaven his spirit, holds.*’ So says the inscription, and to that sentiment, daily and nightly responds the parent’s heart,—

On beds of green sea-flower his limbs have been laid ;
Around his white bones the red coral shall grow ;
Of his fair auburn locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to its mansion below.
Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above him shall roll ;
Earth loses his pattern for ever and aye,—
 Peace to his soul.

“ But, Reader ! it is not to make a parade of personal sorrow that your attention is demanded. It is that you may bear witness to the kindness of a class of men, than which a worthier exists not on the earth. ‘ **BOSTON MECHANICS ERECTED THIS CENOTAPH HERE.**’ Boston Mechanics. Around that simple expression is entwined the idea of all that is upright in motive, honorable in action, generous in feeling, faithful in friendship, pure as immortal truth in the genuine sympathies of nature. Long may it be, before the votive marble shall record the end of your virtuous labors. And when the hour of departure shall arrive, may he, whose name ye have made sacred in memory, be the first to welcome your entrance among the spirits of the just made perfect.”

Sept. 25, 1838.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

“ Reader ! We meet no more till the year 1838,— another of those brief periods, by which the march of Time is measured,— shall be numbered with the thousands, which have gone before it. To-morrow, if it should come to us, will open upon us a New Year, impose upon us new duties and responsibilities, unfold new sources of pleasure, expose us to untried afflictions and calamities, and bless us with new opportunities and means of usefulness and improvement. With such views and prospects, who would pluck a feather from the wing of Time, or protract the approach of that crisis, when Faith shall be lost in sight, and Hope absorbed in possession ?

Heaven waxeth old, and all the spheres above
Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay ;
And Time itself, in time shall cease to move ;
Only the soul survives and lives for aye.

Our bodies, every footstep that they make,
March towards death, until at last they die ;
Whether we work or play, or sleep or wake,
Our life doth pass, and with Time’s wings doth fly.

But to the Soul, Time doth perfection give,
And adds fresh lustre to her beauty still ;
And makes her in eternal youth to live,
Like HER, which nectar to the gods doth fill.

The more she lives, the more she feeds on truth ;
The more she feeds, her strength doth more increase ;
And what is strength, but an effect of youth,
Which, if Time nurse, how can it ever cease ? ”

December 31, 1838.

THANKSGIVING.

“ ‘The rolling year’ has once more brought round this time-honored festival,—a festival hallowed to the natives of New-England, by reminiscences, which impart new impulse to gratitude, and associations, which strengthen the bonds of affection. To the old, who can look back through the vista of threescore years, numberless are the scenes that pass before them, as visions of pleasure; and how reviving is it to those, in whose veins the current of life has begun to slacken in its motion, to live over again, even for a few moments, the innocent frolics of past-days! And while these enjoy the present by mingling with the past, the young live ‘the future in the instant,’ and thus all ages find the ingredients of the exhilarating cup, so compounded that all may taste and bless the Benefactor.

“ On similar occasions, heretofore, we have exhorted, somewhat in detail, all classes of our readers, to observe this festival with thankful hearts, and have enumerated many causes, which called for the exercise of lively gratitude. Those causes, at this time, are no less in number, nor less entitled to consideration; but we dislike the continued repetition of old sermons,—unless they are better than we can write,—and we, therefore, on the present occasion, shall admonish our hearers (*readers* we should have said) of their obligations to a proper observance of the day,—considering them as divided into three classes only,—that is to say, the *Rich*, the *Poor*, and those who stand between these two divisions of society, belonging

to neither, and yet mingling with both, and holding them together as one body politic, like the cement or the solder which the mechanic uses to make different materials cohere and form one indivisible mass.

"I. Go to, now, ye Rich men, rejoice and be thankful in the abundance of your possessions. Ye have sought out the way to wealth, and God hath given you a prosperous issue. He hath sent home your ships laden with the riches of distant climes; they have been wafted over bottomless gulfs by his auspicious gales; his hand hath kept them on the surface of ruffled oceans; and his lamp, in the northern sky, hath guided them across pathless wastes of waters to their destination. His rains have watered your ground, and your thirsty furrows have drunk in fatness from his clouds and his dews. His creative energies have covered your fields with food for man and beast, and your pastures with beasts of burden and animals for your service. Your garments are not moth-eaten, nor your gold and silver cankered. Thieves have not robbed you of your treasure, nor the fire consumed your substance. Your *cents* have swelled to *dollars*, and your *dollars* have brightened to *eagles*. Down, down on your knees and worship,—not your dollars and eagles, your ships and store-houses, your fields and flocks,—but **HIM**, who gave them, and permits you to enjoy them; **HIM**, who hath appointed you his treasurers and almoners, and will call upon you to give a strict account of your stewardship; who will allow you large *commissions* for that which you employ in his service; and will exact *compound interest* for all you mis-spend in wantonness

and riotous living. Be thankful, moreover, that ye live in a land where Honor waits on Wealth, and oft-times goes, ‘a pilgrim gray,’ to worship at its shrine. Here no despotic prince justifies an assessment on your purse, *because* it contains what he wants, nor lays claim to your teeth, while he gives you the privilege of redeeming them at the price of thousands of each. Whatever has been given you,—all that you have,—is yours, and with it you may purchase distinction, service, honor, praise, gratitude, happiness. Rejoice, then, O rich man, in thy wealth, and let it cheer thy heart and delight thine eyes; but know thou, that unless thou render to the Giver praise and thanksgiving, God will bring thee unto judgement.

. . . . Wealthy men, that have estates to lose,
Whose conscious thoughts are full of inward guilt,
May shake with horror,
To have their actions sifted, or to appear
Before their Judge.

But

That man is blest, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renowned;
His house, *the seat of wealth*, shall be
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honors crowned.

“ II. Ye, Poor,—(or rather ye, who call yourselves poor,—for in this goodly land we have no such poor, as starve in other countries,)—thank God, and take courage. If he has not given you riches beyond your capacity to calculate, he has given you skilful hands, intelligent heads, innocent hearts, moderate desires, economical habits, health, strength, resolution, perse-

verance,— and are not these the never-failing auxiliaries to competence, to affluence, to wealth? Have you not the privilege of exercising all these faculties, and of enjoying all that their exercise produces, without the annoyances, which assail the bosom of him, who cannot invest his income so fast as it increases? Bless God, with all your hearts, that your sleep is not disturbed by dreams of desolating tempests,— that you may lie down to your rest, without dread of the midnight-robb^r,— that you are not the prey of sharpers, — that the *fall of stocks* produces no loss of appetite at breakfast,— that the *rates of exchange* affect not the flavor of your dinner, and that neither *sub-treasurers*, nor *fiscal agents* can run away with the money you have earned to purchase a supper. If you are too weak to labor, and if sickness has thrown you into a state of dependence upon the bounty of others for support, still you may thank God, that he has put it into the hearts of men to provide relief for the poor and him who hath no home. Be grateful to Him who hath moved the rich to supply your necessities, to feed you, as thousands of them will, THIS DAY, with comforts and even luxuries, and while, with ordinary words of courtesy, you thank your fellow-mortals, let the incense of a grateful heart rise up for a memorial before that throne, around which all must hereafter be gathered, when the rich and the poor, the small and the great, shall be called to give an account of their deeds.

“ III. If the *rich* and the *poor* have cause for thanksgiving and praise, how much greater obligation is imposed on you,— ye on whom God hath bestowed

the blessing so ardently desired by the son of Jakeh—‘ Give me neither poverty nor riches ; ’— Give me not riches, ‘ lest I be full and deny thee ; ’— Give me not poverty, ‘ lest I steal and take the name of the Lord in vain.’ If you have what content and decency require, and covet not superfluous pomp and wealth, let your thankfulness be manifested by the temperate use of the ‘ creature comforts,’ and the cheerfulness which takes the ‘ buffets and rewards of fortune with equal thanks,’ and that independence, which never fawns upon wealth, nor truckles to power. Thank God, heartily, that you are not a slave to the demon of the mine, nor a worshiper of the idol of ambition. Above all, thank Him that he has not abandoned you to the trade of the politician, nor, in his wrath given you up to that most despicable of all desires, the hankering for an office. Bless him that you are not the progeny of the horse-leech, whose daughters never cease to cry, ‘ Give, Give,’ nor of the generation of those, (O how lofty are their eyes !) that never say, ‘ It is enough ! ’

Thrice happy he,
To whom the wise indulgency of Heaven,
With sparing hand, *but just enough* has given.

“ And now, ‘ let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter ; ’ and it is this : — There is no sensible man who, on looking back to the incidents of the past year, the *prosperous* condition of the *industrious* classes of our citizens, and the reasonable prospects of a continuance of that prosperity, will deny that we are, as a people, highly blessed, and ought to be happy. The questions connected with our domestic politics, about which there is so much complaining and scolding,

which are used by one party or another, as the mere weapons with which to carry on a mutual political warfare, are, in truth, when compared with the *general* progress of improvement and increase of wealth and its advantages, very insignificant matters. The number of people who are directly affected in their property and occupations by the running away of public defaulters, the frauds of the directors of moneyed institutions, and the unsettled state of the rates of exchange, is, after all, but a very little fraction of our twenty millions. Compared with the millions, who pursue 'the even tenor of their way,' willing to work and contented with the reasonable profits arising from the products of their industry, the brokers who live by selling worthless stocks, and the speculators who get cheated in the purchase, form but a contemptible part of the whole. Those who have traded in the valuable commodity, called *Politics*, with small capitals, and have not yet been able to procure an office, are perhaps the only class of our citizens, who are really entitled to compassion, and whose right to grumble will not be disputed. We would not undertake to say that a disappointed office-seeker has any cause of thankfulness, for he does not find even commiseration. There is no one to mourn for him, and of course he receives no *pity* to be grateful for. But *such* should form no exception to the *general* invitation to thanksgiving. Let men all unite this day in cheerful thankfulness, in pious gratitude, to the Giver of all Good;—

For should our thanks awake the rising sun,
And lengthen as his latest shadows run,
That, though the longest day, would soon, too soon, be done."

Nov. 25, 1841.

THE NEW YEAR.

" Readers ! we salute you with the best wishes of our heart for your happiness, health and prosperity. Grace and remembrance to you all, and welcome to the pleasures and privileges, the satisfactions and immunities of the new-born year. May Happiness court you in her best array ! Wisdom, the incorruptible Spirit of the Lover of souls, be the companion of your way ! Peace and Prosperity attend upon your enterprizes !

And all the ruins of distressful times
Repaired with double riches of Content.

" The face of the New Year wears an auspicious smile. It promises a reward to industry, success to enterprize, melioration to misfortune, security to wealth, relief to poverty, peace and the 'assurance of quietness' to all. Our country, we believe, has seldom been in a more prosperous condition. With foreign nations it has no quarrel, nor any cause of dispute that may not be adjusted by fair and liberal-minded negotiation. The differences among ourselves, though noisy, and sometimes pushed on to uncomfortable extremities, excite the wonder of foreigners. Europeans who visit us, and who come from scenes where poverty and destitution prevail, are astonished at the contention and clamor, which are continually kept alive, in regard to elections ; and the causes, when they can be made to understand them, appear insignificant, when compared with the provocations to complaint, riot and insurrection, which are of almost

daily occurrence in the old world. Happy, indeed, are we, as a people, beyond all other nations, but how unspeakably more blessed, could we shake off the shackles of the Spirit of Party,—a tyrannical sovereign, ruling with a rod of iron its *willing* subjects, and pursuing the *reluctant* with the venom of the serpent and the ferocity of the tiger.

If the New Year affords promise of peace and prosperity to the nation, it looks with an eye not less propitious on the condition and pursuits of the various members of the body politic. Our cities and seaports are full of life and activity. The exchange of merchandize between distant portions of our country, and between those portions and realms beyond the seas, is carried on with a rapidity, unexampled in the history of all former ages. The atmosphere of our manufacturing villages is turbulent with the buzzing of machinery; and the grounds of the husbandman bring forth plentifully. In our own beloved city, the architect, the carpenter, and the mason, are rearing almost innumerable edifices,—some on spots heretofore vacant, and others in place of the decayed and incommodious,—for the residences of the industrious and the wealthy, or stores and warehouses for the reception of the products of both hemispheres, while our streets are rendered almost impassable by the constant procession of wagons, trucks, and other vehicles transporting those products from one purchaser or vender to another. Surely such indications of prosperous activity may justify the belief that this New Year *is* a happy one, and the wish that it may continue as it is to its close.

To friends and readers of every description, we repeat the salutations of the season. May the Young rejoice in their youth, and the glorious prospect that opens before them an opportunity of improvement in all that can render life a mutual and a personal blessing. May the Old rejoice in the consciousness of duty performed, responsibility discharged, the ends of life accomplished,—not forgetting that “The hours have wings, and we are grown too old to overtake them.” May the Statesman rejoice in the conscientious performance of the obligations imposed by patriotism and public spirit,—the Judge in the impartial distribution of law and justice,—the Lawyer in faithfulness to his clients, and his Clients in well disposed ability to reward his fidelity,—the Doctor in the returning health of his patients, and They in the grateful remembrance of his services,—the Clergyman in the privilege (and a holy privilege it is) of preparing souls for the enjoyment of a future life by living virtuously here, and of leading the way to a brighter and a purer world. May the Farmer rejoice in the bountiful product of his fields, and the overflowing richness of his barns,—the Merchant in the accumulation of the profits of an honorable traffic,— the Mechanic in the liberal compensation of honest industry,— the Sailor in a happy deliverance from all his perils, and a return to wife, children, and friends, laden with rewards for the hardships and the hazard of his profession. In brief, may all the Good rejoice in the possession of a conscience void of offence towards God and towards all men,—may the Wicked rejoice that they have a day for repentance and reformation,

— and may All of us rejoice in the exercise of that
“charity which never faileth : ” —

All glory else besides ends with our breath,
And men's respects scarce bring us to our grave ;
But this of doing good must outlive Death,
And have a right out of the right it gave.
Though the act but few, the example profiteth
Thousands, that shall thereby a blessing have.
The world's respect grows not but on deserts ;
Power may have knees, but Justice hath our hearts.

January 1, 1844.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Reader ! The old familiar Charioteer, whose wing never tires, and who seeks no rest for the sole of his foot till he plants it on the shore of eternity, has, again, brought us near to one of those points, which measure the distances in the pathway of life. He will not lay down his scythe and hour-glass, nor will he pause a single moment for us to survey the ground over which he has carried us. Let us, therefore, while the moment is before our eyes, and before we are hurried beyond it, open the book of Memory, and see what records stand upon its pages, to admonish, to console, or to encourage us in our future career.

In the first place, let us examine our own personal accounts, and see how we stand with ourselves. Have we made any progress in the Science of Life ? Have we derived any improvement from the scenes through which we have passed ? or have we remained dull and thoughtless, or sunk back into still deeper abysses of ignorance and stupidity, while all around us has

been glowing with the effulgence of Heaven and radiant with the beams of knowledge and truth? Have we purified our souls from the dross of selfishness, have we stifled in our bosoms the instigations of envy, and repressed the querulous aspirations of avarice? Or have we submitted to the government of unworthy and vindictive passions, and suffered ourselves to be the victims of dishonorable and degrading appetites and propensities, while others have fought manfully with the powers of darkness and obtained a glorious victory?

In the next place, what have we done as members of the social compact, to promote intelligence, virtue, and the refinements which improve and brighten the intercourse of neighbors and friends? Have we stretched out our hands to feed the hungry, to console the afflicted, to raise the down-trodden, to enlighten the ignorant, to support the falling, and to stop the progress of the reckless and unthinking in the downward path to perdition? What have we done to relieve the oppressed and to break the chains of the slave? How have we manifested the sense of our obligations imposed by the great command,—*Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself?* Have we been obedient to the “golden rule”—“*Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them?*”

And lastly, what have we done for our country, its prosperity and its peace? As citizens of the republic, have we been jealous of its honor, active in preserving its name from reproach, prompt and persevering in our attempts to preserve the health and soundness of the body politic, to secure a just and

virtuous administration, to keep all our public political institutions free from the corrupting influence of demagogues, and our public offices of profit and honor from becoming the prey of the idle, the worthless, and the vicious? Hast thou, reader,—or hast thou not,—made a compromise with thy conscience for the sake of popularity, and advocated measures which thou knewest to be wrong, through fear of the censures, or sneers, or reproach, of a senseless rabble, led on by factious ringleaders and selfish profligates? Hast thou conscientiously performed thy duty at the polls, and disregarding the dictation of party and discarding the influence of political associations, voted for such men as thou didst truly believe better qualified than their opponents for the offices which they were respectively proposed to fill? Hast thou, while with tongue-valiant eloquence thou hast arraigned thy rulers as violators of the constitution, and legally and morally obnoxious to impeachment and removal from office, still, with inconceivable inconsistency, when the patriotic paroxysm was passed, declared that their wicked measures must be supported, and called upon thy fellow-citizens to aid in carrying on and perpetuating a policy which thou hast thyself denounced as immoral, unjust and atrocious? Hast thou,—but let us close the book, and spare further question. If thou or we can retrace the records and read them with a smile, checked by no “compunctionous visitings of conscience,” we may fearlessly bid Old Time renew his speed and hasten the rewards of a well-spent life.

All things are changing, and man is ever anticipating pleasure from change. Business men, studying

their own gratification or convenience, generally avail themselves of this season to adopt such changes in regard to newspapers as may seem best adapted to their tastes, inclinations, prejudices, or partialities. Reader! we may perhaps have traveled with you for years; perhaps only a few months. The intercourse has been pleasant to us;—we hope it has not been otherwise to you. Shall we pursue our journey together another year? or shall this day close our communion and bring our fellowship to an end? If this be our last interchange of thought and sentiment, let us part in peace, and with sincere reciprocations of good-will. We thank you for all favors, for which, if you have not received an equivalent, the charge must be made against our ability and not our purpose. If, on the other hand, reader, overlooking all our shortcomings, you continue in our company, we will do all that in us lies to make the journey agreeable. Our salutations to-morrow, like the farewell of to-day, may be of a more serious character than the occasion demands, but let something be pardoned to circumstances and the spirit of despondence.* We will hereafter endeavor to be more cheerful, to put on a more business-like aspect, and to let unavailing remembrances of the Past lose themselves in aspirations, and labors, and hopes for the Future.

* An allusion to the recent death of one, with whom I had lived more than forty years in the dearest relation of which this mortal state is susceptible,—a wife and mother, whose life and soul, whose labors and desires were consecrated, with intense solicitude, to the moral and social welfare of her family, and around whom the affectionate pride of husband and children clustered with passionate devotion.

O what were life,
Even in the warm and summer-light of joy,
Without those Hopes, that, like refreshing gales
At evening from the sea, come o'er the soul,
Breathed from the Ocean of Eternity?
— And O ! without them, who could bear the storms,
That fall in roaring blackness o'er the waves
Of agitated life? *These* Hopes arise
All round our sinking souls, like those fair birds
O'er whose soft plumes the tempest hath no power,
Waving their snow-white wings amid the darkness,
And wiling us, with gentle motion, on
To some calm island ; on whose silvery strand
Dropping at once, they fold their silent pinions, —
And, as we touch the shores of Paradise,
In love and beauty walk around our feet !

December 31, 1846.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

MISS ELIZABETH BOND, daughter of George Bond, Esq. of Boston. We cannot refrain from an expression of personal sympathy with those to whom all the ordinary efforts of consolation must be unavailing if not valueless. How poor, how feeble, how inefficient are the usual appliances of even the dearest friends, in healing the lacerated and broken heart, or reuniting those delicate fibres of the affections which have been separated by the ruthless hand of the Destroyer of human hopes! There are parents, who know that Time, the great *alleviator* of sorrow, is too slow in his operations to *cure* the wound. Other children may be spared to soothe with filial kindness, — to please with the blandishments of youth and beauty,

— to encourage with promises of usefulness, — to gratify with attainments in every accomplishment that embellishes life, — but, alas ! the parent can never forget the bud, torn from the stem, when just opening to drink in the beams of the morning sun. For bereavements of this sort the world affords no consolation ; and they who tell us to take comfort in that which is left, mistake the nature of parental affection, and have never felt the agonies, for which they are so prompt to recommend an antidote. The only relief is the strong persuasion that the Creator of our affections will permit, in another state of existence, a reunion of those beings which he had here mysteriously bound together ; and to parents, upheld and sustained by this faith, the River of Death is but a narrow stream, deprived of its depth and chillness by the soft invitation, — *come up hither !* — from the child that has triumphantly landed on the other side.

November, 1833.

DR. JOHN RANDALL, whose decease it was our melancholy duty to record, a few days ago, was a man, to whom the world was more indebted than to many an individual, whose name is blazoned on the roll of fame, and whose marble image may stand in a conspicuous niche in the gallery of the wealthy, the ambitious, and the proud. The mention of his name will not recall the history of deeds of martial heroism, nor make the hearer shudder at the recollection of vices which have cursed mankind ; but it will elicit from many an humble and feeling soul, a blessing and a prayer : — a blessing for his deeds of kindness, and

a prayer for the repose of his spirit in the bosom of its Father.

Dr. Randall was a native of Stow, in the county of Middlesex. He was a graduate of Harvard College, of the class of 1802,—a class which has been celebrated for the eminent talent of many of its members, and among whom Dr. Randall was by no means undistinguished. Ex-Governor Lincoln, the Rev. Dr. Nichols of Portland, James T. Austin, the ex-attorney-general of this commonwealth, Alexander Townsend, and Leverett Saltonstall of Salem, were of this class. Dr. Randall pursued his medical studies under the celebrated Doctor John Jeffries, of this city, and commenced the practice of his profession about the year 1805. His urbanity of manners, his punctuality in attendance upon patients, and his proverbial tenderness in the chambers of sickness, rendered him an uncommon favorite, and secured an extensive practice. No physician ever labored with more fidelity for the relief of those committed to his care, and we trust we shall not be accused of injustice to other members of his profession, if we should say, that no one was more disinterested in his visits, for they were often made to those whose poverty precluded the expectation of reward. As a friend and social companion he was agreeable and attractive, and had the faculty of delighting those with whom he conversed with his varied acquirements in universal science, and the freedom with which he communicated his thoughts. He was a man of high moral principle, and understood and practised the requirements of social life with a degree of exactness, which showed that he felt the responsi-

bilities of a man and a Christian. But we feel that we are unable to write his eulogy. That privilege belongs to some one of those, who enjoyed his youthful friendship at Harvard, or of one of his professional cotemporaries, whose respect and confidence he early acquired, and retained to the last. We have lost a friend,—society an ornament and benefactor,—his family a husband and a parent; but to them he has left an imperishable legacy, in the remembrance of his virtues.

December, 1843.

MRS. POWELL. It is not altogether unprofitable or unpleasing to look over the records of the “relentless Past” and to watch, in Memory’s mirror, the apparitions of pleasures, which “come like shadows, so depart.” The sorrow, which the heart pours out upon the shroud and the coffin, is alleviated by the recollection of the virtues of the dead, which they conceal; while Affection dwells with melancholy satisfaction upon visions of former delights, and Respect lingers around the last sad remaining evidences of what was once the object of its admiration. If it be true that “Honor and shame from no *condition* rise,” and that all honor lies in the proper acting of the part allotted to us in the dispensation of that Providence, which acts by *general laws*, it is superfluous to offer an apology for recording the lives of those, who, by the exercise of private virtues or the display of talents before the public, have adorned their profession, or contributed to the real improvement or harmless re-creation of society.

These, and a long train of similar thoughts occurred on noticing the death of MRS. ELIZABETH POWELL,—a lady whose talents exhibited in a public character, and whose exemplary domestic virtues secured to her, during a long life, the affectionate respect of a large portion of the people of this city. The profession to which Mrs. Powell belonged is not one which now occupies an elevated position in public estimation. What causes may have operated to render the profession of an actor less worthy of esteem than it was thirty years ago, it is not our present purpose to inquire, or to explain. But in the palmiest days of Boston theatricals, when familiar social intercourse with those, who by their talents could furnish living illustrations of the poetical creations of Shakspeare and Otway, of Goldsmith and Sheridan, of Colman and Mrs. Inchbald, an acquaintance with Mrs. Powell was an honor, which all might seek for without reproach, and which all, who obtained, considered a fortunate accident.

It was at the commencement of the year 1794, at the opening of the Federal-street Theatre, by Charles Stuart Powell, that Elizabeth Harrison, then about twenty years old, was first seen by the public of Boston. Her youth and beauty, her varied and extensive talent, the uniform propriety of her deportment, and above all the irreproachable purity of her moral character, rendered her a universal favorite. In the course of that year, she became the wife of Snelling Powell, the brother of the gentleman mentioned above, and who, himself, was afterwards, and for many years, the manager of the same theatre. With the

exception of a single season, that of 1800–1801,—we believe Mrs. Powell was a member of the *corps theatrical* in Boston, until she took final leave of the stage about fifteen years ago. To those who have been her contemporaries on the stage of life, and witnessed her various representations on that stage, to which human life for its shadowy shortness has been often beautifully compared, we need not say that Mrs. Powell was always in the leading character of the drama, whether it were tragedy or comedy. There are yet living, many who delight to dwell on her simple but beautiful personation of *Juliet*, her elegant and fashionable *Lady Townly*, the terrible and indignant outpouring of sorrow in *Constance*, the devoted love and heroic resentment of *Elvira*, the awfully sublime resolution, and subsequent more awful remorse of *Lady Macbeth*, the calm dignity of *Portia*, the fascinating sprightliness and wit of *Letitia Hardy* and *Lady Teazle*; and time and space would fail us were we to attempt a review of all her dramatic characters. Not many of the present play-going people have been witnesses of these performances, and they could hardly be made to feel the force of our reminiscences. Still a few remain, to whom these hints will be sufficient to call up from the “vasty deep” of Memory’s chest, potent remembrances that “such things were, and were most dear.”

But it was not upon the stage alone that Mrs. Powell exhibited her claims to honorable remembrance. As a wife, a mother, and a friend, she had a more enduring character, and in this she manifested all the virtues which make the domestic hearth an earthly

heaven. She was the mother of a large family, of whom she might truly be said to have been the guardian angel. Through many trials and vicissitudes, incident to her professional life, she maintained for herself and them a dignified and respectable position in society. In the early part of their life, Mr. and Mrs. Powell often had experience of the embarrassments arising from narrow means and a limited income; but during that period, as well as in later years, when, at the head of a flourishing and popular theatrical establishment, fortune placed them in affluent circumstances, she never faltered in the path of duty. Neither in adversity nor prosperity, did she ever forget that she was a wife and a mother, nor did she ever fail to fulfil to the utmost of her power the deep responsibilities attached to that sacred character.

Such is an incomplete outline of the character of Mrs. Powell, as we knew her, in part from personal acquaintance and better from the testimony of more familiar friends.

December, 1843.

Sad and painful is the service we perform in announcing the death of Mrs. LOUISA ANN BIGELOW, wife of the Hon. John P. Bigelow, of this city,—an event which took place in London, on the 23d of October. It will be recollected that Mrs. Bigelow, with her son,—“the only child of his mother,”—took passage in the Anglo-Saxon, which sailed from this port in May last, for Liverpool. The vessel was wrecked on Duck Island, near Nova Scotia, and Mrs.

Bigelow, with other passengers, was several days exposed to the cold and foggy atmosphere, without other shelter than such as could be temporarily erected on an uninhabited shore. She returned to Boston, and being anxious to revisit the scenes and the friends of her childhood, and to recruit, if possible, her declining health, she again took passage in the steamer Cambria, which sailed hence for Liverpool on the first of July. After visiting Scotland and France, she returned to London in September, suffering evidently under a disease that defied the skill of the best medical advisers of that metropolis. Still hope was entertained that some alleviating interval might occur, during which she might be able to re-embark for home. But steamer after steamer came and brought no encouragement, and hope was often defeated. The Washington, which arrived at New-York on Tuesday, was the bearer of a letter from her son, announcing the fatal termination of the lingering disease. Mrs. Bigelow was about forty-seven years old. She was the daughter of Mr. D. L. Brown,—a gentleman who for many years was well and favorably known as a teacher of drawing, in Boston,—and was born in Liverpool. She had received the advantages of a thorough education, and was eminently qualified to interest and adorn the best moral, intellectual and refined society. In such society she had formed associations that will never be forgotten but with the oblivion of memory itself. None conversed with her without admiring,—none, who knew her, can receive the tidings of her death, without a sigh of regret for their own loss and a pang of sympathy for the husband and the son,

whose bereavement Time cannot repair. On occasions like this, all expressions of sympathy are unavailing. They may reach the ear, but the bereft heart refuses the offering, and leaves to others the commiseration that is tendered with sincerity and kindness. The only relief is to be found in that faith which looks forward to a re-union. May that faith be liberally administered to the sufferers, by HIM who was its author and finisher, and who has assured us that where He is, there also shall his followers be.

November 12, 1849.

"In the midst of life we are in death." A melancholy and startling illustration of this sacred truth,—which is in every-day use, but which is heard only to be forgotten with the closing of the lips that utter it,—occurred on Wednesday last, in the death of ABEL PHELPS,—a man whose appearance exhibited almost unerring indications of long life. Of robust frame and manly proportions, his movements were sprightly and vigorous, and a limner might have selected him as a model for a picture of health. But what strength of nerve and what activity of muscle can stand before the assault of Fever, that potent minister of the King of Terrors? Mr. Phelps was sick but ten days, and but fourteen revolutions of our little globe saw him in State-street, busy with business men, and a silent tenant of a grave at Mount Auburn. As a merchant, Mr. Phelps was a man of strict integrity,—as a citizen, no blot rests upon his name. He came to Boston about thirty years ago, with no capital but good habits, good principles, and firm resolutions. By the untiring exer-

cise of these qualities, he accumulated a property that, in a few years, would have made him independent. He entered with liberal and honorable feeling into many of the public enterprizes of the day, and was especially active in promoting the construction of the railroads which diverge from our city to the interior of New-England. He had recently purchased a farm in Watertown, on which he had erected a habitation combining comfort, convenience and pleasure, where it was his purpose to spend the remainder of life in dispensing happiness to his family and hospitality to his friends. And there, alas ! he did pass the poor and short remainder of his life. Only a month,—one little month of enjoyment,—and *all is over*. We would not invade the sacredness of the domestic circle, that is left to lament the removal of an affectionate husband and father, by an offering of sympathy that can have no power to allay the agonies of grief ; but, as one who had enjoyed the friendship of the man while living, we may be permitted to pay this tribute of respect to his character,—a character which was made up of integrity and kindness,—of private worth and public spirit,—of faithfulness as a friend, and of honor as a man. Peace to his ashes ! The consolations of Heaven to his widow and orphans !

September, 1848.

If it be a blessing to live long, and to see the work of one's own hands established, HARRISON GRAY OTIS has been happy beyond the common lot of his cotemporaries. He filled a large field in the public vision for more than half a century. In early life,

conspicuous for rare intellectual accomplishments, admired for blandness and urbanity of manners, and sprung from a race of statesmen and patriots, the people of his native state gave him their confidence without measure, and clothed him with distinguished honors, at an age when neither physical nor mental faculties are supposed to have reached to maturity. As an extemporaneous speaker he was seldom equaled, — probably not surpassed by any one of his generation. His language was pure and refined; his sentences correctly and harmoniously constructed; his action attractive and graceful. His mind was well stored with the glittering wealth of classical literature, with which he enriched his speeches, even on topics comparatively unimportant, while on subjects of greater weight, and where serious and important interests were involved, the golden gems of antiquity were used to lighten the pressure of an argument that could not be overthrown by an adversary, or to succor those who were sinking under a pathos that feeling could not resist.

As a lawyer and an advocate at the bar, Mr. Otis made but a step in order to reach an enviable eminence in his profession. That path which is so rugged and thorny as to discourage many at its entrance, and through which the great majority labor with painful solicitude, he leaped over at a single effort. His aid as a counselor was sought at an age when most young lawyers are happy to find employment in the humbler character of juniors.

Mr. Otis had so distinguished himself in the courts and in popular assemblies, that he was elected a rep-

representative to Congress, as soon, we believe, as he was constitutionally qualified by age. His career as a member of the House of Representatives was honorable to himself and to the commonwealth. He afterwards filled the offices of Speaker of the House of Representatives, and President of the Senate of Massachusetts. For several years he was judge of the Boston Court of Common Pleas. He was a member of the Massachusetts Senate in 1814, and was one of that select band of statesmen and patriots that met at Hartford in December of that year, to deliberate on the condition of public affairs; a convention that political malignity,—aided by the willfulness of party spirit and that ignorance which delights to wander in mist and darkness,—has rendered immortal.

Mr. Otis was a candidate for the office of governor of the commonwealth, after the resignation of Governor Brooks, but a change in the popular feeling, and the dismemberment of the federal party, of which he had always been a conspicuous leader, gave the election to his political opponent. In the year 1829, and for several successive years, he was elected mayor of the city of Boston. On retiring from the mayoralty, he withdrew from all public employment, and resided in his elegant mansion on Beacon-street, enjoying the respect of his fellow-citizens, the comforts of affluence, and, we doubt not, the consolations that must always accompany the consciousness of having performed the requirements of patriotism and the obligations of humanity, with faithfulness and truth.

Mr. Otis had been for many years afflicted with

gout, which occasionally confined him to his house, and rendered locomotion uncomfortable and almost impracticable. Yet he frequently visited the towns and villages around Boston, in his carriage, and was by no means a stranger on the Exchange in State-street, where he always received the pressure of friendly hands, and returned the greeting with unaffected cheerfulness. Though his head was covered with the frost of age, his eye still sparkled and his cheek still glowed with the freshness of youth. But "Death will have his day." The "counselor and the eloquent orator" is taken from us. Millions, who were born after him, have gone before him. Let not the tear which flows for his death dim the lustre of our gratitude for the brilliant example of his life.

October, 1848.

The recent death of HENRY ROBINSON is an event which cannot be passed over without some token of regret by one, at least, of those to whom he was known as an estimable citizen, and a faithful friend. He was a native of Coventry in England, and came to this country, we believe, more than forty years ago. His first employment on his arrival was in the office of Messrs. Wait & Co. New-York, exchange brokers, then extensively known and enjoying the confidence of the business community. Such was Mr. Robinson's industry and fidelity in the interest of his employers, that they soon made him a partner in their concern, and established a branch of their business, with Mr. Robinson at the head of it, in Philadelphia ; continuing in the same connection, he removed to Baltimore,

where he remained several years, and laid the foundation of a business which resulted in securing him an ample fortune. Observing the success which had followed the project of lighting the city of Baltimore with gas, he came to Boston about twenty years ago, and invested his whole property,—the savings of years of industry and economy,—in the gas works, which now illumine the streets, and many of the stores and private mansions of our city. Many will recollect the obstacles that lay in his path, and with what indefatigable perseverance he fought till he gained the victory. Such was his confidence in the final success of the plan, that he hesitated not to invest in it his last dollar, reducing himself and family to the hazard of a life of poverty and want. Those from whom he expected, and from whom he had a right to expect, aid and encouragement, received his representations with coldness, or repulsed his application with unfeeling and cowardly selfishness. But his resolution was unappalled, and at length the resources of his own mind provided the means of relief and of ultimate success,—a success from which the good people of this city have derived a public and permanent benefit. Indeed, few of our citizens have better claims to the name of public benefactor.

Mr. Robinson was a man of warm and generous feeling,—punctual to all his engagements,—acting frequently from quick and powerful impulses, but his impulses were generally of a kind, liberal, and social character. The money which he earned by enterprize and hard labor, he shared freely with all who had claims on his bounty; and the open-heartedness with

which he listened to the representations of embarrassed friends or speculating neighbors, not unfrequently subjected him to losses, from which the calculations of the more cunning and avaricious are generally secure. Public-spirited as a citizen, scrupulously honorable as a man of business, affectionately liberal as a friend, one who knew him, had enjoyed his friendship, and had received undoubted demonstration of his many virtues, inscribes this voluntary tribute of truth and respect to his memory.

November, 1848.

The heavens were clouded,—and I heard the tone
Of a slow-moving bell :—*the white-haired man was gone.*

The year which has just closed, has been signalized by the death of many of our fellow-citizens, respected for their public services or loved for their private virtues, and venerable for their years. Of these may be reckoned, as belonging to our city, John Quincy Adams, Jeremiah Mason, John D. Williams, and Harrison Gray Otis,—all of whom had passed far beyond the ordinary boundary allotted to human life. The opening day of the present year has been marked by the death of another, no less eminent for his personal worth, no less distinguished for many traits of character, that secured the affection and challenged the respect of the public. *On the evening of the first inst. died at his residence in Boston, PETER C. BROOKS, aged 83.* Such is the simple record, that tells a tale of mortality; that adds one more to the innumerable revelations of the oft-unheeded truth, that the happiest and most protracted life must have an

end. Mr. Brooks's death was attended by no sickness or suffering. It was the natural decay of the physical powers, the mere suspension of sensation. The silver cord was gently loosed. The motion of the wheel at the cistern grew faint and feeble. It stopped and made no noise. Without fluttering, the vital spark departed, and the mortal was clothed with immortality.

In early life, Mr. Brooks was a distinguished member of this commercial and industrious community. He was not *technically* a merchant; but was initiated, while yet a boy, in the maxims, laws, and operations of Insurance. When he became a man, he opened an insurance office in Boston, on his own responsibility. Of course his business relations were chiefly with merchants and that class of people, whose intelligence and enterprize connects realm to realm, spreads knowledge, science and luxury across the globe, and opens, to the favorites of fortune, the avenues to competence, riches, and independence. As an underwriter,—generally on marine risks,—it is understood that Mr. Brooks laid the foundation of the wealth for which he was renowned. But we believe that the basis of his prosperity was laid deep in the virtues of his heart, and the wisdom of his judgement,—in prudence, economy, an untainted love of justice, and an inflexible adherence to the unalterable laws of integrity,—the unmistakeable dictates of the spirit of uprightness. As a man of business, he was exact, but not illiberal,—conscientious, but not narrow in his dealings. Honorable and open-hearted in all his transactions, and scrupulous in the performance of

every obligation, he enjoyed the unlimited confidence of his fellow-citizens.

Mr. Brooks was often called to the discharge of important public trusts. He was several times placed in the senate of the commonwealth, where his sober judgement and sagacious foresight obtained a more than common share of influence. He was also repeatedly a member of the executive council, and the personal and confidential friend of Caleb Strong and John Brooks,—and no man need to covet higher honor. He was an active member and officer of several religious and philanthropic societies, the records of which bear testimony that he not only devised liberal things, but that he was among the foremost to contribute of his substance for the promotion of their benevolent designs.

It is many years since Mr. Brooks withdrew from public employment, and from the bustling scene of mercantile traffic. The improvement of his farm at Medford,—inherited, we believe, from his father,—was a favorite occupation. His researches into the theory, his skill in the practice, and his successful experiments in the science of agriculture, rendered his example contagious among his neighbors, the farmers of the county of Middlesex. He was an original member of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society, and was careful to extend the influence of that institution, and to elevate the character of the husbandman. He was a practical believer in the doctrine that the earth was made for man, and that man was made for the earth, “to dress and to keep it.” The grounds about his residence, where Nature

has been *aided* rather than *changed* by art and labor, illustrate the beautiful force of his obedience to that divine command, and the elegant simplicity of unsophisticated taste in rural retirement.

Mr. Brooks was reputed to be the wealthiest man in New-England. We know not how that may be, but no possessor of riches was ever more unostentatious than he. With the undoubtedly amplest means for the gratification of a disposition for that display, which fixes the gaze, and feeds the envy of unthinking millions, he was proverbially modest and unassuming. There was no gaudy show in his equipage, no arrogance in his talk, no swagger in his gait, no averting of his eye from those he knew and knew to be poor, no jostling of the aspiring young whom he might meet on the Exchange. In his personal appearance and public demeanor there was no indication that he thought himself better than those who deemed themselves respectable, no manifestations of that pride which communicates discomfort and disgust to all who are brought within the circle of its vision. To those who had occasion to borrow and availed themselves of his ability to lend, (and the number of such was not small,) Mr. Brooks was uniformly courteous and obliging, and we hazard no contradiction in saying, that he never took advantage of times of scarcity to increase his wealth, by taking unlawful interest, or made the necessity of his neighbor contribute to his affluence.

In the domestic establishment of Mr. Brooks, sobriety and temperance were strictly and conscientiously observed; but his sobriety was not stinginess, his

temperance was not abstinence ; his prudence was not parsimony, nor his economy avarice. His hospitality was without stint, his welcome without disguise. His deportment at the social board was cheerful, pleasant, and sometimes sportive. With a willing disposition to communicate happiness whenever he came in contact with his fellow-men, Mr. Brooks could not be otherwise than loving, affectionate, beloved, and honored in his *family*. But of the parental and filial relations, it does not become us to speak. Their character, and the efficacy of his example and instruction, may be seen in the characters and habits of his children, who, we presume, are the inheritors of the principal part of his wealth, and on whom the mantle of his integrity and honor descends. To them he has left a legacy better than silver and gold,—the fragrance of an unspotted life and the remembrance of an undisturbed and gentle death, illustrating the description of the sacred poet : —

His hands, while they his alms bestowed,
His glory's future harvest sowed,
Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown,
A temporal and eternal crown.
His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his seed convey.
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives, and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

January, 1849.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE ENTRANCE OF THE NEW CENTURY,
1ST JANUARY, 1801.

Translated from the German of Schiller.

BY THE REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

To * * *.

Noble friend ! where now to Peace, worn-hearted,
Where to Freedom is a refuge-place ?
The old century has in storm departed,
And the new with carnage starts its race.

And the bond of nations flies asunder,
And the ancient forms rush to decline ;
Not the ocean hems the warring thunder,
Not the hill-god and the ancient Rhine.

Two imperious nations are contending
For one empire's universal field ;
Liberty from every people rending,
Thunderbolt and trident do they wield.

Theirs the wealth of every country's labor ;
And like Brennus in the barbarous days,
See, the daring Frank his iron sabre
In the balances of justice lays.

The grasping Briton his trade-fleets, like mighty
Arms of the ocean polypus, doth spread,
And the realm of unbound Amphitrite
Would he girdle like his own homestead.

To the south pole's unseen constellations
Pierce his keels, unhindered, resting not ;
All the isles, all coasts of farthest nations,
Spies he, — all but Eden's sacred spot.

Ah ! in vain on charts of all Earth's order
 Mayst thou seek that bright and blessed shore,
 Where the green of Freedom's garden border,
 Where man's prime is fresh forevermore.

Endless lies the world that thine eye traces,
 Even Commerce scarcely belts it round ;
 Yet, upon its all unmeasured spaces,
 For ten happy ones is no room found.

On the heart's holy and quiet pinion
 Must thou fly from out this rough life's throng !
 Freedom lives but within Dream's dominion,
 And the Beautiful blooms but in song.

March 8, 1837.

L I N E S ,

Written as if for the Address to be recited at the Re-opening of the FEDERAL
 STREET THEATRE, but never offered for that purpose.*

BY THE SAME.

' O'er life's quick scenes not many years have flown
 Since wondering nations hailed the " GREAT UNKNOWN."
 A world's fond wishes could not keep him long, —
 That king of fiction and that child of song ;
 He shrunk to dust who swayed our hearts at will,
 And Dryburgh's ruin shrined a nobler still.

But leave that broken spell and its lost lord ; —
 Look round to-night ; — here see the GREAT RESTORED.
 Restored to that old form we held so dear, —
 To healthful laugh and purifying tear, —
 To scenic art, the Drama's acted page,
 And all the guiltless witchcraft of the stage.

* The Boston Theatre, restored to the purpose for which it was originally built, was opened on the evening of August 27, 1846. This poem, published in the Courier of that morning, was written as a advertisement, but was not intended either for recitation or competition for the premium offered by the manager.

Restored to many a Memory's crowding host, —
Restored to every Muse it sadly lost.
Hail, the returning Spirit of the place,
Banished so long ! Hail each recovered grace ;
Hail, renewed spot ! In thee the oldest here
Call back the figures of life's magic year ;
When all seemed real in this mimic show,
And all beamed wondrous in young Fancy's glow :
When ear and sight with strange delights were fed,
As these scant boards to spacious regions spread :
When men looked giants by the painted trees,
And Mirth and Terror strove which most could please.
How the heart fluttered at the prompter's bell !
What visions faded when the curtain fell !
Not all the forms the " Wizard of the North "
In light and beauty ever summoned forth
So live and move before the thought, as those
That spoke embodied as that curtain rose.
These rounding seats a whole charmed circle grew ;
That line of foot-lights bounded worlds all new.

But think what changes here have held their sway,
Since all those tricksy Powers were forced away.
Scarce were they banished, when a rabble throng *
Of scoffing spirits gloomed these walls along.
Not fallen from Heaven, — for they were never there ; —
Their law low pleasure, and their creed despair.
No graceful ticket gave the entrance then ; —
'T was " largest liberty's " most sullen den.
No " hats off " rang the sullen ranks between ; —
What was respected ? What was to be seen ?
The audience dingy, far as eye could reach ; —
A gray-haired atheist spectacle and speech.
Was it for this, ye foemen of our art,
Who think there 's but one way to touch the heart,

* The deserted Theatre fell first into the hands of Abner Kneeland and his followers.

And that your own? — was it for this ye beat
 The genial Sisters from their ancient seat,
 Turning this intellectual, brilliant dome
 To stupid Blasphemy's disordered home?
 Was this your "Player's Lash," ye modern Prynnes? *
 To scourge enjoyments, while you beckoned sins?
 Was this your preference 'twixt the Outs and Ins?

But lo, another change like Stockwell's own!
 The DEN has vanished and a CHURCH is shown.
 More reverence than befits us here to tell,
 We yield to courts where sacred honors dwell.
 But have not they their places? Have not we?
 Has not each liberal province leave to be?
 Not every building for one use is raised,
 Nor any use is singly to be praised.
 All School — Inn — Hospital — were dull indeed; —
 Our honest Playhouse but for life would plead.

But whence the name ODEON? Here we track
 Another change in these our fortunes back.
 O Music, charming, though no word be sung!
 What stringed expression! What an air-shaped tongue!
 Far be from us the jealous heart to slight
 The listening transport of each tuneful night!
 And yet the ACADEMY's most skillful powers
 In scope and number surely yield to ours.
 Here all the Aonian maids their gifts combine: —
 And who will say that One was worth the Nine?

Another metamorphosis recall
 To Memory ranging round this scenic hall.
 As if the last Muse left had met her doom, —
 Euterpe gone, — behold a LECTURE ROOM!
 A sober uniformity bears rule,
 While old and wise here gravely come to school.
 Now, deepest learning highest truths imparts; —
 Now, Genius, Eloquence, entrance all hearts.

* Poor William Prynne's "Histrio-Mastix" was published in 1633.

But where the various splendor that here blazed ?
The various interest that here breathless gazed ?
The stage was but a chair ; the scene became
An illustration or a diagram.
The whole machinery presented then
A planetarium or a specimen.
No fictions clad in colored glories shone,
But all was real as a fossil bone.
Star-eyed Urania spoke in broadcloth suit ;
Unlaureled Clio walked without her lute.
Solid Philosophies their facts display,
As sixty patient minutes grant delay ;
Or mystic thought ideal pictures draws,
While transcendental bonnets nod applause.

Enough of this. We own, as own we must,
These walls were honored by a use so just ;
And, while they stand to win new rights to fame,
Rejoice to have been allied to LOWELL's name.

Restored ! Restored ! Well known so long a time,
These buried glories rise as in their prime.
Our tastes may change as fickle fashions fly,
But Art is safe : the Drama cannot die.
More than restored ! Whate'er the pen since wrought
Of lostiest, sprightliest, here that wealth has brought,
Whate'er the progress of the age has lent
Of purer taste and comelier ornament, —
To this our Temple it transfers its store,
And makes each point shine lovelier than before.

But more yet, — and how much ! We claim a praise
The Playhouse knew not in the ancient days.
Own us, ye hearts with moral purpose warm !
Our word Renewal adds the word Reform.
Too long the Drama's garments have been stained
By vices not her own. Accused, arraigned,
Condemned, she hopeless stood. Her fate has been
To allow, and suffer for, a foreign sin. •

Not all unjust. For foul abuses cleaved
Fast to her skirts ; though never unperceived,
Never washed out, — and thus a blame she bears,
That nothing in her nature needs or shares.
We have effaced this blot, nor more endure
In Gallery or Saloon the vicious lure.
No cups of sparkling ruin gleam below ;
No frail disgraces fill an upper row.
All bad alliances we safely spurn,
And scorn the favor we must basely earn.
To purest service of our Art we now
Its long dismantled Temple freshly vow,
And to its cause the proudest works devote
That ever Taste contrived or Genius wrote.
Come each, and help us ! Be our Drama's friend !
Some it instructs, and none it need offend.
Hearts are improved by Feeling's play and strife ;
Refined amusement humanizes life.
So wrote the Sages, whom the world admired ;
So sung the Poets, who the world inspired.
Why in New-England's Athens is decried
What old Athenian culture thought its pride ?

Again we bid our Thespian ensigns fly ;
Teach through the emotions, lecture to the eye ;
Again to Nature hold the Mirror up ;
Again our emblems, — dagger, mask and cup !
Act we, and not recite, that bard sublime,
Who "was not of an age, but for all time."
Come, friends of Virtue ! Share the feast we spread.
It loads no spirits, and it heats no head ;
But rouses forth each power of mind and soul
With food ambrosial and its fairy bowl.
Your "masters of the revels" we appear,
And greet you. Give us back one hearty cheer.
The Roman actors, when the play was done,
Cried out, *Applaud !* Then first their praise was won.
Reward our greater boldness, friends, for we
Make our commencement with our "*Plaudite.*"

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE'S APOSTROPHE TO NIAGARA.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Hail to thy roaring flood,
 Eternal torrent ! dark Niagara, hail !
 How bounds my boiling blood,
 As thy loud voice comes thundering on the gale,
 And the tumultuous waves thy dark-brown rocks assail.

Fierce is thy thunder-shock,
 As the wild waters in their madness leap
 From the eternal rock,
 Plunging and raging, with impetuous sweep,
 Till on the lake's calm breast thy boiling billows sleep.

So terrible and strong,
 Whirl maddening passions in the bondman's breast,
 Trampled and scarred by Wrong,
 Ere the tired spirit finds its hallowed rest,
 In Freedom's stormless home, and glorious sunlight blessed.

Roll and roar on, wild river !
 Man's fetters cannot bind thy billows free,
 Chainless and strong forever ;
 As thou hast been, thy leaping flood shall be,
 Guarding, with watery wall, the land of liberty.

Glory to God on high !
 Free as thy tide are my unshackled limbs ;
 And here, unawed, will I
 Join the wild chorus thy mad torrent hymns,
 Stirring the pictured mist that o'er thy bosom swims.

Far from the southern plains,
 I've traced my pathway, through the sunless wild,
 Spurning the hated chains
 That on my heel clanked heavy, from a child,
 Binding to earth the soul, degraded and defiled.

On, by the beacon led,
 That burns, unerring, in the northern sky,
 O'er the lone fields I fled,

To where thy thunder lifts its voice on high,
And to the bondman tells the land of freedom nigh.

Here, by thy foaming surge,
Back on the hated land where I was born,—
Land of the chain and scourge,—
I pour the fires of unrelenting scorn,
And hatred that shall burn, till life's last ray is gone.

"Home of the *true and brave*,"
Where BASTARD FREEDOM broods her mongrel horde,
And on the imbruted slave
Plants the red heel, and with the life-blood poured,
Stains the fell altars, where her horrid name's adored.

It gave me but the chain,
The scourge, and task, and bondman's life of woe,
And ruthless torn in twain
The holiest ties that bind us here below,—
Hearts that inwoven beat with one united flow.

Nor thus to me alone,—
But fettered millions lift their arms on high,
And shriek, and wail, and groan,
To Heaven ascending, in one fearful cry,
Bid the red bolts of wrath in hissing vengeance fly.

And yet our God shall turn,
And on this land his fiery volleys pour,
Till his fierce wrath shall burn
From far Astoria, to her eastern shore,
And from her Sable cape, to where thy waters roar.

Joy to the bondmen then,
When his right arm is laid for Justice bare,
And loud from every glen
And mountain, lit by one funereal glare,
Ascends the tyrant's wail upon the troubled air.

Then shall thy torrent be
Their strong munition, and its bounding flood
A guard, to them that flee

From the Avenger of the Negro's blood ;
Where blackness shrouds the land, where erst her glory stood.

Over thy rugged brow
Changeless and bright, the bow of promise bends,
Making the dark mist glow,
As Hope the clouds of Sorrow, when she lends
To Earth the joyous light which from her glance descends.

Eternal Priestess, thine
Is the pure baptism of the chainless free ;
Cool on this brow of mine
Thy holy drops descend, as broad to me
Unroll the temple-gates of meek-eyed Liberty !

Let the fell tyrant rage ;
Into thy arms my sinewy form I fling,
And though his keel may wage
Mad warfare with thy billows, buffeting
The roaring floods with might, thou'l guard me from his sting.

He may not cross thy tide,
With the strong fetters of a tyrant's power ;
Thy waves in foaming pride
The shrieking wretch in madness would devour,
And clap their hands, and shout the bondman's triumph hour.

O that the Negro's God
Would give to dust this mortal part once more,
That o'er thy awful flood,
Swathed in the cloud-wreath dim, my soul might soar,
Exulting in the sound of thy eternal roar.

Loud with thy thunder tone
My voice shall blend, and when this land shall rock
With its last earthquake groan,
My shout the tyrant's dying shriek should mock,
And chant the victor-hymn to Ruin's rending shock.

E. D. H.

November 1, 1841.

PLEA FOR PEACE.

BY WILLIAM W. STORY.

"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Rouse ye, noble hearts and fearless !
Gather Christians near and far !
Hear ye not Hell's watchword sounding ?
Hear ye not the din of war ?
Rouse ye, for your voice is needed !
Trust not in a weak repose !
Truth and Justice are invaded !
Rouse ye up to meet their foes !

Murder, in the open noonday,
Underneath war's bloody cloak,
Stalks abroad and calls her hirelings
To the angry battle's smoke, —
And from many a Christian pulpit
Pious preachers lift above
Prayers unto the God of battles, —
Not unto the God of love.

In our streets the fifes are playing,
Drums are beating for recruits,
For a lustful law of conquest,
Only worthy human brutes ; —
And there are who call it glory
Through a battle's crime to wade, —
And who deem that blood and carnage
Are a Christian's lawful trade.

Is it by a Christian people,
Is it in a Christian land,
That such prayers as these are lifted,
Such unholy deeds are planned ?
In this age of boasted Freedom
Can this wretched truth be told,
Our Religion is a pretence, —
We have only faith in Gold ?

Is it to repel invasion ?
Is it then for Freedom's cause
We must do man's saddest duty,
To defend our homes and laws ?
No, by heaven ! a baser motive
Never prompted man to war,
Than the mean and wicked objects
We are called to battle for.

Oh ! my country, how degraded
Is thy high estate of yore !
How hath Freedom's aureole faded,
That thy young fair forehead wore !
Thou wert then a star of morning,
Whither nations turned their eyes,
And the burning hopes of millions
Hailed the splendor of thy rise !

Ah ! that thou should'st break thy pledges,
Dip thy hands in sin and shame,
Be a coward and apostate,
Falling from thy lofty aim, —
Treading on through blood to conquest,
Treacherous, cruel, and unjust,
Stealing from a weaker brother
With a base unholy lust.

Shame ! that thou should'st fight the battles
Of a coward and a thief,
That three million human chattels
Vainly ask a just relief !
If there be a God in heaven,
Justice in the end shall win ;
Thou shalt feel a retribution,
Deep and fearful as thy sin.

Mercy shall not always suffer,
Nor the law be broke in vain
That ordains, that he who giveth
Shall receive the like again,

In its unseen sheath the Future
Hides the avenging sword of fate,
And its lightning blade shall pierce thee,
Come it early, come it late.

But the heart whose aspiration
Seeketh for the good of all,
And would ask that every nation
Join in Truth's great festival,
Shudders at the chains of slavery,
At the fraud and reckless strife,
At the cursed thirst for money,
That corrodes this Nation's life.

But though Christian man be sunken
Deeper in his shame and crime,
Than the rudest untaught savage
In a Polynesian clime,—
Though religion be profession,
And our country's creed be gain,
There are noble spirits yearning
Christ's free Kingdom to attain.

And I call upon your voices,
In this hour of deepest need,
Ye who hold that hell rejoices
In war's foul and bloody creed,—
Ye who from the creed of vengeance,
As from chains have found release,
Mercy, Justice, call upon ye,
To uphold the law of Peace!

Let the cunning breath of party
Blow the angry flame of strife,
Let men sever faith from practice,
Their religion from their life ;
But do ye uphold in earnest,
That the doctrine Christ hath taught
Is no weak and empty dogma,
But a law of life and thought.

Yours the task to plead for Justice,
 For the holy law of Peace,—
 Yours to win the words and mercy,
 That shall give the slave release,—
 Yours to help each struggling brother
 In his efforts to be free,
 And to wed all men and nations
 In one great Humanity.

June 7, 1846.

I. SEE THEE STILL.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

I see thee still ;
 Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
 Calls thee in beauty from the dust ;
 Thou comest in the morning light,
 Thou 'rt with me through the gloomy night ;
 In dreams I meet thee as of old ;
 Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
 And thy sweet voice is in my ear ;
 In every scene to memory dear,
 I see thee still.

I see thee still,
 In every hallowed token round ;
 This little ring thy finger bound,
 This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
 This silken chain by thee was braided,
 These flowers, all withered now, like thee,
 Sweet SISTER, thou didst cull for me ;
 This book was thine ; here didst thou read ;
 This picture — ah ! yes, here, indeed,
 I see thee still.

I see thee still ;
 Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
 Here was thy favorite fireside seat ;
 This was thy chamber — here, each day,
 I sat and watched thy sad decay ;

Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie ;
Here, on this pillow — thou didst die.
Dark hour ! once more its woes unfold ;
As then I saw thee, pale and cold,
I see thee still.

I see thee still ;
Thou art not in the grave confined —
Death cannot claim the immortal Mind ;
Let Earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But Goodness dies not in the dust ;
Thee, O my SISTER ! 't is not thee
Beneath the coffin's lid I see ;
Thou to a fairer land art gone ;
There let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still !

THE BROTHERS.

BY THE SAME.

WE ARE BUT TWO — the others sleep
Through Death's untroubled night ;
We are but two — O let us keep
The link that binds us bright !

Heart leaps to heart — the sacred flood
That warms us is the same ;
That good old man — his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were locked —
Long be her love repaid ;
In the same cradle we were rocked,
Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and woe ; —
Let manhood keep alive the flame,
Lit up so long ago.

WE ARE BUT TWO — be that the band
To hold us till we die ;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's
aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him
climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of
Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantaneous
throes,
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to and
fro ;
At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the
Future's heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his sympathies with
God
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up by the
sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the nobler
clod.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or
wrong ;

Whether conscious or unconscious, yet humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or
shame ; —

In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side ;

Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom
or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the
right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that
light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt
stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against
our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is
strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshiel her from all wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through Ob-
livion's sea ;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet
earth's chaff must fly ;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgement hath
passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger ; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the
Word ;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim un-
known,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate,
But the soul is still oracular ; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within :
“ They enslave their children's children who make compromise
with sin.”

Slavery, the earthborn Cyclops, sellest of the giant brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched the
earth with blood,
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey ; —
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless children
play ?

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched
crust,

Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 't is prosperous to be
just ;

Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands
aside,

Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

Count me o'er Earth's chosen heroes, — they were souls that
stood alone

While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious
stone,

Stood serene and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme
design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not
back,

And these mounts of anguish number how each generation
learned

One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet-hearts
hath burned

Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven
upturned.

For Humanity sweeps onward : where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands ;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots
burn,

While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves ;
Worshipers of light ancestral make the present light a crime :
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men
behind their time ?

Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make Plymouth
rock sublime ?

They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's ;
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath
made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits
flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them across
the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them ; we are traitors to
our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar-fires ;
Shall we make their creed our jailer ? Shall we, in our haste
to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of to-day ?

New occasions teach new duties ; Time makes ancient good
uncouth ;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast
of Truth ;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires ! we ourselves must Pil-
grims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate
winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted
key.

December, 11, 1845.

ON THE CAPTURE OF CERTAIN FUGITIVE SLAVES
NEAR WASHINGTON.

BY THE SAME.

Look on who will in apathy, and stifle they who can,
The sympathies, the hopes, the words, that make man truly
man ;
Let those whose hearts are dungeoned up with interest or
with ease
Consent to hear with quiet pulse of loathsome deeds like these !

I first drew in New-England's air, and from her hardy breast
Sucked in the tyrant-hating milk that will not let me rest ;
And if my words seem treason to the dullard and the tame,
'T is but my Bay State dialect, — our fathers spake the same !

Shame on the costly mockery of piling stone on stone
To those who won our liberty, the heroes dead and gone,
While we look coldly on, and see law-shielded ruffians slay
The men who fain would win their own, the heroes of to-day !

Are we pledged to craven silence ? O fling it to the wind,
The parchment wall that bars us from the least of human
kind, —
That makes us cringe, and temporize, and dumbly stand at
rest,
While Pity's burning flood of words is red-hot in the breast !

Though we break our fathers' promise, we have nobler duties
first ;
The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed ;
Man is more than Constitutions ; better rot beneath the sod,
Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to
God !

We owe allegiance to the State ; but deeper, truer, more,
To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirit's
core ; —
Our country claims our fealty ; we grant it so, but then
Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.

He's true to God who's true to man ; wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us ; and they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

God works for all. Ye cannot hem the hope of being free
With parallels of latitude, with mountain-range or sea.
Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye will,
From soul to soul, o'er all the world, leaps one electric thrill.

Chain down your slaves with ignorance, ye cannot keep apart,
With all your craft of tyranny, the human heart from heart :
When first the Pilgrims landed on the Bay State's iron shore,
The word went forth that slavery should one day be no more.

Out from the land of bondage 't is decreed our slaves shall go,
And signs to us are offered, as erst to Pharaoh ;
If we are blind, their exodus, like Israel's of yore,
Through a Red Sea is doomed to be, whose surges are of gore.

'T is ours to save our brethren, with peace and love to win
Their darkened hearts from error, ere they harden it to sin ;
But if man before his duty with a listless spirit stands,
Ere long the Great Avenger takes the work from out his hands.

July 19, 1845.

THE BUBBLE CHASE.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

" What phantoms we are, what phantoms we pursue ! "

'T was morn, and wending on its way,
Beside my path a stream was playing ;
And down its banks, in humor gay,
A thoughtless, hoyden boy was straying.

Light as the breeze they onward flew, —
That joyous youth and laughing tide, —
And seemed each other's course to woo,
For long they bounded side by side.

And now the dimpling water stayed,
And glassed its ripples in a nook ;
And on its breast a bubble play'd,
Which won the boy's admiring look.

He bent him o'er the river's brim,
And on the radiant vision gazed,
For lovelier still it seemed to him,
That in its breast *his* image blazed.

With beating heart and trembling finger,
He stooped the wondrous gem to clasp ;
But spell-bound, seemed a while to linger,
Ere yet he made th' adventurous grasp.

And still a while the glittering toy,
Coquettish seemed to shun the snare ;
And then, more eager grew the boy,
And followed with impetuous air.

Round and around, with heedful eyes,
He chased it o'er the wavy river ;
He marked his time and seized his prize —
But in his hand it burst forever !

Upon the river's marge he sate,
The tears adown his young cheek gushing ;
And long — his heart disconsolate —
He heeded not the river's rushing.

But tears will cease — and now the boy
Once more looked forth upon the stream :
'T was morning still — and lo ! a toy,
Bright as the lost one, in the beam !

He rose — pursued — the bubble caught ;
It burst — he sighed — then others chased ;
And as I parted, still he sought
New bubbles in their downward haste.

My onward path I still pursued,
Till the high noon-tide sun was o'er me ;
And now — though changed in form and mood —
That youth and river seemed before me.

The deepened stream more proudly swept,
Though chafed by many a vessel's prow ;
The youth in manhood's vigor stepped,
But care was chiseled on his brow.

Still on the stream he kept his eye,
And wooed the bubbles to the shore ;
And snatched them, as they circled by,
Though bursting as they burst before.

Once more we parted — yet again
We met — though now 't was evening dim :
Onward the waters rushed amain,
And vanished o'er a cataract's brim.

Though fierce and wild 'the raging surge,
The bubble-chaser still was there ;
And bending o'er the cataract's verge,
Clutched at the gaudy things of air.

With staff in hand and tottering knee,
Upon the slippery brink he stood ;
And watched, with doting ecstasy,
Each wreath of foam that rode the flood !

“One bubble more !” I heard him call,
And saw his eager fingers play ;
He snatched — and down the roaring fall,
With the last bubble, passed away !

SONG OF THE MANCHESTER FACTORY GIRL.

BY JOHN H. WARLAND.

O sing me a song of the Factory Girl,
So merry and glad and free —
The bloom on her cheeks, of health how it speaks ! —
O a happy creature is she !

She tends the loom, she watches the spindle,
And cheerfully talketh away ;
Mid the din of wheels, how her bright eyes kindle !
And her bosom is ever gay.

O sing me a song of the Factory Girl,
Who hath breathed our mountain air, —
She toils for her home, and the joys to come
To the loved ones gathered there.
She tends the loom, she watches the spindle,
And fancies her mother near —
How glows her heart, as her bright eyes kindle,
And she thinks of her sisters dear !

O sing me a song of the Factory Girl,
As she walks her spacious hall,
And trims the rose, and the orange that blows
In the window, scenting all.
She tends the loom, and watches the spindle,
And she skips in the mountain air ; —
I know by her eyes, as their bright lights kindle,
That a queenly spirit is there.

O sing me the song of the Factory Girl,
Whose task is easy and light —
She toileth away, till the evening gray,
And her sleep is sweet at night.
She tends the loom, and watches the spindle,
And O ! she is honest and free —
I know by her laugh, as her bright eyes kindle,
That few are more happy than she.

O sing me the song of the Factory Girl,
Whose fabric clothes the world ;
From the king and his peers, to the jolly tars,
With our flag on all seas unfurled.
From China's gold seas, to the tainted breeze
That sweeps the smokened room —
Where "God save the Queen" to cry are seen
The SLAVES of the British loom.

O sing me the song of the Factory Girl!
Link not her name with the SLAVES,—
She is brave and free as the old elm tree,
That over her homestead waves.
She tends the loom, she watches the spindle,
And scorns the laugh and the sneer ; —
I know by her lips as her bright eyes kindle,
That a free-born spirit is here..

O sing me the song of the Factory Girl,
Ever honest and fair and true,—
Her name has rung, her deeds have been sung,
O'er the land and the waters blue.
She tends the loom, she watches the spindle,
And her words are cheerful and gay, —
O give me her smile, as her bright eyes kindle,
And she toils and sings away.

O sing me the song of the Factory Girl,
Who no titled lord doth own, —
Who, with treasures as rare, is more free from care
Than a queen upon her throne.
She tends the loom, and watches the spindle,
And parts her glossy hair, —
I know by her smile, as her bright eyes kindle,
That a cheerful spirit is there.

God bless our Yankee Factory Girl !
The rose of our mountains wild, —
Like a merry bird, shall her song be heard,
Where'er sweet labor has smiled.
From our forests green, where the axe hath been,
And the waters dance in the sun, —
Through the southern clime to the thunder chime
Of the surging Oregon.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Poet, (for that name is thine,)
As I read thy thoughtful line,
Where great thoughts like suns do shine,

Grateful tears do fill my eyes,—
And my heart, with glad surprize,
A true man doth recognize.

Ever doth thy steady hand
Point me to the Eternal Land,
Dimly seen from earthly strand ;

And its pearly gates, my eye,
Taught by thee, can faint descry,
In the deep blue of the sky.

From thy verse, where lie inurned
Holy thoughts by others spurned,
I a lesson deep have learned ; —

That the common things of life,
Trampled down in our hot strife,
Are with holiest meanings rife.

Poet ! with thy earnest heart.
Ever choose the better part : —
Wilt thou e'er be what thou art ?

Will no gilded lure of praise
Tempt thee from thy shadowed ways
To the feverish noon-day blaze ?

Wilt thou ever humble be, —
Ever glad and ever free, —
Poet of Humanity ?

Seek not for the flickering flame,
Which adorns the paltry fame
Of a cheap and passing name ; —

Let thy calm, clear, steady light
Shine through gloom of earthly night,
Like the stars from Heaven's height ;—

And, as generations sweep
Onward o'er the mighty deep,
On thee their fixed eyes shall keep. F.

April 25, 1844.

HARVARD COLLEGE.

BY C. G. PICKMAN.

It is now two hundred years since the foundation of Harvard College. The graduates of this venerable institution will gather themselves with one accord to lay on her altar their tribute of gratitude; to thank God for the many blessings of which He has seen fit to make this college the source, and to implore his blessing that their successors may be more faithful than they have been to their duty as scholars and as Christians. The first, at least, the most natural feeling, which rises in the heart on such an occasion, is a private one,—that of deep consciousness that it has not fulfilled all that it promised itself of usefulness to others,—that it has not acquired all that it hoped for itself, when first its possessor came to inhabit these hallowed walls. How many hearts have here beat high with the hope of distinction,—alas! how many such hopes have been blasted. Many a spirit has sunk beneath the excitement, never to rise again, and no one has gained all that it hoped for. Let not this reflection sadden us, however. If there has been much of disappointment, there has also been much of promise fulfilled. Here, how many have gathered strength for action or for suffering, and learned their

best lessons for time and for eternity. It is not, however, to individual considerations, that we can or ought to confine ourselves. It is now two hundred years since a few exiles laid, in the solitudes almost of a desert, this noble institution. We are but too much accustomed to praise our ancestors. For my own part, I hope ever to be saved from the wretched *affection* of sympathy for their sufferings or of reverence for their actions. It is quite impossible to think of them, however, amid the many sources of evil which pressed upon their spirits,—still looking upward with firm confidence to the God, who led them on, and forward with calm anticipation to the welfare of their posterity,—at *no* time giving way to distrust or melancholy,—without feeling one's own soul rising in gratitude and adoration. They seemed to have felt religion to be, as in truth it is, the first source of blessing to man, and they seem also to have felt strongly another truth, that learning is one of the best supports of religion. In this spirit they acted; it is to this action that we owe almost all the blessings of our days; and to the spirit of the same action, all that we can hope of blessing for our posterity.

With such feelings let the graduates of this college come up to their solemn festival,—and let them at the same time look to it, and see if there be nothing wanting to their individual duty. Their duty at this time is something of a religious one, the veneration of learning raising itself most readily with that of devotion; the first suggestion of individual duty is therefore one of reconciliation and harmony. Let us not offer our gifts, while our brother has aught against us; let us

not dare any longer to wander among the still streams and quiet pastures of literature, with spirits alloyed by feelings of political excitement. Here, at least, let contention cease, and like brethren of the same household, returning after a long interval to their common home, let us forget every thing but our former affection.

As public men, let us also look to it, and reform whatever we can in ourselves and in others. There are fearful sounds upon every passing breeze,—we *must* see that ignorance is informed,—that excited fanaticism of all kinds is put down, or all that we have now, all that we hope for in future, must fall. The experiment is here and now to be tried, and for aught we see, it is the last trial, how far man can govern himself; it well becomes us to arm ourselves for the conflict. If there be any thing in our literary institutions, which can be improved, so as to give new strength to our exertions, in the name of all that is good and true, let us now see to it. We owe much to our ancestors, we owe much to ourselves, but more than to either, we owe much to posterity. The forms of future men are around us, pressing forward to fill our places;—on us, it depends, whether existence shall be to them a blessing, or a curse; whether they can look back, as we do, on our ancestors, unstained and irreproachable, or with the bitter feeling, that, but for us, they might have been great and happy. On us all this depends; the responsibility is indeed awful, but let it only excite us to renewed effort.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT AND EXPLANATION.

A multitude of communications are contained in the Courier, which, if here collected, would impart to these volumes something of that agreeable and attractive variety in which they may, doubtless, be deficient. But to enlarge the selection would be impracticable, and to name *all* the writers who have had anonymous intercourse with the public through the columns of the Courier would be undesirable, perhaps indelicate, and next to impossible. Among those not already named, to whom the greatest obligations are due, were John Pickering and Henry A. S. Dearborn, and are Henry Lee, William Sturgis, Charles F. Adams, William Foster, John Pickens, A. C. Spooner, and, though last not least, Samuel Kettell, than whom no correspondent ever contributed more matter to produce broad laughter and good-humored merriment to readers. His pieces are numerous, and as various in their character and subjects as the talents and capabilities of the actors, whom old Polonius so felicitously described to Hamlet. "Peeping Tom's" Letters from Hull have often "set the table in a roar," put obstinate gravity at defiance, and challenged resistance from the sturdiest longitudinal countenance. The humor, with which certain incidents and the actors in them are burlesqued and caricatured, is inimitable. He is master of a style that is peculiarly his own, in which whoever attempts competition may be sure to produce an abortion. This style may not be the most suitable for the discussion of weighty and important subjects, but it is admirably adapted for ludicrous description, and to raise a laugh at the expense of any thing and

every thing, which he deems to be legitimate subjects for lampoonery and ridicule.

The initials "J. H. B." which are of frequent occurrence, indicate the name of a son, who was an efficient assistant in the editorial department for almost twenty years. On some occasions he performed the whole duty of an editor, with credit to himself and the satisfaction of subscribers. While connected with the Courier, he made two voyages to Europe, and furnished Letters from England and France, which occupy a prominent place in the paper, and afford evidence that he was not a mere lounger in the French and English capitals. After the dethronement of Louis Philippe, in 1848, he wrote several chapters on "The last two Revolutions in France." A long series of articles under the titles "Diary at Home," "Diary Abroad," and "Letters from the West," written in 1846, 1847, and 1848,—more than a hundred in number, present a proof of the industrious employment of a happy talent for observation and description. He was on board the ill-fated ship Poland, when it was burnt at sea in May, 1840, and was the last passenger to leave its flaming deck. The account, which he wrote of that awful catastrophe, and which found its way into most of the newspapers, is a simple and pathetic relation of facts, which, as it required no decoration of fancy, is written with no attempt to display extraneous embellishment.

Pursuant to a deliberately-formed resolution, a few days after the nomination of General Taylor as the whig candidate for the Presidency, I disposed of my

interest in the Courier, and relinquished the character and services of an editor. No other explanation is necessary to introduce the following article, which closed my editorial career, June 24, 1848:—

VALEDICTORY.

The connection of the subscriber with the Boston Courier, as editor and proprietor, terminated on the twenty-second instant.

To make this annunciation costs me a pang, the severity of which was not anticipated. It records the dissolution of relations that to me have been a source of unspeakable pleasure, and which I fain would hope will be remembered by others with kindly regard. My relations to the public, as the editor of this and another paper, have existed more than thirty years, and have occupied the most active and vigorous portion of my life. Circumstances which it were tedious to detail, and which few would care to know, render it expedient, and even a duty, that I should retire, and seek some other path in which to close the career of life. To answer all inquiries that may be made, let it be sufficient to say, that without sacrificing my own personal integrity to the views of others, or hazarding the interest of others to gratify my own notions of honor and independence,—notions, which, after all, may be as unsound as I know they are unpopular,—I could not retain my position. Justice to those with whom I have been most agreeably connected in business, and whose pecuniary interest in the proprietorship of this paper was equal to mine, dictated the course I have unhesitatingly adopted.

As the occasion is one of personal explanation, a brief reference to the history of the Boston Courier, may be pardonable. The first number was issued on the second day of March, 1824, with the encouragement of less than two hundred subscribers. There was then one daily paper in the city, and the attempt to establish another was thought to be a reckless experiment. I had nothing but the small and rather precarious income of a weekly paper, (the New-England Galaxy,) and a confidence that perseverance and industry would eventually command success, to sustain me in the struggle. The inducement that led to the undertaking was the belief that a paper devoted to the cause of American manufactures and Internal Improvements was needed,—a cause, which, at that time, received no encouragement from the press. For some years, this was the only paper in New England, so far as my knowledge extends, that undertook to advocate a Protective Tariff. For this cause it had to encounter opposition and rebuke from the newspapers of that day, and the relentless hostility of individuals, which, at one time, was manifested in an effort to stop its circulation among the merchants of the city,—an effort that was defeated, and is remembered only to be forgiven. Its support, during the early period of its existence, was derived mainly from the friends of the Tariff, and those who pursued the business of manufacturing on a moderate scale. The richest class of manufacturers, with one or two exceptions, contributed but little to its circulation or support. It was, in truth, the organ and the advocate of what may be called, without reproach, the “Middling Interest,” and to that

class of the people it was chiefly indebted for such measure of prosperity as it finally attained.

The circulation of the Courier has never been augmented by a purchased union with other establishments, which their owners might deem it expedient for any reason to relinquish. It has been under the control of no one but myself. It now passes into other hands. My position will hereafter be occupied by those that will bring to the duty more available talent and more acceptable activity, though, I am sure, not a more lofty ambition to elevate and dignify the character of the press, nor a more sincere desire to be serviceable to their country and their race. For them I entreat the encouraging smile of the public. One of them has often contributed the effusions of his genius and wit to enliven and embellish the columns of the Courier. The other has long been an associate, and the public are not unacquainted with the results of his industry and intelligence, manifested in the news and business departments of the paper. In relinquishing the parental control of the child I have fondly cherished and proudly trained, I could not confide it to more honorable and trustworthy possession.

In reviewing the period that is now closing, I find much that will furnish subjects for pleasing reflection. I have made some friends that have been constant through good report and evil report,—many, whose kindness has cheered hours of gloom and darkness,—many, whose generosity has relieved distressing embarrassments,—many, whose approbation has given me confidence when suffering under adversity, and inspired hope when on the verge of despair. In imagi-

nation, at least, those friends will be my dearest companions in whatever situation I may hereafter be placed, and I shall never cease to implore for them all the good they can desire.

But it is not to be supposed that all, with whom I have come in contact as an editor, have parted in friendship. My opinions have been expressed with freedom and boldness; but I am not conscious that I have ever stated as a fact what I did not religiously believe to be true, nor an opinion that I did not firmly believe to be well-founded. Errors innumerable I have doubtless committed, which, when shown to be errors, have been cheerfully acknowledged. If, through my agency, wrong has been done to the person, feelings, property, or good name of a single individual, let this general declaration of penitence secure remission and forgiveness.

For many testimonials of sympathy and approbation I am indebted to my cotemporaries of the press. Their courtesy will always be gratefully remembered. If any kind expression of theirs has not been reciprocated, the omission has been the effect of inadvertence and not of intention. I have been engaged in many controversies with brethren of the profession, and bitter words have been uttered and retaliated. It is not in my nature to take reproach with meekness, but I believe I have seldom been the aggressor in an editorial warfare. In all such altercations I believe I am quite as much sinned against as sinning. But on whichever side the balance may be due, let the record be written on the sand, that the next wave may obliterate it.

If I have failed in my attempt to conduct a paper that should be the exponent of my own views of public policy, while it afforded a channel for the communication of opposite opinions from correspondents, the fault has been entirely in my want of judgement and capacity. Had I been less liberal in the avowal of personal opinions,—more flexible in temper,—and more submissive to individual or party dictation, I might now withdraw from public notice with more ample means for the indulgence of ease, at a period of life when new pursuits, and further attempts to obtain independence by intellectual or physical exertion, would be equally unavailing. Could I have endured, passively, “the proud man’s contumely,” or tamely “crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee,” that “thrift might follow fawning,” I might now retire without feeling the mortifying incapacity to discharge pecuniary obligations, that have caused me more painful regrets than those to whom those obligations are due, have ever expressed. But I make no complaints. The public are the best judges of the merits of the candidates for their support, and generally award their favor to those who serve them best. In my comments on public measures, and on the conduct and characters of public men, there is but little that I would cancel or retract. “What I have written, I have written.” I have but few regrets to utter,—but few concessions to make. This may sound like the vaporizing of vanity and conceit, but it is the voice of honest conviction. If it be arrogant and presumptuous, let it be condemned or disregarded; if absurd and foolish, may it be pitied, pardoned, and forgotten.

The change that now takes place in my condition, relieves me from active participation in the political struggle that now agitates the public mind. In this contest, though I now have no other agency or influence than that of the humblest individual, it must not be supposed that I am to be an indifferent or unconcerned spectator. My political sympathies are known to be with the whig party; and however I may differ from some individuals of that party on some questions of public policy, it is not possible that I can ever be treacherous to the principles, which form the basis on which rest the true honor and glory of the nation. In the contest that has now begun, and that will last for five or six months to come, there needs no prophetic vision to foresee that there will be crimination and recrimination; that the father will be against the son; and that brother will rise up against brother. It is, perhaps, fortunate for me that I am removed from a situation, in which I might be brought into unwilling contact with the best of friends, and exposed to the chance of being engaged in discordant discussions with those whom I most esteem and love. I pray that this tempestuous agitation of the political elements may be the prelude to a period of union, harmony and peace. The Patriot's motto will be "Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country." Yet no one can be insensible to the claims of that peculiar region which he calls his home. Born and bred in New-England, my affections and sympathies centre there; if I forget *her*, may my right hand forget its cunning! Massachusetts has been my home for more than half a century,—

the birth-place of my children,—the scene of my labor, my affliction and my triumph. If I cease to pray for her peace, freedom, and glory, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

And now,—to long-tried and warm-hearted friends,—to enemies, if I have any,—to my former partners,—to my successors,—to my fellow-laborers of the press, of whatever faith in politics and religion,—to those who have faithfully and cheerfully wrought with me and for me in the laborious mechanical operations required to produce a daily paper, which none can know but from hard experience,—to each and all, there remains but one more word,—

FAREWELL !

A word, which here embraces a devout and solemn aspiration for their individual prosperity in all honorable pursuits, and for our common country a spotless name and a career of glory that shall know neither diminution nor end.

J. T. B.

In the autumn of 1849, my name was placed on the list of candidates for senators in the county of Middlesex, by a convention of delegates from the freesoil and democratic parties. The nomination was followed by private and public animadversion, which provoked the following statement of

MY POSITION, AND HOW I CAME TO BE IN IT.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE COURIER :

I ask of you the favor, my old associates and friends, to let this communication appear in the Courier of Tuesday next. My reason for desiring to have it published at that time, is,

perhaps, too obvious to need explanation ; yet, permit me to say, that, wishing to "define my position," I should like to do it at such a time, and in such a manner, as shall secure me against any charge of attempting to produce any effect, favorable or adverse, on the action of any political party, by its publication ; — for the election will then have been decided ; — and as the letter will then have been in your possession some three or four days, it will not be in the power of any one to impute the writing of it to any feeling of mortification or satisfaction at the result of the election, whatever that result may have been. I am aware that *my position* is of exceedingly little importance to the world in general, or even to that portion of it, which your subscription list embraces ; but, inasmuch as it has been a subject of some newspaper comments, and some personal rebuke, — of rather an ungentle character, — I feel constrained, though at the hazard of encountering some reproach, to make this exposition.

It is well known that I was opposed to the election of General Taylor to the Presidency. When his name was first mentioned in that connection, I considered the nomination, — as I suppose almost every Whig in the country did, — to have been made rather in jest and to produce *fun* for a convivial party, than as a serious and dignified act of sober and discreet politicians. It was deemed so ineffably ludicrous, that a man, who should have opposed it by argument, would have been laughed at as a dunce of the very greenest tint. But time passed on. Victories were achieved by the General in Mexico. As a candidate for the Presidency his name was mentioned in some democratic gatherings in the South and West, and it became less potential as a provocative to ridicule. Votes of thanks were tendered to him from various places, by legislative and other assemblies. In the winter of 1846-'47, a whig paper, here and there, took up the nomination ; and a gentleman, then in Washington, whose letters written for the Courier were always accepted, and read with avidity, undertook to make use of my columns (they were mine, *then*) to place before the people the excellent qualifications of General Taylor for a President of the United States. You well know,

that, with all the truth of feeling and all the power of language, that I could command, I endeavored to show the folly of this gentleman's arguments, and that I never failed, for a year and a half before the assembling of the Philadelphia Convention, on every available occasion, as editor of the Courier, and as a member of the Senate of Massachusetts, to lift my voice against what I believed to be the madness that prevailed in certain portions of the community. In all this, if I have any conception of what honesty is, I acted from pure and honest motives. I believed that the elevation of General Taylor,—or any military hero,—to the chair of the Chief Magistrate, would be a most disastrous event, and produce most pernicious effects. I do not know that my conduct in this matter, thus far, was disapproved by the Whigs. On the contrary, I had reason to believe that it met their cordial concurrence. So far as my acquaintance with the whig press extended, no newspaper, except one in the city of New York, undertook to administer reproof or to express any uneasiness. Some of the democratic prints were severe in their denunciations of the Courier and its editor. The Boston Times was especially harsh and acrimonious in its remarks; but of its severity I did not *then*, and do not *now* complain.

At length, the nomination of General Taylor was made by a "National Whig Convention." It seemed to me *then*, and, to my unenlightened understanding, it appears to me *still*, that, in the making of that nomination, every principle, which had been claimed by the Whigs as peculiarly characteristic of the party, was abandoned. Under the force of that impression, I could not, in conscience,—laugh and sneer at the word, if you please, gentlemen,—support the nomination. To give up at once, all that I had been contending for, during the whole term of my editorial life, and to record the act of degradation with my own pen and press, required the agency of joints and muscles more flexible than mine. As it was supposed the pecuniary value of the Courier might be depreciated, if it were conducted in opposition to the whig nomination, and being unwilling to diminish the income, to throw a damper on the prosperity, or to cast a shade of doubt

on the political orthodoxy, of those friends, with whom I was connected, I relinquished my interest in the concern, and withdrew from all connection with the newspaper press.

In the mean time, certain gentlemen, to whom the nomination of Gen. Taylor was no more acceptable than it was to me, effected the organization of a new party, which is now known as the Free Soil party. It was not, perhaps, unnatural, that they should ask my co-operation and wish me to unite with them. But I took no part in their proceedings, and had no share in the measures proposed for opposition to the election of Gen. Taylor. I was present at a District Convention, held at Concord in August following, was appointed a delegate to the proposed Buffalo Convention, and declined the appointment, against the unanimous and urgent importunity of the meeting ; and no other political meeting, for any purpose whatever, have I attended, for more than three years.

And now, Messrs. Editors, I come to the point, to which this tedious retrospective preliminary tends.

Two Conventions, — composed of delegates from the Free Soil and Democratic parties, respectively, — recently assembled in the County of Middlesex. Through the intervention of committees, (as I learn from the newspapers, for no communication of their proceedings has been made to me in any other form,) they agreed to form a *union* Senatorial ticket, and on this ticket, in the newspapers, too, I find my name. No one asked my permission to place it there. No one questioned me as to my opinion upon the questions that agitate the political community. No pledge for future action was required ; no pledge has been given. No one inquired whether I still held to the declaration of readiness to live and die in the faith of the Hartford Convention, or if I would repudiate the old Federal doctrines, which I had always upheld. I was not requested to unsay any thing, that I may have uttered, in political discussions, concerning Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, or any other idol of the old anti-Federal party, — and I have as little inclination to do so as I have to retract a syllable that I have written against Zachary Taylor, or to join in the grand hallelujah chorus to his praise and glory, which

is now sung or said so rapturously in the whig church,— frightening the state from its propriety. This spontaneous, unsolicited, unexpected, unpledged nomination, I can view in no other light than as an evidence that the principles on which I conducted the Courier, and in obedience to which I had endeavored to shape my course, were approved by the men who made it. It was an acknowledgement of confidence in my well-known sentiments,—sentiments that had received the approbation of the great body of the [late?] whig party. Say what you will, laugh and sneer at my vanity, condemn and scold at me for perverseness, lampoon and reproach me, if you like, that nomination was a triumph of principle over the prejudice of party.

As I have not declined the nomination, I am accused of inconsistency,—of leaving the whig party, and uniting with their adversaries,—of a repudiation of my former principles. To all these and other similar charges, I plead not guilty, and cheerfully put myself on the unprejudiced good sense and enlightened candor of the community for trial. The accusation is untrue in every particular. I have disavowed no sentiment that I can recollect to have entertained for the last thirty years. I have not left the whig party. The elementary principles of that party, I always supposed to be peace, anti-slavery, and protection. I have always been a friend to peace, and never, knowingly, advocated or justified an act of aggressive war, or war for any purpose but to repel invasion. I have always entertained a deadly hostility to the slave power, and now look with disgust and hatred upon any effort to extend its limits, to soothe its resentment, or to conciliate its favor. I am now, as I have ever been, the unwavering and unflinching friend and advocate of protection to home industry, and the most liberal compensation to labor. If any Whig, Democrat or Free Soiler, has manifested or will manifest a stronger or more faithful attachment to these principles, let him exhibit his claim, and it shall be cheerfully recognized. *Left the whig party!* I traveled with it in the broad road of honor, and fidelity to its avowed principles; but when it turned aside into by-paths, and broke over all the acknowledged landmarks of

the party, to elevate a leader, who had acknowledged himself unfit for the office, and whose nomination had been declared, by the greatest statesman in the country, as one "not fit to be made," the party left me. *Left the Whigs! joined their enemies!* Both the charges are unfounded and unjust. If I am not united to the Whigs now, it is because they have adopted new doctrines, and chosen to worship new and false gods.

If to keep entirely aloof and remain a passive spectator of political movements, be a crime against those with whom I have formerly acted, that crime I certainly have perpetrated, and cheerfully bare my neck to the axe. If it should subject me to the loss of friendships, valued and long-since formed,— if it should deprive me of the courtesies, to which I have been accustomed from neighbors and fellow-citizens,— if, in the estimation of those, with whom I have enjoyed a general correspondence of opinion and conformity of sentiment, an oft-occurring community of hearts, and a frequent mingling of sympathies, it has imparted an ineffaceable spot to my name,— why, I must submit to be thus buffeted and shunned. I cannot think of seeking refuge from the storm, by discarding principles which I have cherished through life. Politic and far-seeing statesmen, profound and sagacious professors, pious and consecrated ministers, may convince themselves, and others, that it is a duty, patriotic and honorable, to follow their party wherever it may lead them, and that, to choose the least of two evils is to follow the example of Him, who, rather than choose *any* evil, endured the cross and despised the shame; but they have failed to convince *me*, and I am too imperfectly skilled in the science of metaphysics to *convince myself*, that such a course is just and proper, or consistent with Christianity and truth. I charge no individual with hypocrisy, and claim for myself no more of the virtue of sincerity than I suppose others to possess. But when I see men of great intellectual powers, of extensive learning, and of lofty pretensions to morality and religion, elevating to high offices of honor and trust the warrior and the slave-holder, I confess I am puzzled to know by what process of reasoning they justify their proceedings. That such men should elect and sustain and almost

worship a Chief Magistrate, every morsel of whose food is seasoned with the blood of a slave, would be inconceivable, if every day did not afford evidence of the fact. And since the whig candidates are selected exclusively from among those, who profess to be the friends of the present national administration, to my simple perceptions, every vote that will be given on Monday for those candidates, will be equivalent to a vote to sustain the odious prepotency of the Slave Power in our national councils, and to postpone, if not forever to prevent, the acquisition of that political equality of privilege and prerogative, which rightfully belongs to the free states.

Allow me to say, in conclusion, that having taken no part in the movements preparatory to the coming election, I shall persevere in my inactivity to the end. The result, to me, personally, will be a matter of listless indifference. Principles are at stake, in comparison with which the success of one set of individuals or another, — the elevation of one candidate or the defeat of another, — except as the candidates are the exponents of those principles, — is too insignificant to cause a moment's solicitude. With true regard, your friend,

J. T. B.

Cambridge, November 9, 1849.

When a man has been his own hero through five hundred pages, the aggregate amount of his guilt will not be perceptibly increased, nor his punishment be greatly augmented, by a *few* additional illustrations of egotism. Even personal vanity may plead some indulgence, when it proclaims only the official record of facts. This personal memoir would be incomplete, and its author might justly be obnoxious to a charge of affectation, if, as it draws near to its conclusion, no notice were taken of the services he had endeavored to perform, beside such as are most appropriate to his profession as a printer and editor. He can conscien-

tiously affirm that he sought for no other avenue to public favor or notoriety; yet it pleased his fellow-citizens to call him from professional pursuits to other offices of honor and responsibility,—enough, and more than enough, to satisfy all the ambitious cravings he ever felt,—and, in regard to such offices, his only regret is that, in occupying them, his ability fell far short of his desire to fulfill the duties they imposed.

Of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association I became a member in 1810;—served it five years as secretary; three years as trustee; two years as vice-president, and three years (the constitutional term) as President. My connection with this association has been of the most agreeable nature, and I have received from many of its members unquestioned testimonials of that disinterested friendship, which is “not a plant of hasty growth.” As I write these lines, the names of the living throng too thickly to be enumerated, but those of the dead,—Jonathan Hune-well, Benjamin Russell, Joseph Lovering, Thomas W. Sumner, Henry Purkitt, Jonathan Harrington, Gerry Fairbanks, Gedney King, John Cotton, Daniel Messinger,—

Friends my soul with joy remembers !
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart !

Of the Bunker-Hill Monument Association I was three years the first vice-president, and succeeded the late Hon. William Prescott as president, to which office I was re-elected for ten successive years. In all this time, my exertions to procure the funds necessary to

complete that imposing memorial of the patriotism of our fathers, were incessant, and performed at the expense of time, which might have been more profitably but not more honorably employed. It is gratifying to my pride to know that during this period the means were obtained, and the monument finished. Its completion was splendidly celebrated on the seventeenth of June, 1843.

By the favor of the Middlesex Agricultural Society I was three years vice-president, and two years the president of that institution, and delivered the anniversary address at their Cattle Show and Fair in 1845. While holding these offices, I was also chairman of the committee on farms, and wrote the annual reports required by law from agricultural societies.

In the years 1828, 1831, 1832, and 1833, I was a *representative* in the Legislature, from the city of Boston ; and, in 1836, 1838, and 1839, held the same office by election of the town of Cambridge. In 1847, 1848, 1850, and 1851, I was a *senator* from the county of Middlesex,—making, in all, eleven terms of service in the Legislature. Of the *manner*, in which the delegated duties of a representative and a senator were executed, it does not become me to speak ; but it is no offence against delicacy to say, that the Reports I wrote,—introducing an act for the suppression of lotteries, in 1833 ;—an act establishing a bounty on the cultivation of wheat, in 1838 ;—an act to establish the Massachusetts Academy of Agriculture ; and Resolves concerning the Mexican War, in 1848 ;—and Resolves concerning Slavery, in 1851, are matters on which Memory and Reflection produce no

paroxysm of self-reproach, of shame or regret. All these reports, and several others from committees of which I was honored with the position of chairman, may be found among the printed documents of the Legislature.

The Report on Lotteries cost me many hours labor.* It began with a brief statement of the proceedings of the British Parliament in regard to their suppression, and of the action of several state legislatures, and declared that "Massachusetts ought not to be in the rear of any of her contemporaries, in any project of reformation or improvement. She owes it to the character of her Pilgrim Fathers, the Saints and Sages of

* Some reader may feel interest enough in this subject to inquire into the origin of this movement in the Legislature. For several years previous to 1833, an opinion was generally prevalent that lotteries were a great and increasing evil, and many schemes had been proposed for regulating the sale of tickets by licenses. The mischief, however, continued to increase, and several instances were known of clerks having defrauded their employers, to procure the means of speculating in tickets. In February, 1833, during the session of the Legislature, a person of the age of thirty-five years, who had been employed in a mercantile house in Boston, whose integrity and ability were so much relied on, that he had been placed for ten years in the station of book-keeper and treasurer, became a victim to the temptation of gaining by lotteries; and having consumed all his own property, and in the short space of eight months contrived to defraud his employers of *eighteen thousand dollars*, which was lost in the same traffic, — excited by the terrors of guilt, he committed suicide. Knowing these facts, and being then a member of the House of Representatives, I moved for a "committee to inquire whether any alterations are expedient in the laws for the suppression of the sale of lottery tickets." The motion was adopted, and the committee had leave to "report by bill or otherwise." The next day a message was received from the Governor, enclosing a memorial from certain citizens of Boston, which was read and referred to the committee "on the subject of lotteries." The memorial recited the facts above-stated in regard to the suicide, and earnestly prayed that "measures might be taken to propose to the proper authorities, *in all the states of the Union*, the absolute and entire abolition of lotteries," &c. &c. This memorial was signed by William Sullivan, James Read, Charles Tappan, Abbott Lawrence, Stephen Fairbanks, Gustavus Tuckerman, William Sturgis, and Charles Sprague.

a departed age,—she owes it to the present generation of her children, as an exertion of prudent and affectionate solicitude for the improvement of its virtue and the security of its happiness, to assume a firm and dignified position, and stretch forth the arm of her authority to arrest the progress of this moral pestilence.” After giving a sketch of the proceedings in the Municipal Court, and the number of indictments found by the grand jury for violation of the lottery laws, and a description of some of the modes adopted by the dealer in tickets to evade the laws, the report proceeded to analyze the offence, and to consider what remedies could be adopted. To the question, *What is the offence?* the report answered,—

1. It is *gaming*. This is against the policy of society, and there are few civilized nations that have not adopted means to restrain or entirely prohibit it; because it is seeking property for which no equivalent is to be paid; and because it leads directly to losses and poverty, and, by exciting bad passions, is the fruitful original of vice and crime.

2. It is the *worst species* of gaming, because it brings adroitness, cunning, experience, and skill, to contend against ignorance, folly, distress, and desperation. It can be carried on to an indefinite and indefinable extent without exposure; and, by a mode of settling the chances by “combination numbers,”—an invention of the modern school of gambling,—the fate of thousands and hundreds of thousands may be determined by a single turn of the wheel.

3. Lotteries, in their best and least questionable character, proceed upon the ground that ninety adventurers in a hundred *must lose*, in order that ten *may acquire*, in different proportions, and in cases, too, in which none have a *right* to acquire.

4. Lotteries, like other games of chance, are seductive and infatuating. Every new loss is an inducement to a new adventure; and, filled with vain hopes of recovering what is

lost, the unthinking victim is led on, from step to step, till he finds it impossible to regain his ground, and he gradually sinks into a miserable outcast; or, by a bold and still more guilty effort, plunges at once into that gulf where he hopes protection from the stings of conscience, a refuge from the reproaches of the world, and oblivion from existence.

Considered as a *means* to unfair and fraudulent dealing, lotteries are to be classed with those crimes, by which one man is cheated out of his property by another. When lotteries are entirely fictitious, the offence of selling a ticket, purporting to have been issued by *authority*, and signed by some one, who purports from the signature to be authorized to sign, is equivalent, in the opinion of the committee, to forgery, and no reason, it is believed, can be shown, why the offence should not be punished as a forgery.

If we consider the dealing in lottery tickets as a *calling* or *employment*, so far as the venders are concerned, it deserves to be treated, in legislation, as those acts are, which are done to get money by making others suffer; to live upon society by making a portion of its members dishonest, idle, poor, vicious and criminal. Considered in relation to *those who are thus operated upon*, by the effect of lottery dealing, and most especially those who may be defrauded by the operation, they are entitled to be protected against themselves, by removing the temptation to do wrong. In the opinion of the committee, there is a legislative power in the commonwealth, which, in these respects, might be usefully exerted, and they respectfully ask if the time has not arrived when such power *should* be exerted? In its character and consequences, the dealing in lottery tickets is the worst species of gaming, and deserves a *severer* punishment than any fine would amount to. If it involves the moral and legal offences of fraud and cheating, does it not deserve an infamous punishment, if any fraudulent acquisition of mere *property* should be punished with *infamy*? Considered in its complicated wrongs to society, it certainly deserves the severest punishment, because it makes infamous criminals out of innocent persons, and visits severe afflictions on parents, employers, family connections, and others, who, in this respect, have

done no wrong themselves ; and thus the innocent are made to suffer for the guilty, — an anomaly which is revolting to all our notions of justice, and to all the moral and natural sympathies of mankind.

The report then proceeded to consider the remedies, — *influence of public opinion* and *penal laws*. Public opinion could not be regulated by law, and the penalties and punishments which the report proposed, were embraced in a bill which was presented with it. In regard to the penalties, the report said, —

There would seem to be a propriety in a classification of penalties, ranging from a heavy fine, and imprisonment for non-payment, up to sentence to the state-prison. If a half-starved, miserable wretch, who steals a piece of goods to cover his nakedness, or perhaps an article of food to keep a family from starving, must go the state-prison, what ought to be done with him who aids and entices a youth to abuse the confidence reposed in him by his employer ; to ruin his own character ; to fill with inexpressible agony the bosoms of his father and mother ; to bring shame and reproach on the nearest and dearest connections in life ; to break and rend asunder the sympathies and affections of humanity ; to heap vice upon folly, and crime upon vice ; to add to theft forgery, and to forgery robbery, and to robbery *suicide* ; to dig a grave for the body, and to send the soul to its awful account, where no human eye can discover the result, but all is left to the horrible imaginings of a guilty conscience, and the unutterable fears attendant upon the consciousness of abused faculties, perverted privileges, and successive violations of the laws of God ?

On the question, Whether public opinion would sanction severer penalties than the law already imposed, the report continued, —

The public sentiment, at the present moment, is highly excited in regard to lotteries. While it would be improper to suffer the indignant feelings of an outraged and insulted com-

munity, to influence the action of a discreet and sober Legislature, it would yet be unwise for such a Legislature to neglect to avail itself of even a temporary excitement, to effect a permanent good. Neither justice nor policy would interpose to prevent the passage of a salutary statute, merely because circumstances had conspired to show its necessity. The passion for gaming seems to be common to a great portion of the human family, in every age and country. Traffic in lottery tickets is but one species of it ; and if all good citizens could be persuaded to discountenance the practice, and to unite their efforts to prosecute offenders, the evil, no doubt, would be greatly lessened, if not wholly corrected. It is the business of the Legislature to encourage such as are willing to undertake so unpopular a task to persevere in the cause, and, by judicious and constitutional provisions, to accelerate the progress of reformation, and secure the final accomplishment of the purpose in view.

The committee are constrained to dissent from the opinion of the attorney-general, that the penalties are sufficiently severe. One hundred dollars is now the highest fine that can be imposed. From information obtained incidentally, during an official investigation by a public notary, it cannot be doubted that the yearly traffic in lottery tickets, in the city of Boston alone, amounts to more than one million of dollars, and on this, provided the tickets are genuine, and truly what they purport to be, a commission is allowed to the wholesale broker of twenty-five per cent. amounting, in the whole sum, to \$250,000. Now, supposing there should be forty of these wholesale dealers, (though, in fact, there is not supposed to be half that number,) each of them would be in the receipt of an annual income of \$6250. Admitting, then, that either of them should be fined twenty times in a year to the utmost limit of the existing statute, he would still get \$1250 by his trade ; a sum larger than the salary of the Governor, the Chief Justice, or any other officer of the state government, and equal to that of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. Very few of our most prosperous and enterprizing merchants can count upon such an aggregate of annual profit. If the penalties

were doubled, the lottery dealer would still run the hazard, and continue, in defiance of laws and courts, and prosecuting attorneys, to follow a gainful occupation.

The bill reported by the committee was elaborately drawn and submitted to the criticism and final revision of William Sullivan and Charles G. Loring. It passed with but very slight alterations, after great deliberation in both branches, and was introduced into the Revised Statutes, where it remains as one of the unchanged laws of the commonwealth.

In the legislative session of 1848, I was chairman of a joint committee,* to which was referred so much of the Governor's address at the opening of the session, as related to the existing war between the United States and Mexico, and made a report, from which the following is an extract, which received the cordial assent of all the members of the committee, except one. It was adopted in the Senate without debate or a dissenting voice, and in the House of Representatives by a vote nearly unanimous : —

That *all* wars, of whatever nature, are to be deplored as national calamities,—impoverishing the public treasury, defeating the promise of industrious enterprize, diminishing the substance of the laboring classes, wasting human life, and carrying misery and desolation to the homes of thousands, that would otherwise be happy; that they are productive only of evil to the body politic, by depressing the standard of morals, encouraging a pernicious passion for military glory,

* Like all *joint* committees of the Massachusetts Legislature, this consisted of seven members,—two of the Senate and five of the House of Representatives. On this occasion my colleague of the Senate was Mr A. D. Foster, of Worcester. The members from the House of Representatives were Messrs Giles of Boston, Stevens of Andover, Kendall of Townsend, Hubbard of Sunderland, and Peck of Mendon. Mr. Kendall dissented.

extinguishing the higher sympathies of human nature, and creating a thirst for the enjoyment, by conquest, of something which cannot be obtained by milder methods,—are propositions which, it is presumed, few or none will have the hardihood to deny. It is an alarming evidence of the existence of a spirit of despotism, when rulers are eager to rush into war. It is a proof that force has usurped the prerogative of reason, when the sword is employed to settle misunderstandings, and the cannon to reconcile differences of opinion.

An *offensive* war is a war of aggression ; and whatever may have been the popular sentiment in the age of chivalry, or even in days not far remote from the recollection of the present generation, a war of aggression is not in accordance with the spirit of the present age. A nation, which commences such a war, for the purpose of acquiring territory, or obtaining privileges rightfully in the possession of another nation, assumes a fearful responsibility ; and the committee are unable to perceive that the *moral* character of an action undergoes any essential change, whether it be the act of an individual or a nation ; nor do they perceive how magistrates and legislators, when they carry on wars of aggression, can be absolved from the guilt, or escape the moral retribution, that await the individual perpetrator of a similar crime.

A *defensive* war is of a different character. Far be it from the committee to denounce as unjustifiable a war to repel invasion, or to obtain or secure an unquestionable right. No moral obligation requires a nation or an individual to submit to spoliation, oppression, or violence, without resistance. Neither nature nor religion, neither reason nor instinct, prohibits a resort to force for purposes of self-defence,—to protect our country, our homes, and our kindred, — or to secure that freedom and independence, which are the rightful property of every human being.

Is the war, in which our country is now engaged with Mexico, a war of *defence*, or is it a war of *aggression*?

The solution of this problem may be obtained by reference to facts. The committee would not assail, with language severe or disrespectful, the acts or declarations of the Chief

Magistrate of the Union ; but it is a fact, too notorious to be kept out of sight in this report, that the causes he has assigned for the commencement and prosecution of hostilities on the acknowledged territory of Mexico, have been shown to be groundless or frivolous. This was elaborately demonstrated in the paper accompanying the resolutions adopted by our predecessors in 1847, and to which the committee have before alluded. On the present occasion, it is deemed necessary only to reaffirm the facts, and adopt the conclusions, so ably and irrefutably set forth in that document.

Passing over the alleged *causes for beginning* the war, it will be observed, that the President proposes to *continue* it, to obtain indemnification for all the expenses incurred by our government in its prosecution. The committee are of opinion that this motive cannot be justified, on any principle hitherto admitted in any acknowledged code of national ethics. They are aware that what is called the law of nations is of a nature so elastic and flexible, that the Strong may always find in it an apology for preying upon the Weak ; but it is believed that history furnishes no example to illustrate the principle involved in this claim for indemnification, from Mexico, for the blood and treasure it has cost us to invade her territory, to take possession of her sea-ports, to batter down her castles, to burn her towns, to butcher her people, and to convert her fruitful fields and smiling villages into scenes of mourning, desolation, and wo. The committee have found no language sufficiently expressive of their detestation of this novel doctrine ; and, had it not been promulgated more than once from the highest authority in the nation, they would suppose it to have been presented in derision of all the avowed causes of the war.

One of the purposes declared by the President for pushing on the war with relentless vigor is "*to conquer a peace!*" The absurdity of the phrase is palpable, and is paralleled by nothing but the atrocious inhumanity of the sentiment. In the ordinary acceptation of words, "*to conquer a peace*" would be to carry on eternal warfare, to banish peace from the earth, and to establish the reign of perpetual, unappease-

able discord. Peace has already been conquered in Mexico, and expelled from her territory. Miserably poor and feeble, she has not the power to repel aggression. Submission is all that is left her ; but submission is not peace ; or, if the cessation of active resistance, when the capacity to resist no longer remains, should be called by that holy name, it is such a peace as exists between the parties, when the lamb ceases to struggle under the paw of the lion,—when the dove has done fluttering in the grasp of the vulture. That it is such a peace, which our government proposes to make with Mexico, there is some cause to apprehend, if there be not too much evidence to admit of doubt or disbelief.

Neither can the committee doubt or disbelieve that it is the intention of the authors of the war, and of those who are in favor of continuing it, to pursue the career of conquest for the acquisition of territory, and to acquire territory whereon to extend, establish, and perpetuate the institution of slavery. This has been denied by some, but by others has been openly and frankly avowed ; and the general tone of the press, throughout that region where the institution already exists and is cherished as one of the vital elements of social happiness and prosperity, but too plainly indicates that the current of popular sentiment flows in that direction. The acquisition of territory for such a purpose, the committee are confident, is a project that can never find favor with the majority of the people of Massachusetts. They will not avail themselves of this occasion to descant on the immoral effects of slavery ; its grievous injustice to those who are condemned to wear its fetters ; its infringement of the precepts of the Christian religion, or its cruel violation of the plainest dictates of humanity. These views of slavery and its effects they leave to be discussed by others, on occasions more pertinent to their consideration, and ask the attention of the Legislature only to the political consequences of the extension of slavery over an immense region, which, at no very remote period, may be annexed to the United States, so divided and arranged as to form as many states as now compose our Union, each equal in extent of territory, and eventually in population, to this

commonwealth. Should such an event take place, — and the children may be already born who may witness its occurrence, — the free states can no longer be called *free*; — a large majority of the senators of Congress, if not of the representatives, will be slaveholders, able and willing to enact such laws, and to provide such executioners of their laws, as would secure and perpetuate the enjoyment of their favorite “peculiar institution,” and to impose on the free states restrictions on commercial and social intercourse, — perhaps on political relations, on legislation and jurisprudence, — to which no remedy could be applied but dissolution of the Union. In this view of the subject, without extending their remarks to the naked question of “no more territory,” the committee, feeling the deep responsibility of their position, believe it to be the solemn duty of this Legislature, — in the name of our sainted fathers, who promulgated the self-evident truth, that all men are *created equal*, and endowed with the inalienable right of life, liberty and property, — in the name of the sages, who composed our own venerated bill of rights, which affirms that all men are *born free and equal*, and entitled to the enjoyment of life, liberty and property, — in the awful and sacred name of JEHOVAH, who has declared that he made of one blood all the nations that dwell on the face of the earth, — to protest against the institution of slavery on a single inch of territory that may, hereafter, in any manner be acquired, and annexed to these United States.

And the committee deem it the duty of the Legislature further to protest against the continued prosecution of this war. In the name of justice, which is one of the highest attributes of the Almighty; in the name of JESUS CHRIST, who was emphatically the messenger of peace, and who has directed us to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us; in the name of the people of Massachusetts, who are unwilling that innocent blood should defile their garments, — we protest against the further perpetration of a great national crime. We call upon the Congress of the United States to interpose its authority to stop the further expenditure of treasure and blood for purposes of aggression, and to seek,

by the exercise of justice, humanity, and magnanimity, that solid peace between two neighbor republics, which Christianity and the spirit of the age demand, and which will be a source of truer glory than any acquisition of treasure or territory, that can result from the present bloody and unnatural contest.

And, in conclusion, we call upon our Senators and Representatives in Congress, to avail themselves of every proper occasion to present to that body a solemn and decided declaration of opposition to the war and the extension of slavery, and to do all in their power to maintain the principles herein expressed.

In the session of 1851, more than a hundred petitions, signed by about fifty thousand individuals, were presented to the Legislature, praying that body to instruct their Senators and to request their Representatives in Congress to use their endeavors to procure a repeal of the "Fugitive Slave Law;" and nearly an equal number of petitions, praying that further safeguards might be provided to protect the citizens in the enjoyment of their natural rights, were also presented. These petitions, and likewise so much of the Governor's inaugural address as related to the subject of Slavery, were referred to a joint committee, of which I was the chairman.* The labor and the duty of preparing a report, of course, devolved upon me. It was with difficulty that a meeting of a majority of the committee could be obtained, and I believe there was no meeting of all its members at one and the same time. The argu-

* My associates were Mr. Robinson, the Senator from Essex; and Messrs. Colby of Boston, Clafin of Hopkinton, Whitney of Conway, Churchill of Pittsfield, and Bennet of Hubbardston, members of the House of Representatives.

ment in the report, for a part of which I am happy to acknowledge my indebtedness to a friend, was not approved unanimously by the committee, though all consented that it should be offered to the Senate. The following extracts from the report are sufficient to show its character; and I wish that the sentiments herein expressed may be known wherever my humble name may be repeated. There is not a word that I wish obliterated. The consciousness of its truth I shall enjoy while consciousness remains, and let my fidelity to its truth be "remembered in my epitaph."

All men owe absolute allegiance to the law of God, which is, in its nature, a universal rule of conduct for mankind, laid down by Him. It belongs to the nature of man and the nature of God, and derives its sanction and validity therefrom. It is, accordingly, the *higher law*, and so the standard of all other laws. Its design is to promote the welfare of all mankind in general, and of each man in particular.

Human law is, in its nature, a special rule of conduct for the people by whom it is enacted, and derives its origin and acquires its sanction solely from the consent of that people who are to be governed thereby. The just design of human law is, in general, to promote the welfare of the nation for which it is made, the welfare of all, and also of each. Its design, therefore, is in special, twofold; namely, its first and primary design is to protect the *person* in all his natural rights, with all that pertains to those rights; the next and secondary design is, to protect his *property*, with all that rightly pertains thereto. These two objects comprise all the functions of human law; for the protection of the substance of manhood and the attributes thereof, of person and property, necessarily involves the protection of the right to develop both.

In regard to the law of God, things may be distributed into three classes, namely:—first, such as are absolutely right;

second, such as are absolutely wrong ; and third, such as are neither absolutely right nor absolutely wrong, but morally indifferent. It is moral to do the first, immoral to do the second ; to do the third is neither directly moral nor immoral, but only expedient or inexpedient.

It is plain that human law cannot alter the natural relations of things, nor make right wrong, or wrong right, or things indifferent either right or wrong. Laws, therefore, are only declaratory of the intentions of the law-makers, who therein lay down a practical rule of conduct, but can no more alter right and wrong, than the mariner can alter the position of the stars by which he steers his vessel. Of course, then, as it is the natural duty of man to do the right and avoid the wrong, it is plain that human law is, *morally*, valid and obligatory only so far as it declares the right to be the rule of conduct, and is, *morally*, invalid and of no obligation, just so far as it declares the wrong to be the rule of conduct. Otherwise, allegiance to the state would transcend allegiance to God, and the statutes of men be superior to the eternal law of the infinite God, — a proposition which is absurd in its substance and impious in its form. But if the human statute represents the right, then it is so far identical with the natural law of God, and is accordingly valid and obligatory. Thus human laws derive all their moral validity and obligation from their conformity to the natural law of God ; so natural right or justice is, and ought to be, the ultimate standard-measure of all human laws in general, and to that standard all human laws are amenable.

The Constitution of the United States is, in its nature, a particular rule of conduct, to be observed in the governing of the people by their officers, legislative, judiciary, and executive ; accordingly, it is a conventional and secondary standard-measure of the laws made by the people. Accordingly, as it is a moral duty that all human laws be made conformable to the right, — else they are morally invalid and void by nature,— so it is a constitutional obligation to make the laws of the United States conformable to the constitution, otherwise they are constitutionally invalid and void by agreement. Laws of the United States are therefore amenable to the constitution.

The design of the constitution is thus declared by the people of the United States in the preamble to that document, namely : " To form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

These words, which thus state the design, seem to be the constitutional standard-measure of all other provisions of the constitution itself ; for the end aimed at is one thing, the means to obtain that end another. This design is identical with that of the law of God and of all just human law, only some of the particulars which belong to human welfare are distinctly specified in the preamble.

The constitution then proceeds to lay down certain particular rules of conduct for the nation in organizing its ideas into institutions, and for administering those institutions. Some of these provisions or particular rules conform to the law of God, and to the *general* design of human laws and the *special* design of the constitution. Some are inconsistent with all these. Your committee respectfully set forth, that they are decided in their conviction, that the institution of slavery, as it existed in the confederated colonies at the adoption of the constitution, and has ever since unhappily continued to survive, is utterly inconsistent with the natural law of God, with the general design of all just human laws, and with the special design of the constitution as set forth in the preamble thereto, as it is notorious that this institution is, and has ever been, inconsistent with the express words of the Declaration of Independence. But though the committee have no hesitation in declaring their conviction that the provisions in the constitution, sustaining slavery, directly conflict with the natural duty which men owe to their fellow-men, and with the natural allegiance which all men owe to the divine law, yet they do not forget their obligations to the constitution, and their allegiance to their country and the government which it has established. If these provisions sustaining slavery be complied with, and the compliance be enforced by penal laws, it should be distinctly stated that the compliance is rendered, not because it is *morally right*, but

because it is *technically legal*; nay, technically legal while it was absolutely wrong, and contrary to the avowed design of the constitution as set forth in the preamble. And though the citizen may, by the conventional rules of society, be excused for obedience to unjust laws; though individuals may believe it patriotic to assist in carrying into effect such laws, yet those who *enact* them, and enforce a compliance by penalties, from which no citizen who violates them can hope to escape, and those also who volunteer in the execution of them, will hardly be acquitted before that Tribunal, which ultimately deals out retribution according to the law which every intelligent man feels to be divine, irrevocable, and eternal.

The Fugitive Slave Law is, in its nature, a special rule of conduct, to be followed in reducing to slavery certain persons alleged to have fled from it, and for punishing such as aid them in their escape. Its design is, primarily, to reduce men to slavery; that is, to remove them from the condition of **MEN** to the condition of mere **CHATTELS**; and, secondarily, to punish all such as aid them to remain in the condition of men, and hinder them from being forced into the condition of mere chattels.

Your committee cannot resist the conclusion that this law, in its nature and design, is, in general, plainly hostile to the law of God, and to the design of all just human law. We regard the Fugitive Slave Law, therefore, as morally, — not legally, but morally, invalid and void; and though binding on the conduct, no more binding on the conscience of any man than a law would be, which should command the people to enslave all the tall men or all the short men, and deliver them up on claims, to be held in bondage forever; for the committee can see no moral difference between enslaving a white man and a black one, or a fugitive and one always free.

But this law is also plainly at variance with the design of the constitution, as set forth in its own language before quoted. To us the whole statute appears unconstitutional, not merely technically and in its details, but unconstitutional universally and in the highest degree, as tending to defeat the purposes of the constitution itself. On this point, however, we will not dwell.

But the committee regard the Fugitive Slave Law, not only as unconstitutional *in general*, and with regard to its design, but *specially*, as compared with some of the provisions of the constitution itself.

I. It subjects the people to "unreasonable searches and seizures," and thus violates their "right to be secure in their persons;" for any man may be arrested on the affidavit of any other man swearing that he is a slave, and be sent into bondage by the act of a single commissioner. We have already seen free men thus seized and hurried off to slavery.

II. It annuls and makes useless "the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*." We learn from the opinion of the attorney-general that it does not do this *in form*, but it does it substantially, and *in fact*.

III. It takes away "the right of trial by jury" from the alleged fugitive, and that in a matter of the greatest importance, thus depriving him of liberty, which is of more value than property or life, "without due process of law." The fugitive is not tried for his liberty "by his peers or the law of the land," but before a single commissioner, who does not, like the jury, represent the "country," the people with their human sympathy towards men and their personal duty towards God; but who is a mere official agent of government, representing only the will of the men in power, whose creature he is, and at whose caprice he may be removed.

Then, too, as if this were not enough, the trial must be conducted in a "summary manner." The committee will not undertake to point out what a "summary manner" is, but they submit that it is *not* "due process of law;" for, without repeating what they have before said, the trial of an issue so important is not necessarily a public one, but the commissioner may try the alleged fugitive in the cellar of his house and at midnight, allowing the miserable man no counsel to aid him, and with no witness but the slave-hunter and the officials and creatures of government. Even this is not all. For,

IV. The commissioner is not a man vested by the constitution, as cited above, with "the judicial power of the United

States ;" he is not a "judge," holding office "during good behavior," but only a commissioner, removable at the pleasure of the men who appointed him. Nor is this all ; but the law, not content with subjecting the alleged fugitive to "unreasonable seizure," with depriving him, substantially, of the benefit of "the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*," withholding "the right of trial by jury," by "due process of law," and before the "judicial power of the United States," goes further, and offers a bribe to the commissioner to decide against liberty and in favor of bondage. The act gives to the commissioner an incitement to decide against his victims, by offering him a "fee of ten dollars," if he enslaves his victim ; and only a "fee of five dollars," if he decides the other way ! To the committee this provision appears atrocious ; it holds out a premium for legal wickedness. We are amazed that any one should deem it constitutional. It would be a parallel in legislation to provide that, in capital trials, the judges should have a hundred dollars a-piece for each man they should hang, and only fifty, when the man should be acquitted, and that the jury should also be paid twice as much for the men they found guilty as for those they found not guilty.

These are the chief constitutional objections, which the committee bring against the law ; but beside these, we think it needlessly severe in other particulars against the alleged fugitive, and such as allow him the smallest shelter. It provides, that if any one "shall aid, abet, or assist such a person, so owing service or labor as aforesaid, directly or indirectly, to escape from such claimant," "he shall, for either of said offences, be subject to a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, and imprisonment not exceeding six months," and "shall moreover forfeit and pay, by way of civil damages," "the sum of one thousand dollars for each fugitive so lost." We are astonished at such penalties denounced against an act of mercy, which common humanity prompts, and religion commands.

But leaving these and all the previous objections to this law, the committee are of the opinion that Congress has no constitutional power to legislate on this matter. The power

of Congress to make this law, and the previous act of 1793, is claimed under the following provision of the constitution :— “No person held to service or labor in one state under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor is due.” We will refer to but a single ambiguity ; — by whom shall he “be delivered up”? It must be, first, by the *people* acting jointly or severally ; or secondly, by the *state* to which he has escaped ; or, thirdly, by the *federal government*. The Supreme Court has decided in favor of the federal government ; but the committee think that this function of delivering up constitutionally belongs to the individual states to which the fugitive may have escaped. The committee are happy to have on their side the opinion of so celebrated an “Expounder of the Constitution,” as Mr. Webster, who says, in his speech of March 7, 1850, — “I always thought that the constitution addressed itself to the legislatures of the states, or to the states themselves.” “It seems to me that the import of the passage is, that the state itself shall cause him [the fugitive] to be delivered up.”

The committee find the same opinion, in a report made by the committee on the judiciary of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, in 1837, which says, — “That no general authority upon the subject of slavery, or upon a subject which shall draw this after it as an incident, is any where given to the general government.”

Considering this law as unjust in its nature, wrong in its principle, hostile to the designs of all just human laws, deeming it in the highest degree unconstitutional, in general and in detail, we do not hesitate to declare that we consider it an infamous and wicked statute, a law not fit to be made and not fit to be kept. It is a disgrace to the age we live in, a reproach to the nation which glories in the name of democracy, and a soul shame to the people that profess a religion, whose great practical rule of conduct is, “To do unto others as we wish them to do to us.” Your committee lack time, as well as language, to express the abhorrence and loathing which

they feel for this law. Yet *it is a law of the land*, not officially declared unconstitutional. Unconstitutional, as we believe it, inhuman and wicked, as it unquestionably is, *it is still a law*, and forcible resistance to it is a legal misdemeanor. Its results are most disastrous. The innocent citizens, who have fled from bondage, and found a home and reared families among us, are forced to flee, and to seek in a monarchy an asylum from the injustice and cruelty of a republic! They flee for liberty from America to England! A queen's diadem protects Christian men from the slave-driver's whip, tender women from a master's lust, and new-born babes from his thirst for gold. The slave-hunter profanes the soil of Massachusetts, seeking whom he may devour. His presence spreads terror among the colored people of our state. He is a hawk among doves, — a wolf, a hyena, among lambs. It is with deep mortification your committee confess that persons are found in this city, who consent to sell their professional services to the base purpose of enslaving men; — that among them are found persons whom this commonwealth has honored with the commission of justice of the peace, who trample under foot our own constitution, in their efforts to enforce this wicked law. We confess we deem it no less a crime against nature and humanity to enslave a fugitive than to steal a free man. To our judgement, the *illegal* kidnapper on the coast of Africa, and the *legal* man-hunter in Boston, belong to the same class of felons. They differ, however, *specifically*, and we think the native species far worse than the foreign felon, whom all Christian governments, and our own among the number, have denounced as a pirate. We say this advisedly. We have studied the action, have analyzed its motives, and have examined its excuse. But while we gladly fold the mantle of charity over the shame of men, whom poverty and ignorance conduct to crime, we can find no palliation for the hideous spectacle of citizens of Massachusetts, and even officers in her service, in the very city of the Pilgrims, seeking to enslave a man. Let us turn off our eyes from a spectacle so ghastly and disgraceful.

The report then presented the substance of certain resolutions, adopted by the Legislature in 1839, 1840, 1847, 1849, 1850. Two "Resolves concerning Slavery," and "An Act in addition to an Act further to protect personal Liberty," were appended to the report. The resolves declared,—First, "That Massachusetts affirms anew her hostility to slavery and her devotion to the Union; that, inspired by these cherished sentiments, she longs for harmony among the different parts of our common country; but she cannot conceal the conviction that this can be finally and permanently secured only by the overthrow of slavery, so far as the same can be constitutionally done, every where within the jurisdiction of the national government; that the free states may be relieved from all responsibility therefor, so that freedom, instead of slavery, shall become national, and slavery, instead of freedom, become sectional." And Second,—"That Massachusetts protests against the Fugitive Slave Law as alien to the spirit of the constitution, destructive of rights secured by that instrument, hostile to the sentiments of Christianity, and abhorrent to the feelings of the people of this commonwealth; that such a law will naturally fail to secure that support in the heart and conscience of the community, without which, any law must, sooner or later, become a dead letter."

It was contended that the report and the bill involved the doctrine of **NULLIFICATION**, and that the argument in the report was no better than an attempt to justify treasonable opposition to law, and an apology for acts that would lead to a dissolution of the Union.

The report was attacked and commented on with severity by Senators who are entitled to my respect for their intelligence, patriotism, and moral integrity, but whose names, *in this connection only*, I have no wish to remember. The second resolve was particularly objected to, because it declared the Fugitive Slave Law "hostile to the sentiments of Christianity"! Both bill and resolves were rejected by a considerable majority.

DEDICATION — PREFACE — CONCLUSION.

These volumes are dedicated to MY CHILDREN and to THE FRIENDS, who, in a time of deep and desponding embarrassment, relinquished claims, which, if enforced, would have made succeeding life a period of hopeless labor: * — To *these*, the offering is worthless, except as a testimony of grateful remembrance: — To *those*, (it is all the legacy I can leave them,) let it be a motive and an admonition: — To ALL, it is presented with sentiments which none can understand, but those who rejoice in the possession of moral and mental independence, who have felt the power of filial and parental affection, and who know how to estimate the value of a substantial kindness.

There is nothing in this personal history sufficiently remarkable to interest the public; and, though not insensible to the voice of public approbation, the coolest reception will produce no murmur of discontent, nor cause a pang of disappointment. The chief

* See page 105 — note.

purpose of its publication is expressed in the preceding paragraph, and if the publishers should be so fortunate as to obtain indemnification, nothing will remain for me to regret, but the imperfect manner in which my task has been performed.

In making selections from my own writings, the principal object in view was to exhibit my own opinions, without regard to their correspondence with the opinions of others. Many of the articles which, at the time of their publication, produced conflicts with those whom I thought appropriate subjects for criticism, are here presented entire; and, in giving the results of a controversy, I think I have been guiltless of misrepresentation of myself or my opponents. Most of the transactions related were of public notoriety, and will be recollected by many of my living cotemporaries, who can detect misrepresentation, if there be any, and expose it to the censure which dissimulation deserves. The selection embraces many articles that were applauded and many that were condemned when they made their appearance, and such are here reproduced without essential variation. There are some things that I have hated and some that I have despised. Hypocrisy and cant, in all their forms, were always objects of my supreme and immitigable hatred. Man-worship and party discipline were alike objects of ineffable contempt. Whenever and wherever I have seen, or thought I saw, that either was a proper subject for the comments of the press, I have written and published what I thought and felt; and I could no more suppress my opinion, or avoid the expression of it, than I could obstruct

the operation of the physical laws of my existence. Perhaps a selection more acceptable to others, and more creditable to my own character, might have been made from the same mass of materials ; but it would have been “from the purpose, which was and is” to exhibit an index of “the mind I sway by and the heart I bear;”—to show that I never adopted popular opinions *because they were popular*, nor shaped the conclusions of my judgement to suit the whims, or fancies, or even the friendly admonitions, of others;—to place on record some evidences of a resolution to act agreeably to the dictates of my own understanding, weak and unenlightened though it might be, so that, if the faith that upheld me, should fail, no one should hear me cry, “Alas, master ! it was borrowed.”

I have been charged with using, in controversy, language more bitter and reproachful than the occasion demanded or justified. If the charge has a substantial foundation, there is no escaping from the penalty that awaits the perpetration of the crime ; but my most industrious researches in the English vocabulary have not supplied me with epithets suggestive of the mockery and scorn with which I viewed the baseness that truckles to wealth, the meanness that begs a salary from the public manger, and the sublimated awe which obeys the “dog in office.” He, who has no aspirations for that temporary and unsubstantial applause which is earned by the sacrifice of personal independence and self-respect, and is bestowed only as the wages of servility,—who is conscious of the worth of his own moral principles and intellectual freedom,—can afford

to be scoffed at and shunned, but he will take especial care that he be not pitied and despised.

These volumes contain but a very inconsiderable portion of what I have written as an editor. Ample materials exist to fill a dozen of equal size, but no agency of mine will ever redeem them from deserved oblivion. Let them perish with the flimsy texture on which they are impressed. Let them rest "in the dark back-ward and abyss of time." I hope and believe that nothing herein contained will tend to revive animosities, the remembrance of which has been lost in the slumber of years, or that will injure the feelings of any individual by recalling matters which Time in his flight will soon place beyond our reach. I would fain believe that, in me, as with the poor Franciscan of Calais,* Nature has done with her resentments, and that, like him, I can let fall the staff within my arm, press my hands with resignation upon my breast, and retire. Heaven grant that I may, for the few brief days that are to come,—

So live, that when my summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of Death,
I go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, go to my grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The preparation of these volumes for the press has been the employment of hours, which might other-

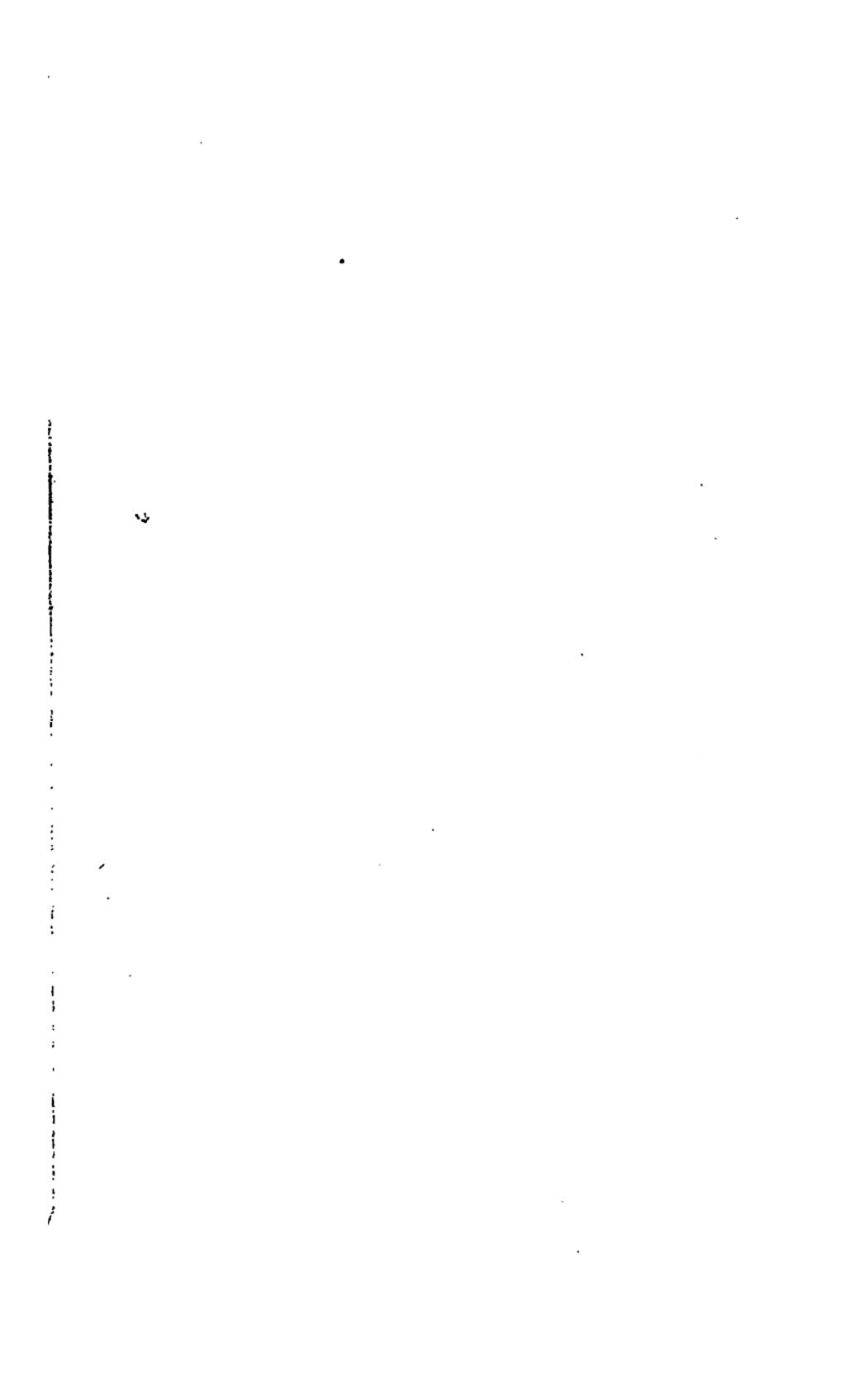
* Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."

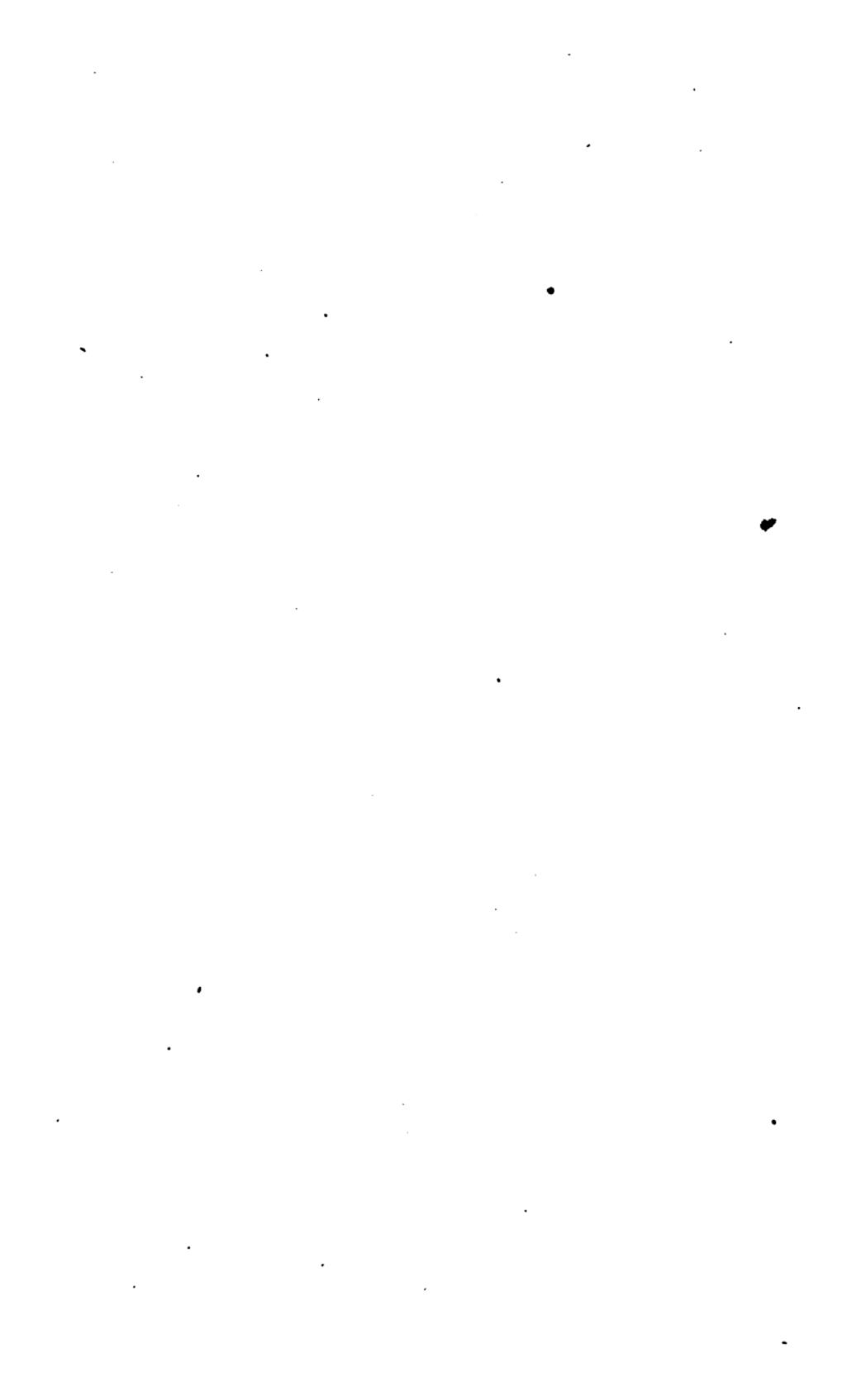
wise have been spent in idleness, or in the production of some other folly, weaker or less innocent. It has afforded pleasure, but not pleasure unmixed with sorrowful remembrances. A man, who has lived more than seventy years, and looks back upon the volume of his life, cannot fail to perceive spots on its pages, which no moral chemistry can remove,—records, which he may wish were forgotten, but to which Memory clings with undesired and solemn pertinacity, and will say to him,—as the angel said to Esdras in the fields of Babylon,—“Go thy way; weigh me the weight of the fire, or measure me the blast of the wind, or call me again the day that is past.”

Covered in Fortune's shade, I rest reclined,
My griefs all silent and my joys resigned;
With patient eye life's evening gloom survey,
Nor shake the out-hastening sands, nor bid their stay;
Yet while from life my setting prospects fly,
Fain would my mind's weak offspring shun to die;
Fain would their hope some light through Time explore,—
Their name's kind passport,—when the man's no more.

CAMBRIDGE, AUGUST, 1852.

END.











Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 011 986 416

B
V

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
STANFORD AUXILIARY LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(650) 723-9201
salcirc@sulmail.stanford.edu
All books are subject to recall.
DATE DUE

